


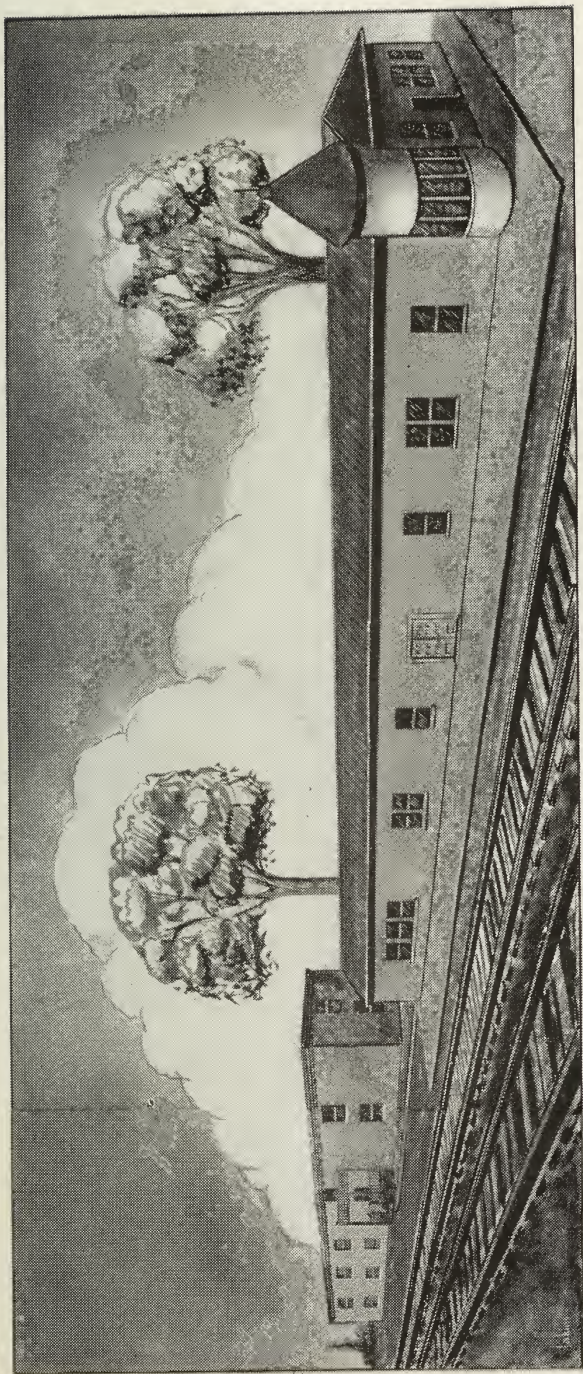
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the St aff and Reader
university of Illinois
Carey Chas Buford
Illinois Oct

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No picture of the old Junction Station seemed available, although Messrs. Smith and Burford made six appeals through the Commercial-News to Danville people to scurry around in their closets, trunks, desk and bureau drawers to find old relics and treasures of this historic old railroad station. No doubt, after this book goes to press, several pictures of the Junction Station will "turn up".

This picture is an artistic conception drawn by Mr. Richard Lakin, of the Grogan Photo Company, Danville, from specifications furnished by Guy McIlvaine Smith. It shows the west facade of the old station, with the Wabash double tracks in front, but does not portray the old "City Main" of the C. & E. I. west of the Wabash tracks, nor the Big Four tracks south of the station. Note the Annex Hotel, north of the Junction Station, operated for years by John C. Oswalt. The area along the Wabash and "City Main" of the C. & E. I. was all planked-in during Junction years, but this does not show in the picture. There were two windows, up-stairs and down-stairs, instead of one, at the south side of the hotel. The authors of the book regret there seemed no way of securing a picture of old Danville Junction.

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THE
HISTORY AND ROMANCE OF
DANVILLE JUNCTION
OR
WHEN RAILS WERE THE ONLY TRAILS

By
CARY CLIVE BURFORD
in Collaboration with
GUY McILVAINE SMITH



INTERSTATE
Printers and Publishers
Danville, Illinois

1942

Copyright, 1942

By

CARY CLIVE BURFORD
and
GUY McILVAINE SMITH



Dedication



The Danville Commercial-News,
Co-Sponsor of This Volume with
The Interstate, Printers and Publishers,

Dedicates This Page to the Newspaper Reporters
of the Old Junction Years:

GEORGE H. BEYER
HARRY S. BARNES
LEROY FRANKEBERGER
HOWARD SHEDD

They were "Leg Men". They were told "to get the story". They got it. They rode switch-engines, street cars, bicycles, baggage wagons, they traveled, many times on foot. Noon or midnight, fair weather or foul, heat or cold, rain or shine—the old-time reporter covered his assignment. No railroad history can be complete without full recognition of the newspaperman's part in it. We wish to acknowledge this debt. (See pages 219-224.)



(Courtesy Danville Commercial-News.)

HARRY S. BARNES

1870-1942

Old-Time Railroad Newspaper Reporter
of Danville, Ill.

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Danville Junction



What—Where—When?

Danville Junction, in the northeastern part of the City of Danville, Illinois, was an active transfer point for untold thousands of passengers and for the interchange of heavy tonnage of express, mail and baggage from 1869 until the 19-teens.

Danville Junction was located at the intersection of the Wabash, two divisions of the "Big Four" and two divisions of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroads.

"The Junction", as it was usually called, reached the zenith of its greatest activity during the 1890s' and the early 1900s'.

This, we believe, was "the golden age" of the local passenger train in the Central West, when everyone seemed to have an abundance of time for (perhaps adventuresome) trips on both slow and fast passenger trains, with a "change of cars", in all probability, necessary, at some busy point like old Danville Junction.

It is this slice of life of our America in the 1890s' and the 1900s' which we wish to preserve in "The History and Romance of Danville Junction".

Introductory Note



In this volume, which seeks to portray not alone the history of Danville Junction, but of many angles of the railroad life of Eastern Illinois and Western Indiana, we have sought to preserve many incidents and many recollections of years gone by. The story of Danville Junction has never been written hitherto. We have, in this study, endeavored to make its old life of the 1890s and the 1900s especially vivid to the present and future generations.

We wish to acknowledge the aid given us by Clint Clay Tilton, former Danville newspaper editor, dean of Vermilion county historians, and immediate past president of the Illinois State Historical Society, who has read our manuscript. Sections of the book dealing with the general railroad and political history of Illinois have been read by Paul M. Angle, secretary of the Illinois State Historical Society and librarian of the Illinois State Historical Library. Suggestions made by these two authorities upon Illinois history have been incorporated into the volume. Jack M. Williams and Bob Poisall, of the Danville Commercial-News, have rendered valuable assistance in publicizing the work in their columns and especially in securing pictures.

To our co-sponsors, The Interstate, Printers and Publishers, Danville, and to the Danville Com-

mercial-News, we extend our cordial thanks. Messrs. E. C. Hewes, Phil Theurer and Russell Guin have been "tops" throughout the publication of this book.

If we have succeeded in visualizing a segment of the past history of the Central West in this volume, we are truly grateful.

CARY CLIVE BURFORD,
GUY McILVAINE SMITH.



The Railroads of the Central West
—They Were Empire Builders of the
First Rank. As friends of the Rail-
roads of America, the authors and
sponsors of this volume salute the
Railroads of the United States as
they perform their titanic war tasks
of 1942. All honor and praise to the
Railroads of our nation.

The History and Romance of Danville Junction

or

*When Rails Were the Only Trails*¹

By

CARY CLIVE BURFORD
Urbana, Ill.

in collaboration with

GUY McILVAINE SMITH
Danville, Ill.

“A tree is best measured when it’s down”.²

Danville Junction has ceased to exist since 1919. Perhaps the best time to measure its worth, its importance and its romantic history is now—when it’s down.

Says Sir Roger De Coverly—a wise old owl and a sage philosopher—in “The Spectator Papers,” as long ago as Thursday morning, March 1, 1710—when he noted the following crisp deduction:

(¹) Adapted from “From Trails to Rails,” title of an interesting historical pamphlet issued by the Illinois Central Railroad Company, by permission of George M. Crowson, assistant to President J. L. Beven of that company.

(²) From Title of Chapter 75, page 357, Vol. IV, “Abraham Lincoln: The War Years”, by Carl Sandburg, used by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Co., publishers, New York.

“I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure until he knows whether the author of it is . . . mild or choleric in disposition with other particulars of like nature which conduce very much to the right understanding of the author.”

Since Sir Roger established his own identity at the outset of his papers, we may as well do likewise. We assure our readers we are indeed mild in disposition. We harbor no ill will towards anyone. We each cherish the greatest of love and admiration for the historic past—also the present and future of Danville and Vermilion County, Illinois, and of the two great states of Illinois and Indiana to which Danville is so closely identified.

PART ONE

THE RAILROADS IN DANVILLE, ILL., AREA ESTABLISHMENT OF DANVILLE JUNCTION THE BASIS OF MR. SMITH'S REMINISCENCES

By CARY CLIVE BURFORD

"No radio and no movies let in the world upon us and no telephone, until the last year, brought the neighbors close. The automobile had not yet extended the radius of our life." ⁽¹⁾

Thus does Carl Van Doren—Illinois born, reared, educated—now a prominent critic, biographer and author, describe the calm, peaceful years of the 1890s' in Vermilion county, Illinois, in his charmingly written little volume, "An Illinois Boyhood," an abridgement of his autobiography, "Three Worlds," 1936, 1939, The Viking Press, Inc., New York City.

I am of the same generation as Carl Van Doren. I was born and reared in the same quiet Illinois. I was a boy in the 1890s'. I was a youth in the 1900s', as was the gifted author of that excellent biography, a Pulitzer Prize winner, "Benjamin Franklin," and a score of other interesting books. Like Carl Van Doren and his brother, Mark Van Doren, poet and distinguished New York literary critic, I graduated from the University of Illinois.

While Carl Van Doren was spending his "Illinois Boyhood" on a farm at Hope, a few miles northwest of Danville, I was enjoying my "Ill-

(1) From "An Illinois Boyhood," copyright, 1936, 1939, by Carl Van Doren, by permission of the Viking Press, Inc., New York.

nois Boyhood" in the pleasant little town of Farmer City, not many miles, indeed, west of the hamlet of the childhood of Carl Van Doren.

We had no radio, no telephone, no automobiles in Farmer City in the 1890s'. We had no movies, of course, but we did have an "opera house"—and a good one, too. I can recall soul-stirring melodramas and side-splitting comedies in "Young's Columbian Opera House," erected in 1893 by Walter S. Young, outstanding citizen of Farmer City, and named in honor of the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, of that year. I can remember, vividly, the first "show" I attended in that, to me, dream of an opera house.

My father gave me 25 cents for the purchase of a kid's ticket to view the uproarious comedy, "Just Landed." The curtain was set to rise at 8:15 o'clock. I was ready at 6. I have no comprehension of course—and in this dilemma I am like untold myriads of people—just how long the Eternity of the theologians may be, but it certainly can be no longer than the interval between 6 and 8:15 on that wonderful evening. The clock in our "sitting-room" seemed to be on a strike. Finally, it plodded its lazy way to 7:30. My mother, seeing she could restrain me no longer, permitted me to leap and bound my way to Young's Columbian Opera House. Believe me, I was the first arrival in the opera house. I was there in plenty of time. I had the choice seat on the aisle on the first row. I surely got a quarter's worth that hilarious evening. I lived in the clouds of boyish imagination for days thereafter.

In that little city of Farmer City—and, mind you, I am technically correct when I speak of it as a city, for Farmer City since 1869 has pro-

gressed under precisely the same type of municipal charter as has Danville, Bloomington, Decatur, or other much larger communities—the local passenger trains and the two adjacent railway stations were of tremendous—of mysterious—interest to boys like myself.

I knew, of course, every passenger train through Farmer City. To me, “the 4:48” which roared near my home each late afternoon on its, to me, weird jaunt from Danville and Champaign westward to Bloomington and Peoria was just as definite a part of the landscape of our town as was the Methodist church or “the city park” at the head of the town’s flourishing business district.

There was also “the 10:31” ’at night. It was No. 44, although we knew it then by its time, not by its number, on what for years has been called the Peoria Division of the Big Four, or more properly and legally, “The Peoria and Eastern Railway.” This train was as familiar to me as was the schoolhouse, which I, like all other boys, sincerely hoped would burn down—or up—some dark night, but which never did, to our complete disappointment. Other boys’ schoolhouses burned—why couldn’t ours?

By the way, Old No. 44 is still making her same nocturnal trips each 24 hours through Farmer City on its way from Peoria to Indianapolis. It thunders and crashes its way through Farmer City every night at approximately 11 o’clock, as it did when I was ten years of age. Many were the nights, after I had been sent to bed, that I heard that train’s whistle and bell. I always wished I was on that train going—it never mattered where.

The passenger trains and the two nearby frame depots of Farmer City—each still in daily use—possessed for me a certain peculiar charm, indescribable, of course, but fraught with mystery and awe. A hint of the great, teeming outside world was brought down to me, a small chap in a typical Corn Belt town of Illinois.

And now—in 1942—I often hear Old No. 44 as it glides, rather serpent-like, on its nightly trek through Champaign and Urbana—its approximate time not greatly different than it was in my childish recollections.

A Journey to a Far Country

Delightful, fascinating to me were those annual trips which my mother took to Bloomington and Hoopeston, Illinois. She called them “making visits.” Strange, isn’t it, that folks in the 1890s’ did not need “vacations.” For some reason, too, the pioneers of Illinois and Indiana, with their backs bent to the heavy burden of conquering a vast wilderness and of making it bloom like the Rose of Sharon, did not need vacations either. Only in more recent years have people needed vacations or “civilian furloughs” as they are termed in this war year of 1942.

But it was quite proper to “make a visit.” My mother took me with her, as her only child. It was an awesome journey to a remarkably far country, 25 miles to Bloomington, one of the richly historic cities of Illinois, the locale of “The Lost Speech” of Abraham Lincoln in 1856. Bloomington was the home of David Davis and adjoining Normal of Jesse W. Fell, two of the stalwarts of the 1850s’ who aided tremendously

in making Lincoln President. Bloomington was the birthplace of Elbert Hubbard, author and eccentric Roycrofter, who went down with the Lusitania in 1917, one of the primary causes, perhaps the compelling cause, of America's entrance into World War No. 1. Bloomington was—and is—"no mean city"—to quote the always beautiful language of St. Paul. Bloomington residents may well be proud of their lovely city. To me, as a four-year-old, it was marvelous. I cannot recall my first visit to Bloomington. My first street-car ride was in Bloomington. I was a wide-eyed youngster being treated to experiences such as seasoned round-the-world travelers could not possibly have encountered in Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Rangoon, Calcutta, or what had the Far East to offer in comparison to my newly found world of Bloomington, Illinois?

Then—To Danville Junction

There came a day when my mother went on her annual visit to my grandparents' home in Hoopeston, Illinois. I was five years of age. We had been to Hoopeston before and I cannot recall my first visit to that pleasant little city. But we had previously gone there by way of Bloomington and had returned through Gibson City—only we called it Gibson in those days—for we had to "change cars" to travel from Farmer City to Hoopeston. We shall have much to say in this study of Danville Junction about "changing cars," for "changing cars" was indeed the essence of Danville Junction.

To my intense glee, as a habituated traveler of five, our trail over rails took us one summer

day to "change cars" at Danville, as I had been told. My mother and I were making our customary trip from Farmer City to Hoopeston. She was well acquainted with the city of Danville, so she declined to leave the train when the brakeman called out:—

"Danville."

"Mamma," I nudged her. "Let's get off; this is Danville; he called out Danville."

"Wait a few minutes, dear," she replied. "There is another station a little farther on; we will get off there."

The train rattled along for upwards of another mysterious mile.

Then the brakeman announced:—

"Danville Junction. Change cars (it seemed to me) for everywhere!"

If ever an urchin had been transplanted into a new world I was he. I did not know what Constantinople, or Damascus, or Bagdad, or Athens, or Mecca might have to offer—but what did I care? I was at Danville Junction.

We left the train amid the noise and clamor of one of the busiest railroad transfer stations in the Central West. It was a crossing of the rails where it was commonplace for 300 or more passengers to "change cars" every day.

A darky was standing in front of the station both loudly and proudly clanging a Chinese symbol as he called passengers from the train for a bite of lunch and a cup of coffee—perchance a nip of something else at any one of several bars located conveniently nearby.

I was speechless with delight. I was awed, fascinated, dumbfounded with what I beheld before me—Danville Junction at its busiest and

noisiest. Danville Junction was then in the heyday of its greatest activity—hotels, lunch counters, sleek traveling men, troupes of actors and actresses, bustling baggagemen tugging at ponderous trunks, and trundling station truckloads of drummers' trunks and scores and scores of "valises." My mother always checked two valises through, I recall, from Farmer City to Hoopeston.

Small wonder, then, that a lively boy of five years of age was almost beside himself when he was suddenly ushered into that bedlam of feverish railroad activity as was, in those days—Danville Junction.

I changed cars repeatedly at Danville Junction until I was over University age. I always loved the place. I was always strangely happy when my way wended through the old Junction and the adjacent Collett Street Station of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad.

In later years, I was to enter many times over the Illinois Traction System, "the interurban" as it was called. And I also bounced into Danville a legion of times in my 1914 vintage of a Model T Ford, which, somewhat like the deacon's one-hoss shay, while not running one hundred years to a day, survived eight years at least—perhaps too many years, although that good old bus actually seemed to improve in its mechanism as it waxed older in years. And even then, by traction or by automobile, I often *wondered* about old Danville Junction. And I *wandered* about it sometimes, then clearly in its decay.

And without the slightest possible direct interest in it and in no way affected financially or otherwise, I mourned the elimination of Danville

Junction. Even to-day, in 1942, I sometimes walk over the present desolate site of what was once Danville Junction.

Now—A Deserted Village

The locale of Danville Junction to-day is as forlorn as that of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Perhaps a train rumbles by on the Big Four or the Wabash or a C. & E. I. switcher plods its way on the old "City Main" to the down-town freight-house with a cut of cars, without in any way deigning to notice the former location of a once beehive activity of the traveling public. My great joy of boyhood has vanished. Like Margaret Mitchell, I can say, it has gone with the winds of other years which blew across my own "Illinois Boyhood."

The University of Illinois

The same brief railway journey which unfolded before me, at this early age, my first glimpse of Danville Junction, brought another institution within the ken of my childhood.

Between Champaign and Urbana my mother pointed out to me what I later knew so well as the twin towers of University Hall on the campus of the University of Illinois. There were fewer trees then and the trees were not as tall as at present. I could see from the train—and admire—those towers of University Hall—razed in 1938—which stood south of and slightly to the west of the contemporary beautiful and stately Illini Union Building on the campus. Those towers seemed to me at five to reach well up to that

throne of Heaven where I had been told the Lord reigneth forevermore. That was my first sight of the University of Illinois which I was to know so well for the most of my life.

"See, dear, that is our state university. Maybe you will go to college there some day."

It was the voice of that angel mother of mine. Just why is it, we cannot keep these mothers with us forever and a day?

That trip was certainly a breathless one for one wiggling urchin—the University of Illinois and Danville Junction. My cup of childish interest was indeed overflowing.

Pioneer Railroads—Their Beginning In the Central West

The early years of the 1850s' brought with them the first wave of widespread railroad building in Illinois—although there had been railroad construction in Illinois as early as 1837.

The history of the Illinois Central Railroad—fathered by Senators Sidney A. Breese and Stephen A. Douglas in the United States Senate in 1850 and aided by a tremendous grant of public land—a project which had been urged in 1834-35 in the Illinois Legislature sitting at Vandalia, with both Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, then fledgling statesmen, wholeheartedly in favor of the proposition—is an epic of Illinois, of the nation, as well.

The completion of the Illinois Central in the early "fifties"—it was five years in its construction—from Cairo first north to LaSalle, then northwestward to a point on the Mississippi River opposite Dubuque, Iowa, as "the main line"

and with "the branch" extending from a point north of Centralia into the sprawling city of Chicago—is indeed a marvelous story of man's determination to make a garden of Illinois. To-day, the Illinois Central is one of America's great railroads. It is one of the vital arteries of commercial life in the Central West—in war as in peace. It is now, like all railroads, patriotically "all-out" for the winning of World War II. It is one of the highways of North-South travel in the heart of our gigantic nation. And it is interesting to note, with the passing of approximately 90 years, that what was first projected as "the main line," has become "the branch," or rather "a branch," while "the branch" has now become the real "main line" between Chicago and the Deep South.

There had been earlier bits of railroad building in Illinois—a state which, as the 1850s' rolled into the calendar, was laboriously attempting to rise, perhaps like a full-grown Minerva from the head of Jove, from its swaddling-clothes of pioneer hunting, trapping, agricultural years into the working overalls of the machine and industrial age.

The beginnings of the Northern Cross railroad, from Meredosia on the Illinois River, were in 1837. Historic old Jacksonville was reached in 1839—just 14 years after its founding in 1825, just 10 years after Illinois College opened its doors in 1829.

Springfield was reached in 1842. This railroad was without doubt the first one Abraham Lincoln ever knew. This road became "The Great Western" and with sundry changes in own-

ership, involving many tedious receiverships and reorganizations (affecting Danville Junction, too) was known as "The Toledo, Wabash and Western," and in recent years as simply "The Wabash." This road played, as we shall see, when other railroads were built in the post-Civil War period, a vital part in the creation of Danville Junction. The Wabash was one of the main spokes of the radiating railroads of Danville Junction.

Chicago—Reached by Rails

Destined to become the greatest railroad center of the vast nation, Chicago began to assume metropolitan airs with the building of the Galena and Chicago Union, now a part of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway System, which was completed in 1850 from Chicago to Elgin, 42 miles, with a branch into Aurora. Both the Northern Cross and the Galena and Chicago Union were built of wooden rails capped with thin straps of iron.

The first locomotive in Chicago was "The Pioneer." It was conveyed, very naturally, over the all-water route of the Great Lakes from the East to the front yard of Chicago. There, from a lake schooner, it was unloaded, "by main strength and awkwardness," amid loud shouts and many curses, and dragged over muddy and rutty streets by stout teams of horses to the end of the rails. Then it was placed in none too secure railway service, but willing to do its bit in bringing a portion of the Great West to the lap of Chicago.

The first locomotive designed for down-state service never attained that honor and distinction.

It was destined from Philadelphia by way of the Delaware River, the Atlantic Ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River and the Illinois River for the infant railroad projected from Meredosia eastward. The vessel conveying this new servant of the people was sunk—not by U-boats—but by Atlantic gales. Both craft and cargo were lost. Like the fabled McGinty, that tiny locomotive which might have proudly chugged its way through Jacksonville to Springfield is even to this day nestling somewhere on the bottom of the sea.

Pioneer railroad builders were undeterred, however, by such trivial incidents as the loss of a locomotive in the deep. A second engine (or “en-gine’”) was purchased and likewise dispatched by the river-ocean-river route. It was, at length, safely transported up the Illinois River, unloaded on the slippery water-front of Meredosia and then pulled by sturdy oxen to the ends of the strap-iron rails. It seemed prepared for active duty. Frequently, however, it broke down and amid the jeers and laughs of its enemies and critics was replaced by faithful teams of horses pressed into service as substitute motive power for the oft-untrustworthy “iron horse.” But, none the less, railroads were a-borning in the Central West—usually amid frightful travail, very likely with depressing miscarriages.

We should mention, in passing, what many historians cite as the actual first of all Illinois railroads—a short line, with wooden rails running into Illinois City, now East St. Louis, over which cars of coal were drawn by horses. That was also in 1837. The coal was mined by a com-

pany organized by Governor John Reynolds of Illinois. While interesting—it was primitive, rudimentary—can scarcely be classified as a real railroad.

It would be interesting to trace other pioneer railroads. Besides the Northern Cross and the later Illinois Central, there were many others—small beginnings which have since become the main lines, or parts of the main lines of systems, such as the Burlington, the Big Four, the Alton, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Rock Island, and the so-called “Eastern roads” like the Michigan Central and the Michigan Southern, sections now of the great New York Central which entered Chicago from the southeast. Fascinating, indeed, is the history of the 1850s’ in the Central West—the decade of the real burst of railroad building in Illinois.

Railroad Junctions—Important

It was inevitable that railroads built generally north and south across a vast prairie state like Illinois should intersect railroads built on equally east and west angles of the compass. Illinois and Indiana, for the most part, are generally level areas. Railroads, built with scanty amount of capital, could not afford what we now recognize as overheads or underpasses. Early railroads striking boldly—or as boldly as they possibly could do with limited money—across a great prairie simply had to cross other pioneer railroads which had been thrust from their own objectives. Therefore, intersections or junctions, arose. Many of these outstanding railroad crossings developed in Illinois and Indiana.

Decatur, at the intersection of the Great Western and of the old "main line" of the Illinois Central, was early earmarked as an important railway junction on the bosom of the Illinois prairie.

The Northern Cross, later the Great Western, intersected the early Chicago, Alton and St. Louis, later known as the Chicago and Alton, and now simply as "The Alton," south of Springfield, where one of the pioneer railway junctions—"Springfield Junction"—arose.

In Southern Illinois, two of the earliest intersections were at Sandoval and Odin, where the main line and the branch of the Illinois Central respectively crossed the old "Ohio and Mississippi" railroad, now the St. Louis entrance of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Pana, North Bloomington (later and now known as Normal), ElPaso, LaSalle, Mendota, Dixon, Gilman, Tolono, Mattoon and Galesburg were some of the other pioneer railroad junctions (or prongs) in Illinois. Many of these crossings, or the towns which grew up around them, have rich historical significance.

Tolono, at the intersection of the old Great Western and the Chicago branch of the Illinois Central, heard the last public words of Abraham Lincoln in his own state of Illinois. "The Man of the Ages" made his last brief address in Illinois at Tolono, the site being appropriately marked by a tablet. Lincoln's special train did not stop in Danville. It merely slowed down, so he could grasp the hand of a friend by the name of Alexander at the old Danville depot of the Great Western Railroad, according to Clint Clay Tilton,

an authority upon Lincoln-in-Vermilion-county episodes and immediate past president of the Illinois State Historical Society. Mr. Tilton has complete files upon Lincoln's momentous trip from Illinois over the Great Western Railroad February 11, 1861.

"Changing Cars"

Was it a hardship to "change cars" in the early years and decades in the Central West? Probably not. More than likely, it was an exciting adventure, even fraught with real pleasure. People traveled rarely. They took no vacations, but went on business trips, or visits.

It is, we feel sure, not too much to say that the tremendous crowds which greeted the seven Lincoln-Douglas debates—or at least six of them—in 1858 in Illinois were caused not alone by the important issues to be discussed and the prestige of both Lincoln and Douglas as distinguished public men, but also because the debates and the excitement attending them afforded the man seldom away from his rural or small town home "somewhere to go."

An early railway journey in the Central West, albeit including many discomforts, carried its own touch of magic as well. To see new towns, to "change cars" and to wait three hours in a more or less strange town, was an event in itself—filled with many intense delights and thrilling new happenings. Cobwebs in mental horizons were brushed aside by two or four hours spent at a busy junction or union depot "changing cars."

Pioneer railroads were quick to visualize the advantages of transfer stations, union depots, or

junction stations. As we have noted, Springfield Junction was one of the pioneer intersections in the Mid-West. Somewhat later, arose Jacksonville Junction.

In some instances, union depots were erected in the very heart of towns, as, for example, in Mattoon, Mendota, and Pana. In fact, Mattoon, as "a railroad town" was created by the intersection of two railroads in the early 1850s', as Hoopes-ton was in the wee 1870s'. Sometimes, however, the union station was some distance from the old public square, as in Decatur. Occasionally, the change from one railroad station to another was long and laborious, as at Bloomington, where it was about two miles across the town from the depot of the old main line of the Illinois Central to that of the "Chicago, Alton and St. Louis"—but this could be obviated, with some trains at least, by changing cars at North Bloomington, now Normal.

Indiana also developed many notable railroad junctions. Perhaps oldest of all were Lafayette Junction and Greencastle Junction. It was at Lafayette Junction that the special train bearing the troubled Lincoln "to a task greater than that which rested upon Washington" was shunted during the afternoon of February 11, 1861, from "The Valley Railroad," as that part of the present Wabash Railroad was called in Indiana, to the rails of the old "Indianapolis, Cincinnati and LaFayette Railroad", now a part of the Chicago-Cincinnati division of the Big Four Lines, to carry the President-elect into Indianapolis, where he spent the night at the old Bates House, on the site of the present Claypool Hotel. There, on the morning

of his fifty-second birthday, February 12, 1861, Abraham Lincoln addressed the people. An appropriate tablet on the south façade of the Claypool Hotel now commemorates this event.

Another Indiana junction which arose, in post-bellum days, was Crawfordsville Junction, a few blocks southeast of the old homes of Lew Wallace, author of "The Fair God", "Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ" and "The Prince of India", and of his brother-in-law, Henry Lane, former governor and senator from Indiana, one of the original "Lincoln-for-President" men in Indiana, who marshalled the Indiana delegation for Lincoln at the Wigwam convention in Chicago in May, 1860, and who was one of the nominators at that convention of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois for President of the United States; and of Maurice Thompson, author of the novel, "Alice of Old Vincennes".

Crawfordsville Junction has now disappeared. For many years, and even to 1916, all trains on the Peoria Division of the Big Four, the Monon, and the Terre Haute-Logansport division of the Pennsylvania, or the Vandalia, or merely, "the Van", stopped there. It supported a hotel and a restaurant, a ticket office and a baggage room. Two hotels on the site were burned, but were speedily and pluckily rebuilt. The final hotel-depot, long since abandoned both as a hostelry and as a railway station, was razed just a year or two ago.

The former "Plum Street Station" of the Big Four in Crawfordsville was one of the historic old stations on the Peoria Division of the Big Four. Plum Street is now Wallace Avenue, named in honor of Lew Wallace, the author, because it

passes his study, which is now owned by the city and is maintained as a shrine. We urge our readers to visit the Wallace Study and "Lane Place", also owned by the city of Crawfordsville. Lew Wallace, Maurice Thompson, and many other famous men used the old Plum Street Station, which, too, has been razed. The freight house which formerly stood just west of the Junction, has been removed to Plum Street. The passenger station now stands on the east side of Washington Street, just south of down-town Crawfordsville.

In Indiana, there was also Greencastle Junction, now known as Limesdale, at the crossing of the Monon and the Indianapolis-St. Louis Division of the Pennsylvania or the Vandalia. This station is no longer important. There were also, in Indiana, Kokomo Junction and Auburn Junction.

Another important railway junction developed in Bloomington, Ill., at least for two railroads, one of them being the Peoria and Eastern, or the Big Four, and the other, the Lake Erie and Western, now a part of the Nickel Plate System, where these two roads cross the Alton. This junction is "Alton Junction", sometimes termed "Bloomington Junction" for the Big Four and Nickel Plate. For the Alton it is the city station, or "Bloomington". This junction station is still in use many years after Springfield Junction, Jacksonville Junction, LaFayette Junction, Crawfordsville Junction, Kokomo Junction—even Danville Junction—have "folded up".

When trainmen on the Big Four and the Nickel Plate now call out "Alton Junction", in the western part of Bloomington—they are announcing

one of the few survivors of the Junction period in Central Western railway history.

But—for many years—junction stations were so important on the Peoria division of the Big Four that its trains made three junction stops between Peoria and Indianapolis.

“We make all junction stops,” a brakeman on this line once rather proudly told this writer.

If we would add the two stations in the Twin Cities of Champaign and Urbana, only two miles apart, the trains on this division years ago made four sets of within-city station stops—Alton Junction and Bloomington—Champaign and Urbana—Danville and Danville Junction—and Crawfordsville and Crawfordsville Junction—in the 211 miles between the two terminals of Peoria and Indianapolis. This will illustrate, far better than anyone can tell it in words, the importance of the local passenger train business a few decades ago, when untold thousands of local passengers were transferred or “changed cars” every day.

Wisconsin had—still has—its Appleton Junction, the city which gave Edna Ferber, famous regional novelist of the Central West, not only the most of her girlhood but her journalistic start as well. Iowa had its Mason City Junction. Virginia has its Charlottesville Junction and its Waynesboro Junction on the Southern Railway System. There are, or were, many other famous junction points. I took a train on one occasion on the New York Central at Malone Junction, in far northern New York State, only a few miles south of the Canadian boundary, where the Rutland Railroad was crossed by the famous “Cen-

tral". The Rutland maintained its own Malone city station—with a train shed, too.

Danville Junction—Post Civil War

Although destined to become the most outstanding junction of all, Danville Junction arose to its importance much later in the history of the Central West than LaFayette Junction or Springfield Junction, or than union stations set amid business districts of towns like Mattoon and Pana, in Illinois, or Mitchell in Indiana. The citizens of Mitchell have every right to feel proud of the antiquity of their railroad junction, one of the oldest railroad crossings west of the Allegheny Mountains, where the old "Louisville, New Albany and Chicago", better and more popularly known as "The Monon", intersected the time-honored "Ohio and Mississippi", now a part of the Baltimore and Ohio system.

Danville—it is interesting to note—was a one-railroad town in the decade of the 1850s' and of the worried 1860s'. Danville was not a junction, not even a branch or a "prong" (as at Galesburg) intersection until 1869. Danville's lone railroad was the Great Western, now the Wabash, of course. In fact, State Line City, a hamlet eight miles northeast of Danville, where the Great Western joined, end-to-end, the Valley Railroad, was far more important, previous to 1869, than was Danville.

State Line City is located on the Illinois-Indiana state line, the village proper being on the Indiana side of the highway which is the state line, with one addition of the town, "Illiana",

overflowing into Illinois. Each road at State Line City maintained a round-house, turn table, switch yards, water tank, and other terminal facilities. There was a large three-story frame hotel to which passengers could scamper for that bite to eat—or for that 40 winks of sleep—or possibly an attempt to sleep.

It was at State Line City that the Lincoln party, February 11, 1861, on its momentous trek to the national capital, was served its noonday dinner. The wheezy little locomotive, drawing its precious load from Springfield to the Indiana state line, performed its highly important task right well. It was a wood-burning locomotive, as there were no coal mines in the Springfield area until after the Civil War. The first mine in Danville mining fields was opened in 1858—but Mr. Tilton tells us there is no record of the train stopping in Danville for coal or for any other purpose. Undoubtedly, the train stopped at various “wood stations”, as at Sidney, in Champaign county, where the old Great Western “wooded up” for many years.

Preceded by a pilot locomotive, plunging forward on inferior iron rails, at 30 miles an hour, on road-bed poorly graded, and sometimes, as in the vicinity of Bement, almost on the bosom of old Mother Earth herself, the little special train chugged through Danville and arrived at State Line City just eight minutes late. Whoever prepared the dinner for the President-elect and his party was not greatly worried over the dinner guests being proverbially late, as now seems socially élite.

One cannot refrain from wondering—would a modern Diesel engine, of intricate design, drawing a streamliner train, floating over perfect road-bed and gliding over 158-pound rails—as on the main line today of the Pennsylvania between New York and Chicago—arrive at a terminal within eight minutes or less of its pre-arranged schedule? I have often marvelled—and so have you—as you and I have studied the pioneer life of the Central West, at the ability of those rugged men and women of the 1840s' and the 1850s'—perhaps your grandparents or great-grandparents, or mine—to build not alone railroads but a great civilization, far better than they themselves ever realized. In brief, they carved an empire—the Central West of the 1940s'.

It was not, therefore, until December, 1869, that Danville was any more than a one-railroad town, with its tiny Great Western station reposing on East Main Street in that future bustling city.

Second Railroad Arrives

But it was Danville—not State Line City—which was decreed to become an important railroad center. In late 1869, other events began to happen. History has her own way of shaping things. There are many shifts in the roll-call of a few years—with nothing, in fact, perpetual except change.

In the fading days of 1869, the rails of the "Indianapolis, Crawfordsville and Danville Railroad Company" reached the eastern edge of Danville. The historic station of Danville Junction was in the making. The new railroad was completed from Indianapolis to Crawfordsville Junction in

1868—we must constantly recall that all of our pre-Civil War and post-Civil War railroads were built in sections. Railroad construction was slow—painfully delayed, at times. Months and even years were required for the “completion” of railroads.

It is impossible to say when the Illinois Central railroad, for example, was “completed”. There were many vexatious—heart-breaking interruptions. Money was scarce—that was taken for granted. Money was far more conspicuous by its absence than was the ambition of the railroad builders. Many men and companies essayed to project—even to build—railroads with little or no financial preparation.

To mention just one of the many delays in the building of the Illinois Central railroad, it happened that Asiatic cholera broke out in the Irish labor camp at LaSalle. The laborers, naturally, fled, carrying, of course, cholera germs with them. It was weeks before labor crews could again be assembled and work resumed. There were many floods, droughts, sudden freezings, sudden thaws, windstorms, fevers, scarcity of materials. We must also include biological hazards, especially rattlesnakes, copperheads, cotton-mouthed moccasins, to harass the onward rush—romantic, of course, at times, doubtless distressingly bitter at other periods—of railroad construction in the pioneer Central West. Adding other biological hazards, there were mosquitoes, flies, especially large green flies which drove horses into frenzy, blow-flies, other living impedimenta.

Incidentally, in all of our reading and study of pioneer Illinois and Indiana, we find few refer-

ences to these biological handicaps, especially to Their Majesties, the venomous snakes. Without the lowly hog, immune to the snake, it is even possible the Central West might not have been settled, at least as soon as it was, because of the innumerable poisonous reptiles.

But—we must remember at all times—it is a difficult matter to keep a good man or a good cause down. Truth and pioneer railroad construction, crushed to earth, have their own certain way of arising.

The Indianapolis, Crawfordsville and Danville Railroad Company, by entering Crawfordsville from the southeast had, unknowingly, of course, taken the first step in the creation of Crawfordsville Junction at its intersection with the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago (present Monon) railroad. And this same post-Civil War railroad was to be the first link in the chain of events bringing Danville Junction into its picturesque history.

Crossing the Toledo, Wabash and Western in the far northeastern part of Danville, the Indianapolis, Crawfordsville and Danville Railroad was continued by a new line called "The Danville, Urbana, Bloomington and Pekin Railroad" westward to the Illinois River at Pekin, from whence leased trackage carried it into Peoria. This new railroad missed, by three-quarters of a mile, my native town of Farmer City, originally known as Mount Pleasant. It also missed, by about half-a-mile, the old towns of Mahomet (old Middletown) and Leroy. These three towns, Mahomet, Farmer City and Leroy, as well as Danvers and Mackinaw, west of Bloomington, extended themselves to the

railroad. Not so, with old Conkeytown, in western Vermilion county, which was removed to Muncie and Fithian, and "Old St. Joseph", which was replaced by the newer St. Joseph on the tracks. Likewise, Waynetown and Hillsboro, in Indiana, extended themselves to the rails, while Covington, one of the old county seats of western Indiana, and Tremont, old-time county seat of Tazewell county, Illinois, before Pekin was selected, were happily close enough to the new railroad that no moving pains nor expanding groans were necessary.

The new railroad entered Bloomington from the extreme southeast, crossing the old main line of the Illinois Central in a rural area outside the town, building its own railroad station on South Main Street, and then, proceeding westward, crossed the Chicago and Alton, creating, as we have noted, the crossing, with its station facilities, known today as "Alton Junction".

Construction work was slow on this railroad—as it was on other early roads. At one time there was an interval of nine months when there were no trains in continuous operation between Crawfordsville, Ind., and Bloomington, Ill. There was always an uncompleted bridge, a stretch of washed-out track—or that inevitable something else.

The new line, soon to be known as "The Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western," or merely—and usually—"the I. B. and W.," erected a passenger and freight station at Gilbert Street, in the west part of Danville. The present freight house of the Big Four in Danville is now on the east side of Gilbert Street.

The Gilbert Street passenger station of the I. B. and W. was superseded in 1895 by the erection of "The Vermilion Street Station," on the west side of present-day Vermilion Street, as the city station of Danville.

It is interesting to note, in this connection, that the first Catholic service in Danville was held in 1850 by Father Ryan in the residence of Mike Ganor, which stood on the site of the Vermilion Street Station. He erected a small altar in a room of the Ganor home—the beginning of contemporary Catholicism in Danville. Many of the Irish laborers attracted by the building of the Wabash and Erie canal in the vicinity of Perrysville, Covington and Attica, east of Danville, in the edge of Indiana, later located in Danville. St. Patrick's Parish, in Danville, owed much of its early strength to those stalwart Irish workers.

However, Jesuit priests had held services for the Kickapoo Indians west of Danville as early as 1750—near the site of the new, present-day Kickapoo State Park. Protestant services, according to Mr. Tilton, were held in Vermilion county as early as 1824, with the Baptists working in Oakwood township, the Presbyterians in Catlin.

Beginnings of the C. & E. I.

It was inevitable that some kind of transportation would be needed—and furnished—between the historical outpost of Vincennes, on the lower Wabash River and the cluster of cabins which gathered around Fort Dearborn, near the mouth of the Chicago River into Lake Michigan, later to blossom as the village and city of Chicago. Chi-

cago became a village in 1833 and a city in 1837—receiving its city charter, indeed, from the Illinois legislature while still sitting at Vandalia.

Gurdon Hubbard, hardy pioneer which he was, established a permanent trading-post in 1827 on the present site of the Palmer-American National Bank, on the south side of the public square or plaza of Danville—now known as Redden Square. His post was the first frame house built in Vermilian county.

Hubbard was interested in the navigation of the Vermilion River, which was declared a navigable stream, with Danville designated as “A Port of Entry.” Such navigation proved impossible, although Hubbard succeeded in dispatching at least one flatboat down the Vermilion River to the Wabash, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. He also projected a series of trading-posts from Vincennes to Chicago.

Gurdon Hubbard had located at Watseka as early as 1821, where he married, as the story goes, an Indian lass by the name of Watch-e-kee, whence the name of Watseka. Tiring of her, he gave her, it was said, to a friend.

Hubbard, before he appeared at either Watseka or Danville, had served as Indian buyer for the American Fur Company at Hennepin and elsewhere along the Illinois River in 1818 when he was only in his late teens. Gurdon Hubbard, at only 18 years of age, was a successful business man.

A tablet in the northwest part of Watseka commemorates his early entry into what is now Iroquois county, as he was the first white settler in that area. He brought a boatload of merchan-

dise up the Kankakee and Iroquois rivers to the present site of Watseka—known as Middleport in pioneer days.

In November, 1833, he sold his store and his pack of 50 horses which he had used in his out-post-to-outpost trading from Vincennes north to Fort Dearborn and located in the tiny village of Chicago.

The story is often related how Hubbard wrote a letter to Dr. Fithian, a pioneer friend in Danville, then larger than Chicago, saying:

“So far I have not regretted locating in a smaller town.”

The old trail from Danville to Chicago has always been called “Hubbard’s Trail.” At least one present commemoration of it is Hubbard’s Trail Country Club, located just west of Route 1, between Hoopeston and Rossville.

It can be said that Gurdon Hubbard projected the present Chicago and Eastern Illinois and the present Illinois Route 1—known for many years as the “Dixie Highway”—unknowingly, of course. He was certainly one of the real trail blazers between Vincennes, Danville, Watseka and Chicago. He might also be called the man who forecast what is now the Cairo Division of the Big Four railroad, at least between Danville and Lawrenceville. Like so many other pioneers, he built better and wiser than he could possibly have realized.

Geologists inform us that in by-gone ages the Wabash River took its course directly from Lake Michigan to the Ohio River. It was then a much larger stream than at present. Its broad flood-plain, in the vicinity of Covington, Ind., to-day

tells us how the stream has wound about, much broader than it is now in the ages—periods—eras—eons which have passed. A geologist has that way about him of speaking as casually of a few million or billion years as a 1942 Congressman does of a few million or billion dollars.

Nature shifted this all-water route, presenting puny Man with the tremendous task of uniting, in some way, the Great Lakes with the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Dame Nature, we might say, left oncoming Man with the sack to hold in this dilemma.

The Wabash and Erie Canal, skirting the Wabash and the Maumee Rivers, between Evansville, on the Ohio River, and Toledo, on the edge of Lake Erie, was only one of several of Man's answers to the challenge thrown down by Mother Nature. But the canal, important as it was for a short time, was costly, impracticable, unsatisfactory. The canal was subject to washouts, cave-ins, floods, droughts, freezings and thaws—no sooner was it "completed" than breakdowns began.

Early Petition for Railroad

In the 1830s', it is recorded, residents of pioneer Vermilion county, Illinois, petitioned for a railroad. Speaking of dreams of pioneer settlers—here was one. The 1830s' were indeed early even in a county as old as Vermilion. Danville, platted in 1827, was only a small cluster of cabins in 1837, with a log court-house. But the handwriting of needed transportation was appearing in the sky—for there were few walls upon which it could have appeared. Perhaps, one might sug-

gest, Danville as a railroad town was forecast in the decade of the 1830s'.

These organizers received a strip of land between the village of Chicago and the historic outpost of Vincennes, so intimately associated with George Rogers Clark and William Henry Harrison, for the construction of a railroad which would unite the budding commerce of Lake Michigan with that of the lower Wabash and thence into the Ohio River itself. In 1835 a charter for this railroad was granted.

It was in this same year that a railroad was first projected across Illinois from Quincy to the Illinois-Indiana state line, "in the general direction of Lafayette, Ind.", later to be the general path of the Wabash railroad.

Grading for this railroad was actually done in Champaign and Vermilion counties in 1837-39. How expert was the science of railroad grading in the late 1830s' we will leave to your imagination. But the grading of this road caused what is now the Wabash railroad to be built, for the taxpayers demanded the old grade be utilized. With the first snort of "The Pioneer" locomotive across the Vermilion River in 1856, railroad history for Danville had actually began.

Construction of the C. & E. I.

The actual connection of Chicago and Vincennes by rails was destined to await what Lincoln had forecast as "a just and lasting peace", following the great War between the States. In 1871, the Chicago, Danville and Vincennes railroad laid its track southward from Chicago adher-

ing to a general line a few miles west of the Illinois-Indiana state line until Danville was reached. Unwittingly, or perhaps with full knowledge, the new railroad was hewing close to "Hubbard's Trail". Unconsciously, no doubt, by cutting its swath down the eastern rim of Illinois, it was creating its own future name—"The Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad"—always known familiarly as the C. & E. I. But, in 1871, at least, between Chicago and Danville, the new railroad was, in very fact, "The Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad".

Arriving in the extreme northeastern section of growing Danville, it reached the point where the Wabash intersected the then almost as new Indianapolis to Pekin railroad. Now a third railroad, and one of increasing importance, was added to the group of roads to be tied into the future Danville Junction picture of the years from 1870 until about 1910.

The North Street Station

The terminus of the new railroad from Chicago to Danville was carried south past the new Junction station to North Street, one long block north of Main Street. There a brick passenger station was erected and a long, rambling brick freight house. This passenger station was to be known until about 1902 as "The North Street Station". It was used, but in diminishing importance, until the early 1900s'.

This was "Danville" or the downtown or city station of the C. & E. I. in distinction to the Junction station which for four decades was known to the C. & E. I. always as "Danville

Junction", as long as this road used the joint Junction station. The old North Street Station was razed a few years ago after it had been discarded as a passenger station and after being used, finally, as a bulk oil plant. The long, rambling old freight house still stands, but is now used as a warehouse.



(Courtesy, Mrs. F. W. Popejoy)

The old North Street Station of the C.&E.I., which stood west of the present North Street Freight Station of this company.

In 1906, the C. & E. I. erected, on North Street, and only a few rods east of its old North Street Station, a large, modern brick freight house, in active daily use at present. There are several fan-like switches in that area, where the C. & E. I. serves numerous industries.

A stranger in Danville to-day might well inquire why the freight-house of the C. & E. I. is on North Street, at the edge of the Danville business district, while the modern Fairchild Street Station, erected in 1917, several blocks

northeast of the old Junction station, is distant a full mile and a half or so from down-town Danville. The answer rests upon the historical basis we have just outlined.

Bogged Down at North Street

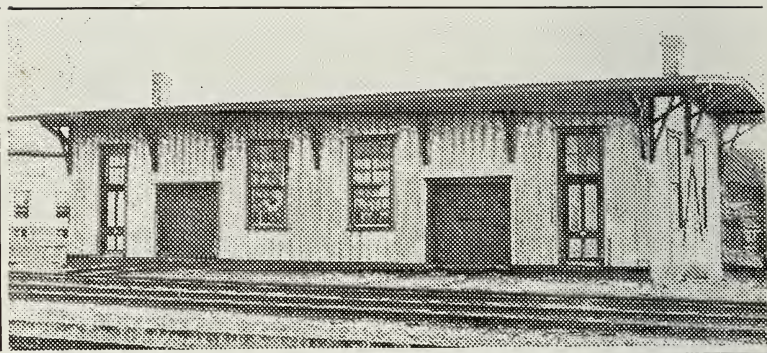
The builders of the Chicago, Danville and Vincennes railroad considered their terminal at North Street, Danville, as merely a temporary pause. They would build on, the entire distance to Vincennes. They had charted their course to Vincennes—to Vincennes they would continue.

It was planned to resume construction southward from North Street, to cross Main Street, to intersect the present Wabash railroad near Main Street and to bridge the Vermilion River at the south end of Vermilion Street, and to proceed through Georgetown, Vermilion Grove, Paris, Marshall, Robinson, and Lawrenceville into Vincennes. A bridge would be built across the Wabash River east of Lawrenceville and entry made into Vincennes at the approximate point where "The Young Mr. Lincoln", with his father and stepmother, several relatives and friends, crossed the river in the spring of 1830 from Indiana into Illinois—and into Immortality.

But other plans were in the grist as well. Robert Burns, beloved Scottish poet, sang, "The best laid plans of mice an' men, Gang aft a-gley".

Josephus Collett, Terre Haute, Ind., had railroad visions of his own. He was building a new road north from Terre Haute, roughly paralleling the Wabash River and crossing it at Clinton, Ind., and had reached Cayuga in Vermillion (spelled with two l's, too) county, Indiana. His

railroad was known as "The Evansville, Terre Haute and Chicago Railroad". His project threatened competition, perchance even disaster, for the infant Chicago, Danville and Vincennes line. Collett declared he would enter Dan-



(Courtesy, Danville Commercial-News)

Old Evansville, Terre Haute and Chicago Station erected in 1871 at Danville Junction. It stood about 40 feet south of the I. B. & W. (Big Four) right-of-way and some ten or more feet to the east of what is now the Wabash east-bound main track.

At the time of its erection, the E. T. H. & C. for some reason was not a joint tenant with the Wabash, I. B. & W. and Chicago, Danville and Vincennes (later C&EI) and maintained a separate depot.

ville and would then push northward to Chicago practically paralleling the newly constructed road, then bogged down, for the moment and as afterwards developed, permanently at North Street, Danville.

The Evansville, Terre Haute and Chicago was completed to Danville in 1871, entering the town from the upper southeast and paralleling the old I. B. & W., now the Big Four, to Danville Junction. It crossed the Wabash railroad at the Junction and instead of using the joint Junction

depot, it proceeded westward a few rods and erected its own passenger station, which it called "The Junction Station". Then it swung around on a wye, still to be seen in the area southwest of Danville Junction, and proceeded to the North Street Station.

This Junction Station of the Evansville, Terre Haute and Chicago railroad was used later to house the offices of the both North End and South End roadmasters of the C. & E. I. When the brick division offices were built south of the Big Four tracks by the C. & E. I., the new offices included space for the roadmasters and the old Evansville, Terre Haute and Chicago depot was moved west of the old wye and was used for a warehouse.

A transaction was completed whereby the Chicago, Danville and Vincennes railroad was consolidated with the Evansville, Terre Haute and Chicago (not to be confused with the earlier Evansville and Terre Haute railroad, built in the 1850s', over which Union troops and supplies were moved towards the Southland, which was incorporated, oddly and interestingly, as the "The Wabash Railroad" because it paralleled, very generally, the Wabash River, over which troops and supplies were likewise moved to the South).

A wye was also built north of the Junction station connecting the Evansville, Terre Haute and Chicago railroad with the Chicago, Danville and Vincennes, when the two roads independently entered Danville Junction and which was to be known for many years as "the passenger wye", in distinction to "the freight wye" several blocks to the northeast. The passenger wye was to be

the scene, years later, of the Collett Street Station, and the freight wye was to be the site of the Fairchild Street Station—but more of these anon. It was the erection of the Collett Street Station in 1901 which foreshadowed much of the final downfall of Danville Junction.

Picturesque C. & E. I. Train Movements

C. & E. I. passenger trains, for many years, rather clumsily, albeit picturesquely, proceeded to the North Street Station, inbound from Chicago, engine first, as in normal train movement,



(Courtesy, Division 583, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, Danville)

The old "No. 3 Spot" type of early C&EI locomotives which played a prominent part in the building of the C&EI from Dolton Junction to Danville. When the road was opened to traffic, Old No. 3 was placed in freight service between Dolton Junction and Danville.

For a number of years the C&EI entered Chicago from Dolton Junction over the old "Panhandle" (now a part of the Pennsylvania System) and discharged its passengers at the old Clinton Street Depot. The present Dearborn Station of the C&EI was not erected until the early 1880s'.

after making a station stop at Danville Junction. This was, of course, following the merger of the two parts of what is now the C. & E. I. and the elimination of the Junction station of the Evansville, Terre Haute and Chicago railroad.

Following its station "work", as railroad men use the expression, that is the discharging and the picking up of passengers, mail, baggage and express at the North Street Station, the train would then back to the Junction, and after making a second station stop at the Junction, and having changed engines and crews, would back farther to the north, crossing the Wabash railroad and would swing around on the passenger wye northeast of the Junction station and leave for Terre Haute, using the tracks of the former Danville, Terre Haute and Chicago east of Collett Street. The rails of the Evansville, Terre Haute and Chicago, in front of the Junction station, parallel to the I. B. & W., were afterwards removed, but they are still to be seen at Bowman Avenue.

Contrary train movements of the C. & E. I. were just as clumsy, and we will admit, just as interesting and picturesque. Northbound trains to Chicago would swing around the old passenger wye northeast of the Junction, then would back to the Junction Station for their first station stop, and then would back to the North Street Station. Then, following "work" at North Street Station, the train would pull out normally, engine first, to the Junction, making a second station stop there and would then proceed normally on its way to Chicago.

CHICAGO & EASTERN ILLINOIS R. R.							
SOUTHBOUND TIME TABLE							
MAIN LINE -- CHICAGO TO TERRE HAUTE							
STATIONS	Chicago and Franklin,	Monroe and Franklin,	Chicago and Danville,	Chicago and Danville Limited,	Chicago and Danville Night Exp.	Chicago and Danville Night Exp.	Chicago and Danville Night Exp.
	No. 1 Daily Ex. Sun.	No. 11 Daily Ex. Sun.	No. 7 Daily	No. 5 Daily	No. 3 Daily	No. 35 Daily Ex. Sun.	No. 35 Daily Ex. Sun.
CHICAGO.....Lv	8.00	12.58	5.10	8.35	11.35
ARCHER AVE.....Lv	8.07	1.05	5.17	8.42	11.42
ENGLEWOOD.....Lv	8.27	1.22	5.34	8.57	11.57
NORMAL PARK.....Lv	8.29	1.24	5.36	9.00	12.00
AUBURN PARK.....Lv	8.34	1.29	5.41	9.05	12.05
81st STREET.....Lv	8.36	1.31	5.43	9.07	12.07
OAKDALE.....Lv	8.40	1.35	5.47	9.11	12.11
FERNWOOD.....Lv	8.44	1.39	5.51	9.15	12.15
ROSELAND.....Lv	8.46	1.42	5.55	9.17	12.17
KENSINGTON.....Lv	8.52	1.48	6.01	9.23	12.23
DOLTON.....Lv	8.53	1.52	6.05	9.25	12.25
SO. HOLLAND.....Lv	9.06	1.57	6.11	9.38	12.38
THORNTON J.C.....Lv	9.11	2.01	6.16	9.43	12.43
THORNTON.....Lv	9.15	2.04	6.17	9.47	12.47
GLENWOOD.....Lv	9.15	2.04	6.17	9.47	12.47
CHICAGO HTS.....Lv	9.25	2.12	6.27	9.57	12.57
COLUMBIA HTS.....Lv	9.30	2.16	6.32	10.02	1.02
CRETE.....Lv	9.35	2.20	6.37	10.07	1.07
GOODENOW.....Lv	9.42	2.28	6.41	10.14	1.14
BEECHER.....Lv	9.49	2.36	6.48	10.21	1.21
SOLLITT.....Lv	9.58	2.43	6.55	10.30	1.30
GRANT.....Lv	10.04	2.50	7.01	10.36	1.36
MOMENCE.....Lv	10.15	3.02	7.13	10.48	1.48
KOSTER.....Lv	10.27	7.24	10.59	1.59
ST. ANNE.....Lv	10.37	7.32	11.07	2.07
PAPINEAU.....Lv	10.45	7.40	11.15	2.15
MARTINTON.....Lv	10.52	7.47	11.22	2.22
PITTSWOOD.....Lv	10.58	7.53	11.28	2.28
WATSEKA.....Lv	11.10	8.00	11.35	2.35	5.25
WOODLAND.....Lv	11.19	8.08	11.44	2.44	5.34
MILFORD.....Lv	11.33	8.20	11.56	2.56	5.46
CISSNA J.C.....Lv	11.47	8.32	12.08	3.08	6.00
WELLINGTON.....Lv	11.57	8.42	12.18	3.18
HOOPESTON.....Lv	12.11	8.56	12.32	3.32
ROSSVILLE.....Lv	12.11	8.56	12.32	3.32
ALVAN.....Lv	12.22	9.08	12.44	3.44
BISMARCK.....Lv	12.27	9.13	12.49	3.49
WEST NEWELL.....Lv	12.35	9.21	12.57	3.57
DANVILLE J.C.....Ar	12.47	9.33	1.00	4.00
DANVILLE.....Ar	12.50	7.30
DANVILLE J.C.....Lv	1.05	11.50	3.35	7.35
RILEYSBURG.....Lv	1.17	7.46
GESSIE.....Lv	1.21	7.50
PERRYVILLE.....Lv	1.28	7.57
CAYUGA.....Lv	1.43	8.09
NEWPORT.....Lv	1.55	8.19
HILLSDALE.....Lv	2.11	8.34
SUMMIT GROVE.....Lv	2.19	8.41
CLINTON.....Lv	2.28	12.52	4.47	8.50
ATHERTON.....Lv	2.37	8.59
OTTER CREEK J.C.....Lv	2.46	1.03	5.00	9.07
TERRE HAUTE.....Ar	3.00	1.10	5.10	9.20

F Stop only on signal. Where time is not given the train does not stop.

NIGHT TIME 5.00 EVENING TO 5.59 MORNING. DAY TIME 6.00 MORNING TO 5.59 EVENING.

(Courtesy, Annabell Schull)

A page of a C&EI time-card of 1895, showing train arrivals at "Danville", or the old North Street Station, and at Danville "Jc". Note there are two stations stops at Danville "Jc.", as the train came into Danville and departed.

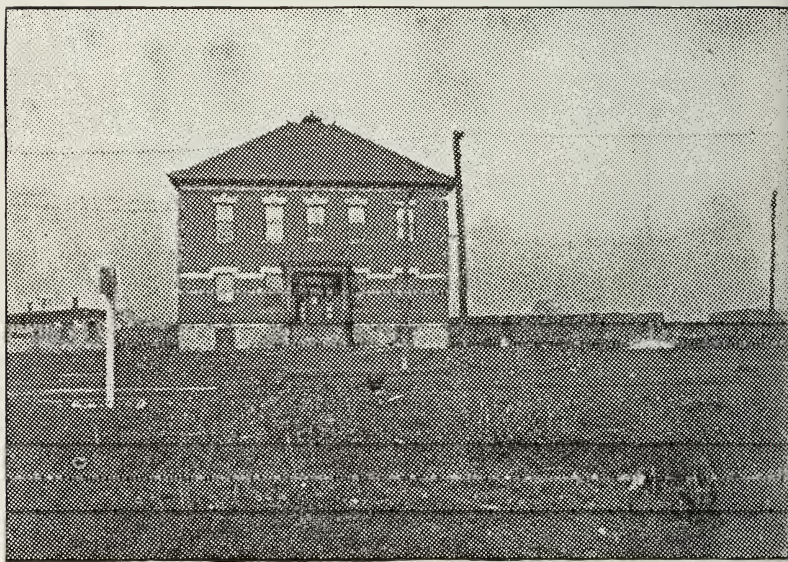
I can recall, as a lad of eight and ten, with the utmost of boyish glee, these cumbersome train movements of the C. & E. I. in and out of the North Street Station, with two station stops at the Junction, the change of engines and often of crews. To me, it was a lot of fun. So, I recall, my visits at Danville Junction were of tremendous interest to me.

You ask—did people object to this clumsy train movement? No—at least only in rare cases. For some unknown reason, people actually seemed to have had more spare time than they have now. They took events more leisurely than we hard-pressed folks today. Even the oldsters seemed to enjoy the experience of changing cars at Danville Junction. I am sure my father and mother did—"papa" and "mama" they were—and I am sure my strictly Calvinistic Presbyterian grandfather did. I can remember when he used to wear his linen duster on the train from his home in Hoopeston to our home in Farmer City, changing, of course, at Danville Junction. He liked to see and to talk with drummers at the Junction. He liked, in spite of his Presbyterianism, to smoke an occasional cigar, while waiting for a train at Danville Junction. He had plenty of time—everyone seemed to have had plenty of time to wait for trains at any one of a score of somewhat similar junction stations or union depots in the Central West. At any rate, our family liked to change cars at Danville Junction.

I can recall, as a lad of ten or so, that frequently we would discuss Danville Junction at the table in our home, and would review the C. & E. I. train movements between the Junction and the North Street Station. I can well remember

drawing Danville Junction and the city stations of Danville and my father and mother would help me in the task—but I knew them as well as they did. I would also “build”, with my blocks, Danville Junction, imagining and wishing I were there. Small wonder, then, I liked Danville Junction as a boy and youth as I did.

However, as C. & E. I. passenger trains became longer, faster and heavier, some of them no longer made the tedious backdrop to the North Street



(Courtesy, Commercial-News)

Division offices of the C&EI erected in 1903. This building stood at the head of Junction Avenue and faced the east. It supplanted the old frame building housing the division officials which stood on the north side of the Big Four tracks facing “The City Main” of the C&EI and the Wabash tracks.

Note the discarded station of the Evansville, Terre Haute and Chicago Railroad at the rear of this old brick structure.

Station. For these fast trains the Junction served as the city station. But even as late as 1901, with the opening of the Collett Street Station, the brakeman or porter on an incoming C. & E. I. train which did not go down to the North Street Station called out:

"Danville Junction. Change for the Wabash and the Big Four and the St. Louis division of the C. & E. I. This train does not go to Danville".

This was a recognition that the North Street Station sitting at the edge of its spur track at the edge of the business district of Danville, was "Danville" to the C. & E. I. The Junction was only "Danville Junction" in contradistinction to "Danville"—the North Street Station. Passengers for Danville itself were thus notified to leave the train at the Junction.

The City Main

The C. & E. I. passed the Junction Station on the third track west of the depot, the Wabash having two tracks nearer the station. We will have much to say about the C. & E. I. track in this location, or "The City Main", as it was called, in Mr. Smith's reminiscences.

"The City Main" carried all C. & E. I. passenger trains to the Junction. It also carried, years ago, passenger trains to and from the North Street Station, as well as all freight service to the North Street freight house. Today, in 1942, "The City Main" is still in place in front of what was once Danville Junction and is still in active use by the C. & E. I. carrying long lines of freight cars from the main tracks, north of the site of the Junction Station, south to the North Street

freight house and to a dozen industrial plants in the Danville business area. "The City Main" of the C. & E. I. is today, as it was in the 1890s', in daily constant service for freight only, except as the Villa Grove District electric motor trains use it in reaching their own take-off tracks just south of the Big Four-Wabash intersection at Danville Junction.

**St. Louis—or Southern Illinois—or Villa Grove
—or Grape Creek Division of the C. & E. I.**

What was called the St. Louis Division of the C. & E. I. in the 1890s' must be in no way confused with the present St. Louis Division leaving the main line at Woodland Junction south of Watseka and proceeding through Villa Grove, Tuscola, Shelbyville and Pana to St. Louis, with a branch from Findlay to Southern Illinois terminating at Thebes.

This line has been called, in Danville, by at least four names, the Grape Creek, the Villa Grove, the Southern Illinois, and the St. Louis Division. By any name, it has been an important part of the story of Danville Junction.

This line extends, as noted, from a point just south of Danville Junction, using "The City Main" to cross the Big Four and then slanting across the Wabash double tracks, and proceeds in a most circular and roundabout and unwieldy way through the southeastern residential portion of Danville and winds curiously through Grape Creek, then on to Westville, Indianola (almost as old and historic as Danville itself), Sidell, Allerton, Broadlands, Longview, Fairland, "old Villa Grove", and Tuscola, presumably to St.

Louis, which it did not reach in the old days of Danville Junction.

The present St. Louis Division of the C. & E. I., built in 1904, with its elegant Chicago-St. Louis flyers, cuts across the western part of Vermilion county and the eastern part of Champaign county,



(Courtesy, William Gately)

North Danville Yard Office of the C&EI, taken in 1926. This building was formerly a portion of the structure which housed the division officials at Danville Junction and was occupied by the Chief Dispatcher and the train dispatching force.

about 20 miles west of Danville. It “picks up” the old Villa Grove district of the C. & E. I. at “new Villa Grove” which arose a half-mile southwest of “old Villa Grove”.

The old St. Louis, or Southern Illinois Division of the C. & E. I. was begun from Danville Junction in 1888. It reached Villa Grove (old town) first, then Tuscola, then Shelbyville, where it terminated in 1895. Into Southern Illinois it was continued by the old Chicago, Paducah and

Memphis railroad to Marion and, at length, to the quaint old town of Thebes on the Mississippi River, a few miles north of Cairo. Thebes is an interesting old town, a former county seat of Alexander county, and has an old relic of a court house atop a hill, with an old-fashioned jail in its "cellar". The projection from Findlay to Hillsboro, Ill., carries the fast Chicago-St. Louis limited passenger trains and the manifest freight trains into East St. Louis and St. Louis.

The Villa Grove district line was an important artery for Danville Junction. The fact that it started from the Junction aided in centralizing C. & E. I. business there. Its passenger trains, however, throughout the 1890s' and even into the 1900s', used the North Street Station, although in diminishing numbers after 1902. It also used the old freight house at North Street and since 1906 the new North Street freight house.

This road connected at Sidell with the Chicago, Danville and Olney—originally a narrow gauge—with only about 16 miles of track remaining in existence in 1942, this being in the vicinity of Yale, Ill., and is operated by a group of farmers, and renders scanty yet needed freight service. The Olney road, in its palmy days of the 1890s' and the 1900s', ran south from Sidell through Archie, Hildreth, Brocton, Borton, Kansas, Westfield, Oilfield, Casey, Newton, Willow Hill, and other towns into Olney. At one time it handled a heavy passenger and freight business. This line sent its passengers to Danville or Danville Junction through the Sidell change and was an important feeder not alone for the Junction but for Danville as a commercial center.

During one period, this "Olney Road" was called "The Chicago and Ohio River Railroad". Its enemies and critics saw a taunt in its name, because, they declared, it reached neither Chicago nor the Ohio River. In more recent years, the remnant of this road operated a mixed train, finally only freight service, and was daubed "The Doty" railroad.

Motor car service is provided from the Fairchild Street Station of the C. & E. I., Danville, to Villa Grove and thence into Southern Illinois, and connecting, also at Villa Grove with the present St. Louis Division of the C. & E. I. A large freight business is handled as well.

"The Cairo"

A fifth railroad to reach Danville Junction was what became known (and is known today) as the Cairo Division of the Big Four. It has been called for many years, for short, simply, "The Cairo".

This railroad was built, as were so many others, in sections, one might almost say, by piecemeal. This road, in reality, took over the burden of providing railroad service to the area between Danville and Lawrenceville—later being extended into Cairo—which had been the original purpose of the Chicago, Danville and Vincennes before it became allied with the Evansville, Terre Haute and Chicago railroad to form the Chicago and Eastern Illinois. By diverting from its original purpose of building south from Danville to Lawrenceville and into Vincennes, the C. & E. I. proceeded down the Indiana side of the Wabash

River, leaving wide-open the project for a railroad south from Danville on the Illinois side.

The beginnings of "The Cairo" was "The Paris and Danville Railroad" which was built by John C. Short, a Danville banker of the early 1870s'. Hiram Sanford was vice-president and F. Maxom, secretary and treasurer. The road extended, originally, only from Paris to Danville—true to its name. Reaching the southwestern outskirts of Danville, it crossed the Wabash railroad near Tilton and then continued north following the same general course as is now taken by the Cairo division of the Big Four from Danville to where it crosses the Wabash railroad. The old grade is still visible in many places from the present Cairo Division right-of-way.

The Paris and Danville came through Vermilion Heights, now a part of the city of Danville, to the old I. B. & W. right-of-way, now the Peoria division of the Big Four, and used that company's bridge across North Fork Creek, according to Harry Barnes, veteran Danville railroad newspaper reporter who died August 5, 1942, following 47 years of newspaper service in Danville. The Paris and Danville erected a round-house just north of the Shea Brick plant (now the Danville Brick Company) and after crossing North Fork, proceeded on the south side of the I. B. & W. track to the Gilbert Street Station which it used jointly with the I. B. & W.

When the Wabash leased the Paris and Danville, which had been reorganized as the Danville Southwestern, its trains ran on the I. B. & W. tracks almost to Danville Junction, then passed through the I. B. & W. wye to the Wabash tracks

at the Junction and then to the Main Street Station of the Wabash.

But too much time was consumed by this method of practically running around three sides of Danville. The Wabash made a connection at Tilton and abandoned that part of its line which ran through Vermilion Heights and across North Fork to the Gilbert Street Station. In speaking of the final completion of the Paris and Danville railroad, the old Edgar county history tells us in its own quaint language "in the spring of 1874 the cars began running".

When General John B. McNulta was appointed receiver for the Wabash, he divorced all leased lines from the system. The line from Danville south to Cairo was among that number. It was then that "The Cairo" became the Chicago, Vincennes and Cairo Short Line. In 1891, the Big Four purchased it and it then became the Cairo Division of the Big Four. However, it continued to use the Wabash tracks from Tilton to the Main Street Station of the Wabash and then north to Danville Junction. This traffic arrangement was terminated in 1905 when the Big Four built its new tracks for the Cairo Division to Lyons Yard paralleling the old Paris and Danville right-of-way.

Several interesting facts stand out in the history of "The Cairo". One is the almost unknown fact today that "The Cairo", at one time, terminated at Vincennes, using the Ohio and Mississippi River railroad bridge over the Wabash River into Vincennes, also using the O. and M. tracks from Lawrenceville into Vincennes. In this way, "The Cairo" had fulfilled the dreams of the rail-

road builders of the early 1870s', who aspired to build, all the way in Illinois, "The Chicago, Danville and Vincennes Railroad".

Another interesting fact is that General Ambrose Burnside, who in 1862 was in command of the Union armies, and who was in authority at the bloody and costly debauch known as the Battle of Fredericksburg, was president, in the 1870s', of at least a part of "The Cairo". The town of New Burnside, in Southern Illinois, was named for General Burnside, who with Generals McClellan, Hooker and Meade, were among the many headaches and heartaches of the over-burdened President Lincoln.

Three Big Four Stations

The complexity of the Danville railroad picture was further complicated by the fact that the Big Four railroad, through its use of its Vermilion Street Station for its Peoria Division trains, of the Main Street Station of the Wabash for its Cairo Division, as city stations, and of Danville Junction as a transfer station between the Peoria and the Cairo Division, operated, in reality, three passenger stations in Danville.

The situation was confusing. A traveler through Danville was safe only when he used the Junction for both the Peoria and the Cairo Divisions of the Big Four. If he essayed to go to the Vermilion Street Station to take a Big Four train to Paris, Eldorado or Harrisburg, he was simply out of luck. If he went to the Main Street Station of the Wabash to catch a train for Pekin or Peoria, again he was unfortunate if his time were

limited. At the Junction he could buy a ticket for any point on either of the two Big Four lines entering Danville.

One wag, in speaking of the Vermilion Street Station in those days, asked the question, "When is the Big Four Station in Danville not the Big Four Station in Danville?" The answer, obviously, was "When you want to travel on the Cairo Division of the Big Four. Play safe, boy, take all Big Four trains at the Junction—you can't miss—your train, in other words."

This situation was more complicated in the 1890s' because the Big Four (in the closing days of the I. B. & W. and the opening years of the Big Four proper) painted its passenger coaches a bright yellow. This color scheme was really quite attractive. It placed a distinct mark upon Big Four trains, whether one glimpsed them at Mattoon on the St. Louis Division, at LaFayette on the Chicago Division, at Anderson on the Cleveland Division, or at Danville on either the Peoria Division or the Cairo Division. This bright yellow distinguishing color for Big Four passenger coaches would sometimes play the unwary traveler wrong. He would see the yellow cars of a Cairo train at the Main Street Station of the Wabash, and might infer, if he wished to take a train to Crawfordsville or Indianapolis, that a similar yellow-hued Big Four train would soon be along for those points. Then, he would inquire of the ticket clerk in the Wabash city station and find to his dismay he would have to travel—perhaps mighty fast, too—to either the Vermilion Street Station or to the Junction for a Peoria Division train. Even more confusing was the fact that the

Vermilion Street Station was the real Big Four Station in Danville and when the befuddled, hurried traveler rushed into it to buy a ticket to Chrisman or Robinson or Lawrenceville, he would learn that the Big Four Station in Danville was only part of the Big Four terminals, that the Cairo was housed at the Main Street Station of the Wash or at the Junction.

Sometimes, when I am in Chicago or in some town or city served by either the Northwestern or the Milwaukee Systems, I am impressed by the yellowish tinge of their passenger cars. True, neither the Northwestern nor the Milwaukee tint their coaches as brightly as did the Big Four in the 1890s', but the general resemblance brings memories to me of the days when I, as a child, could spot a Big Four train by its yellow coaches.

I was deeply stirred, when about the age of ten, Big Four conductors and brakemen wore white caps in summer. To me, a small town boy, this looked mighty "swell", to see the conductor coming down the aisle of "the ladies' car" neatly topped with his white cap. If he wore a white vest as well, then indeed did I consider such a gent as really and truly dressed up.

No less a national and international figure than Mark Twain himself staggered passers-by in little old New York in this general period when he actually dared to appear on Fifth Avenue wearing a white suit and shoes and white hat. Such ensembles were not being worn in polite society—wearing a white suit in broad daylight garbed in a "so to bed" costume. Even Mark Twain was considered bold and dashing for his brazenness in thus outraging the conventions of social life. Traffic

on Fifth Avenue was halted as folks snatched an eyeful—very likely two eyefuls—of this chic edition of “Vanity Fair”, no less than Mark Twain himself.

I recall I was tremendously awed and impressed the first time a man wore white shoes on the Main Street in Farmer City. He was dubbed a “dude” by the established business men of the town. I was amazed that any young man—he was 25 when I was about ten—could be so haughty as to wear white shoes on Main Street. Wiser and older heads were shaken—it was freely predicted that any young man so vain as to be shod in white would only come to some bad end. Indeed, his white shoes were emblematic of a proud spirit—unacceptable in the sight of the Lord God Jehovah and his fellow-men.

Other Railroads in Danville Area

Two more railroads which loom large on the Danville railroad map, which should be included, although they had no direct part in Danville Junction, are “The New York Central” and the so-called “Walsh Road”. But the New York Central in missing Danville Junction contributed in a negative way to the Junction—for with its construction, and the shunting of the Cairo Division trains to the Vermilion Street Station, the Junction no longer was destined to serve as a transfer station between the two Danville lines of the Big Four.

Curving gracefully away from the Peoria and Eastern tracks just east of the Vermilion Street Station on its way through Western Indiana to join the main New York Central Lines teeming

with traffic from New York, Boston and all points East to the great LaSalle Street Station in Chicago—the farthest down-town of all of Chicago's six terminal passenger depots—"The New York Central", or what is sometimes called the Chicago or northern extension of the Cairo Divison—was built in 1905.

I realize full well I am using the names of Peoria and Eastern, the Peoria Division of the Big Four, and the New York Central interchangeably. The present, legal name for the Peoria-Indianapolis railroad which was so important at Danville Junction is "The Peoria and Eastern". It is a part of the New York Central System. Its coaches and locomotives carry the name "New York Central". Newspapers in Illinois cities along its line, Peoria, Bloomington, Champaign, Danville, use the name "New York Central", or "the N. Y. C." applying to this road. But I like the words "Big Four", as they were used so much at Danville Junction. To Danville people today, the Peoria and Eastern is still "the Big Four", and for this reason I have used the words "the Big Four" throughout this story. The newer road from Danville to Lake Michigan is usually called—and correctly, too—"The New York Central".

This road skirts the edge of beautiful Springhill Cemetery as it spirals away from the Vermilion Street Station. It pursues a decidedly rural pathway to Chicago, as there are few towns on "The Indiana Harbor" railroad, as it was first called, between Danville and the Calumet region of Northwestern Indiana. This expression, "The Indiana Harbor" is less frequently heard today.

Kentland, county seat of Newton county, Indiana, and Morocco, Ind., are the largest towns on this comparatively new railroad. Many stations were created, of course, out of cornfields, but most of these have made little progress towards becoming towns. Tab, Ind., will serve as an example. When the New York Central was first built, it seemed that Tab would become a real town. It had a bank, several stores, a huge grain elevator, a church, a school—it seemed to thrive. Now the bank is gone, as are most of the stores. Tab is not as important today as it was in 1910.

Kentland, the only county seat touched, is by far the most important town. It is a busy highway terminal on both U. S. Route 41 and U. S. Route 24, which intersect in a blaze and riot of motor glory (having in mind, of course, at this point, only normal driving conditions) before its extensive “Nu-Joy” restaurant and other eateries and oileries for the automobile tourist.

Around the corner northwestward from the “Nu-Joy”, on a quiet street on the south side of the court-house square, is the site of the birthplace of George Ade, Indiana humorist, playwright, author and public-spirited man of affairs. The site is now occupied by a two-story concrete business building which is owned and was constructed by Otto Boone, Kentland pharmacist, whose store is located on the west side of the square, and who, incidentally, was born and reared in Elwood, Ind., and who attended high school and was graduated from Elwood high school with one Wendell L. Willkie.

North of Kentland a few miles, on the New York Central Lines, is the station and hamlet of

"Ade", named in honor of the one and only George Ade, who today at the age of 76—he was born February 9, 1866—lives the life of an Indiana squire on his 2,200-acre estate, "Hazelden Farm", on Indiana Route 16, two miles east of Brook, Ind., and about five miles east of Ade Station.

George Ade, a Purdue graduate of 1887, achieved fame as a Chicago newspaper man in the 1890s'. With his Purdue and Sigma Chi buddy, John T. McCutcheon, they conducted a favorite column for a number of years on the former Chicago Morning Record, the then morning edition of the Chicago Daily News. Their double column "Stories of the Street and of the Town", was placed alongside Eugene Field's column, "Sharps and Flats".

"We had to make good—for look at the company we were in—" remarks George Ade in his always whimsical way.

The Ade-McCutcheon feature proved a knock-out in public interest. People literally tore open their Chicago Morning Record to see what Ade had to say, what McCutcheon had drawn. The day was not well started without a cup of Mocha—and George Ade.

Into this column Ade poured his delightfully concocted "Fables in Slang" which set a new pace in creative writing in America. Soon, these "Fables"—each with a "Moral" like Aesop of old—crystallized into syndicate form with hundreds of newspapers using them. Ade retired from his Record position. Then followed his plays, among the gayest and most beloved of all light stuff in the early 1900's. Ade's first play was "The Sultan of Sulu", 1902, the name originating in the South

Sea Islands visited by this budding playwright while on a world cruise.

Many people called George Ade "The Sultan of Sulu". Uncle Joe Cannon never called him anything else. It happened that Ade turned "Bull-Moose" in the three-cornered campaign of 1912, much to the utter disgust of his standpat Republican friend, Congressman Cannon. John Ade, the father of George Ade, and conservative Kentland banker and Newton county pioneer (who, incidentally, has written an excellent volume of his pioneer memories of that city and county) remained true, like Uncle Joe, to "The Grand Old Party".

One day, Uncle Joe spied George Ade approaching him on the street. In that snarling voice, which Uncle Joe could use superbly in moments of disdain, he drawled out, around the curves of his ponderous black cigar:

"George Ade, the Sultan of Sulu, the degenerate son of a noble sire."

The play, "The Sultan of Sulu", was followed by other smash hits, among them "The Fair Co-Ed", "Just Out of College", "The Sho-Gun", "Father and the Boys" (for William H. Hodge), and best known and best beloved of all, "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow". The last two were literally taken to the heart of America, cherished by the lovers of light drama and rollicking comedy.

"The College Widow" spontaneously became a toast on Broadway and "on the road" as well. "The College Widow", following a successful New York run, was played "on the road" by three com-

panies. It grossed over three million dollars—it almost made George Ade a rich man.

It was my happy privilege, with Mrs. Burford, to drive in May, 1941, to the Purdue campus during "Gala Week", to witness the revival of "The College Widow", with George Ade and John T. McCutcheon as guests of honor. McCutcheon drew the curtains and drops as only "Mac" could fling a brush for his friend Ade. Purdue's massive and beautiful "Hall of Music" seating 6,000 persons, was jammed to capacity two nights for this revival of an old-time, much-loved comedy hit.

Will Rogers, playing the lead in the screen version of "The County Chairman" was, it seemed to me, at his own beloved Will Rogers best. In the home of George Ade, at Hazelden Farm, stood, for several years, a life-size pasteboard likeness of the much-adored Rogers, bearing in its hand a card, with the message, "To George Ade, to MY County Chairman. Will Rogers".

Personally, I have liked, almost as much as I have "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow", Ade's "Back Home and Broke", a scenario in which human nature is both interestingly and abundantly pictured at its best—and worst.

Taft's Formal Notification

The formal notification of William Howard Taft for the Presidency of the United States was held in October, 1908, at Ade's country home. It is said 25,000 persons were present. The New York Central Lines handled many special trains in and out of Ade Station and Kentland for this

occasion, as did the C. & E. I. on its Goodland-Mo-mence Division (now only a freight road) at Brook, Ind.

It was a gala event—but I wonder how accurately the 25,000 people were counted. A total of 25,000 persons is a lot of folks, and while, as the old farmer used to say, “a whale of a big crowd” was present, one questions if the full number of 25,000 was actually there.

The new “Indiana Harbor” Division of the New York Central never turned in any better passenger business for the company than it did that lovely October day in now far-away 1908.

New York Central Engine No. 4180 pulled Taft's special train on this occasion and one of its “crack” runners, Engineer Fred Newman, was selected to handle the job in the cab. Newman as a 17-year-old boy fired an engine pulling one of the construction trains which built the Toledo and Ohio Central railroad, now a part of the New York Central System. Newman is now living in his attractive Central Park home in Danville, having been retired for several years. He is an active member of the Danville chapter of “The International Association of Retired Railway Employees and Postal Clerks”.

Uncle Joe Cannon was, of course, one of the honored guests on this momentous occasion. He made the trip from his Danville home to “Hazel-den Farm” in a “horseless carriage”. It was a real motor trip in those days in a crude automobile over dirt and gravel roads. Uncle Joe was one of the favored few who sat at the luncheon table with Mr. Taft in the dining-room of the Ade home.

Indiana has always been considered a "doubtful" state by the Republicans. The formal notification of William Howard Taft for the Presidency in 1908 was held at "Hazelden Farm" in Indiana precisely as was that of Wendell L. Willkie at Elwood, Ind., in 1940—to influence Indiana Republicans. Incidentally, Taft and Willkie each carried Indiana, so it seemed to be a wise political move, although while Taft was elected, Willkie was not.

George Ade now lives quietly in his lovely English Tudor country home. There is an excellent nine-hole golf course adjoining. The rustic "Hazelden Country Club" is just across Indiana Route 16 from the course. Mr. Ade is doing no writing and no public speaking at present, but he knows what is happening. "I keep my old bean young," he says, as only George Ade can smile a remark, "with new books, new plays, new movies, new everything".

Night runs, heavy with mail and express, make the trips each way on the New York Central from the LaSalle Street Station, Chicago, to Harrisburg, Ill.,—the Cairo end of the run having been eliminated, as have been the day trains. When the New York Central was first built in 1905, it actually played the C. & E. I. for a goodly slice of the Danville-Chicago passenger business—extremely heavy at that time—as each road had an evening train leaving Danville at approximately 5 o'clock. Many Danville people rode the New York Central, partly to try it, of course, also because they liked its service. But this evening departure has been eliminated, leaving the C. & E. I. full control of this field.

The Walsh Road

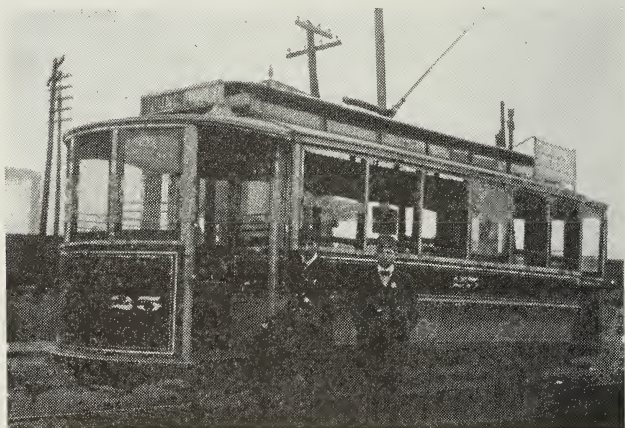
In 1905 the so-called "Walsh Road" was constructed south from Chicago into the coal fields of Southern Indiana, barely missing Danville on the east. This road never entered Danville, aside from freight connections. It has always carried a heavy interchange business with the Wabash. This road was projected and built by the late John R. Walsh, Chicago banker and financier, who in the 1890s' and the 1900s' was a powerful figure in Loop financial circles of Chicago. His financial collapse meant that the road never developed beyond being a mere freight line, and is now under a lease of 999 years (which, I will admit, seems a long, long time) to the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific System, popularly known as "The Milwaukee System", sometimes "The St. Paul".

The Junction Street Car Line

The Danville street car service was extended to Danville Junction in 1888. Having its own street car service lent a tone of importance and distinction to the Junction. Street cars made their leisurely journeys from the head of Junction Avenue by way of Williams Street, crossing Stony Creek on a small, rattly bridge, to Vermilion Street, thence to the plaza or public square, thence on West Main Street to Ellsworth Park.

The plaza, about 1890, had a fountain in its center, with an iron fence surrounding it. Street cars swished rather majestically right from Vermilion Street into West Main Street, or left into East Main Street, around the central little park—a focal point for loafers in those now gone-forever days.

The Junction street car line, for several decades, handled tremendous business. It was one of the best lines in Danville. As the C. & E. I. began to use its North Street Station less and to regard



Junction street car. Picture taken in 1907 or 1908, furnished by courtesy of F. N. Brown, Route 2, Covington, Ind., the motorman. Ray O. Daffer was the conductor. The car held about 18 passengers and was operated by hand brakes. Two cars were in service, at 12-minute intervals. Note word "Junction" at top of front of the street car, also the Gus Greenbaum clothing advertising sign at top of rear of car. Greenbaum's was then located at northwest corner of public square. The Junction crossing watchman was "Whitey" Byers, who had lost a leg when a C&EI extra freight entered the North Yards, Byers throwing the switch and falling under the train. J. C. Muir was C&EI superintendent. The C&EI offices were just west of the street car and not shown in the picture.

the Junction, and later, the Collett Street Station, as its Danville station, especially for its faster trains, its passengers used the street car to reach the down-town district.

Many travelers, with several hours to wait at the Junction transferring from one railroad to an-

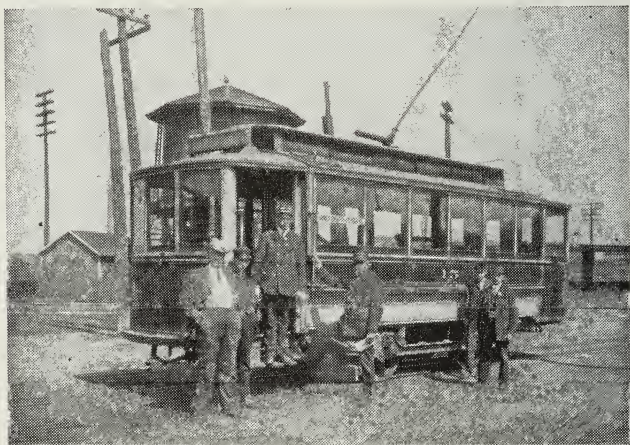
other, rode down-town and back on the street car—"to see the town". They killed two birds with one street car ride. They killed time and they "took in" down-town Danville.

I can recall, as an eager-eyed urchin, riding with my father and mother down Vermilion Street on the Junction cars. I can recall those street cars almost from the dawn of my memory. When the double tracks on Vermilion Street were being removed just a few years ago, I was in Danville several times and noted the work in passing. I felt like stepping into the street and ordering work forthwith to halt—for that was my street car line, holding precious childish memories for me.

Patrons of the Big Four coming in from the east, from Covington, Veedersburg and Crawfordsville, and passengers on the Wabash from State Line City east to LaFayette found they could leave their trains at the Junction and ride down on the street cars, especially if they were going to the Vermilion Street area. I recall coming in on Big Four trains from Indiana points and leaving the train at the Junction, looking around a while at the Junction and then going down-town on the street car.

With the use of the Collett Street station by the C. & E. I. from 1901 to 1917, the Junction street cars did large business, for while some passengers would use cabs, the larger number would walk the one block west to the Junction railroad intersection and board street-cars for down-town. The area where the street cars terminated at the head of Junction Avenue was well planked in, providing a safe means of waiting for, and of boarding, cars.

There was also a large city population in Germantown and even in parts of Danville near and beyond the Junction. These people used the Junction street cars. The dividing line between Danville and Germantown, when the latter was a sep-



Another view of a Junction street car, courtesy of Harry Chapin, Danville post office. By squinting, you can see the word "Junction" on the front of the car. We were unable to secure the names of the motorman and conductor, apparently three in number. No one knows the name of the heavy-set individual, with hands in pockets, who probably was a passenger who had just alighted from a train. Note Big Four section house, top of Big Four water tank, box cars on wye between Big Four and C&EI "City Main" and Wabash. Small sign on side of car reads "Junction 5 Public Square".

arate village incorporation, was Fairchild Street. Before the Fairchild Street car line was installed, the Junction cars handled much of the normal city and suburban rides. There were also the approximately 2,000 employees of the old Junction shops of the C. & E. I. These people naturally used Junction street cars. Business men in downtown Dan-

ville used the Junction cars for errands to the entire northeast area of the city and to Germantown.

All in all, the Junction street cars were a popular and useful public service, a real part of the home scene of Danville for many years. Many men and women, reared in Danville, now scattered to the four winds of Heaven, will as fondly recall the old Junction and the Junction street cars as they do the Danville church or school, which were also parts of their childhood memories.

The Psychology of the City Stations

Knowing Danville from my childhood, yet never having resided in that city, I have always felt that "the city stations", in distinction from the Junction, were a vital part of the growing citified feeling of Danville citizens—a view of life always commendable, for we all wish our cities to become more metropolitan.

Danville citizens were rightly proud when they spoke, often with a tone of slight superiority in the presence of folks from the smaller towns or from the farms, of their city stations, particularly of the Main Street Station of the Wabash and of the Vermilion Street Station of the Big Four.

The fact that Danville was large enough, metropolitan enough, to need and to support "city stations" in addition to a busy union depot such as the Junction was, contributed, I am sure, in no small measure to the upbuilding of the city. A community tends to grow as its citizens grow. Danville people were growing in citified complex when they mentioned the fact—rather slyly, some-

times—that Danville had a duplex system of within-city terminals.

People in smaller communities and in the open rural districts were duly impressed when they heard Danville folks speaking of their array of railway stations. It meant something for those of us living outside Danville to visit that bustling city, to visit its always busy railroad depots.

Personally—I may say at this point that I am sincere in my admiration of Danville. I like Danville. I was challenged with the large spirit of Danville citizens as a mite of a chap of five years. I cherish the same warm feeling for Danville today.

The Illinois Traction System

Entirely apart from Danville Junction—yet affecting it indirectly, too—and entirely apart from the steam railway industry, we will consider for one moment, the Illinois Traction System, or “the interurban”, which reached Danville in 1903.

The traction came in from Champaign primarily, but beyond that city from points as far away as Peoria and St. Louis. However, it was not this long distance interurban travel, but the immense number of local passengers which the interurban carried, which was important.

It was largely a local passenger service line. Branch lines were built from Danville to Tilton and Catlin, also to Westville, Georgetown and Ridgefarm. A branch line extended from Ogden to Homer, on the Wabash railroad. No one can estimate with any accuracy whatever, any more than a guess, the number of local passengers deflected from the Junction by the traction line,

bringing in people from Catlin and Homer, from the Ridgefarm area and all the way west to Champaign. The Wabash, the Cairo and the Peoria Divisions of the Big Four were directly affected, as local passengers found the traction lines more convenient than steam lines. Without question, while most local passengers would have left the Wabash and the two Big Four lines at their city stations, others might have used the Junction station. It was, we must recall, the multitude of local passengers and of local passenger trains which made Danville Junction the tumult it was in the 1890s'. Any tendency which lowered the number of local passengers and also the number of local passenger trains was just another wind which blew upon Danville Junction until it fell. The least we can say, is that the interurban lines entering Danville from the south, southeast and west certainly did Danville Junction no good.

An interurban station was established on the south side of Redden Square in down-town Danville which, for many years, handled enormous business. A newer traction station was later erected on South Vermilion Street, about a block south of the first station, near where the corporation of the present Illinois Terminal Railroad, successor to the Illinois Traction System, has a large power house and other property interests. The Catlin and the Ridgefarm lines have long since been discontinued. What will be the fate of the main line, westward from Danville to Champaign and beyond, can only be conjectured as these comments are written in October, 1942, with orders pending for the demolition of the Illinois Terminal Railroad westward from Danville to De-

catur and to Mackinaw Junction, with its rail, wires and other property to be used in the all-out war against the Axis.

But the Illinois Traction System was only one of a network of interurban lines projected in Danville area. The Ridgefarm line was to be continued to Paris, there to connect with Terre Haute and other Indiana lines. An interurban was projected to Crawfordsville, there to interchange with two tractions into Indianapolis—one of them appropriately called "The Ben Hur Line". Indianapolis speedily became the interurban capital of the Central West. The interurban station in that city, with its vast train shed, dining room and lunch room facilities, its many ticket windows and train callers, rivalled the majesty of the great Union Station of Indianapolis itself.

Today, that once busy traction terminal in the Hoosier capital city is now the bus union depot. One could write volumes, it seems, upon the changing saga of transportation, especially local travel. From covered wagons to canal boats and lake schooners and twin-stacked river steamers to pioneer railroads to interurbans, to concrete highways teeming—in normal driving conditions—with trucks, busses and privately owned and operated automobiles—has been the picturesque series of changes in traveling. The plane is now the challenge of the day—what it may offer with the coming of international peace again, can only be glimpsed, barely suggested in October, 1942. Small wonder, then, that Danville Junction, with all of its activities about 1900, could not survive such changes!

PART II

THE SAGA OF THE LOCAL PASSENGER TRAIN

Guy McIlvaine Smith—His Interesting, Many- Sided Career and His Accurate Recollections of Life at Danville Junction

This sketch of old Danville Junction began with the statement it was in collaboration with Guy McIlvaine Smith.

The reader may well be protesting, "Just where is the Collaboration?"

So far, at least, the Guy McIlvaine Smith part of the story just hasn't been—conspicuous by its absence. I have been presenting the play of "Hamlet" and have left out, rather boldly so far, the part of "Hamlet". But from this point, Guy McIlvaine Smith will tell much of the story, I assure you.

It must be borne in mind by the reader that without Guy McIlvaine Smith, this story would never have been. While I vividly recall Danville Junction through many years, I was never a part of it, save as a boy and youth tremendously interested.

To Mr. Smith I am indebted for much of the detailed and accurate information of this historical sketch, which we trust may be of value to the people of Danville, of Vermilion County, of Illinois and Indiana and of the uttermost part of the nation where the story of the fading local

passenger trains falls upon gently willing ears and eyes.

Mr. Smith served, in several positions, at Danville Junction from 1897 until late in 1906, or substantially nine years. He was in the train-master's office of the C. & E. I., as night ticket agent in the Junction depot and as joint baggage-man for the most of a decade. No man living today carries as much information regarding Danville Junction and its many interests and changes as does Guy McIlvaine Smith, now retired, and residing at 932 North Walnut Street, Danville. He also ran through Danville Junction as a railway mail clerk on the Peoria Division of the Big Four—most of the time on the night runs, No. 43 and No. 44, still in service—for 18 years. He has lived in Danville for about 45 years. Certainly, here is a man who knows the railroad story of Danville, and of the Central West for that matter.

Mr. Smith has carried, throughout life, keen recollections of men and events. He has given his life to the railways and to the United States railway mail service, yet he has been profoundly interested in the passing parade of politics, public men, literary people, theatrical folks, the world of American baseball, in brief, the entire procession of the human race in America. He has always maintained the keenest of interest in the literary, historical, dramatic and sports backdrop of our truly great nation. He has also preserved copious notes and clippings of his recollections and impressions. He could publish volumes upon the history of organized baseball in the United States—here's hoping he does.

A Hoosier, In Early Years

Guy McIlvaine Smith was born in Indianapolis in 1871. As a boy in that city, he recalls vividly Benjamin Harrison, the favorite son of Indianapolis and of Indiana, too. Harrison had been a major-general in the Union army. He became United States senator from Indiana and President of the United States. Mr. Smith remembers the rather stern and austere, yet kindly, always well-groomed figure of this smallish-sized man, with his faultless clothes and carefully trimmed beard.

No man ever reached the Presidency of the United States with a richer background of family history. His father, John Harrison, though not so well known, had served in Congress. His grandfather, William Henry Harrison, was governor of the Old Northwest Territory and was stationed at Vincennes, the historic old town which has been so much in the railroad picture of Danville. William Henry Harrison was the hero of the Battle of Tippecanoe, fought at present Battle Ground, Ind., about eight miles north of LaFayette, against the Indians under command of the One-Eyed Prophet, the brother of Tecumseh. His march north from Vincennes to Battle Ground has been marked in many locations on highways in Western Indiana—a highly commendable project of historical work. For a brief 30-day period, William Henry Harrison was President of the United States. Benjamin Harrison's great-grandfather, also Benjamin Harrison, and the fifth of the succession of Benjamin Harrisons in Virginia, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Surely, richly endowed in family

and historical antecedents was President Benjamin Harrison, as he flowered to manhood under the eyes of the urchin, Guy McIlvaine Smith. Small eyes garner in much—certainly the sparklers of the child, Guy Smith.

When the Smith child was nine years of age his father removed the family to LaFayette, Ind. And from this point, we will hear the life story of Guy McIlvaine Smith—including his intimate knowledge of Danville Junction—from Mr. Smith himself.

My Interest in Riley, in Baseball

By Guy McIlvaine Smith

"After removing to LaFayette, I passed my summer vacations for about six years thereafter with my maternal grandmother in Indianapolis. An uncle of mine, John R. Rankin, was an editorial writer on the Indianapolis Journal. I often went down to the Journal office to see my uncle, and in this way saw James Whitcomb Riley many times who was frequently in the office of George V. Hitt, managing editor. Needless to say, I have since been greatly interested in the verse of this great Hoosier poet. My father served in the Indiana legislature, so through him I learned much about Harrison, Riley, and many other famous Hoosiers."

"My grandmother lived near the old Indianapolis National League baseball park. The Methodist Hospital stands on the site of that ball park at present, at the corner of Capitol Avenue and 16th Street. With neighborhood boys, I spent many happy hours in that old park—running errands for the players and helping the groundskeeper prepare the diamond for the afternoon

games. In this way, we saw the games free and I became acquainted with scores of the old time baseball players. In that old park, I saw Old Pop Anson and Billy Sunday in action with the Chicago White Stockings; 'King' Kelly ("Slide, Kelly, Slide"), and 'Old Hoss' Radbourne, with Boston; 'Sid' Farrar, father of Geraldine Farrar, the famous prima donna, 'Sid' being first baseman for Philadelphia; Connie Mack, at one time a catcher with the Washington, D. C., team, and Charlie Comiskey, White Sox owner, but who at that time was playing first base for the St. Louis Browns; and Jack Glasscock, who was known as 'The King of Shortstops' in that era—an appellation Glasscock lived up to with 17 years of sustained brilliance as a National League infielder. John W. Glasscock still lives in his lovely home on 'The Island', Wheeling, W. Va., his address being 9 Maryland Street. He is a retired building contractor, whose name is a household word in the West Virginia city. I have corresponded with him for years. On the occasion of Glasscock's 80th birthday, the Wheeling News-Register ran a first page full half-tone of the veteran short-stop around which was spread a three-column feature story by Guy McIlVaine Smith."

"John T. Brush was the owner of the Indianapolis club. He later owned the Cincinnati Reds and still later the New York Giants and is the man who drafted (1905) the rules by which our World Series are played."

"Brush had a private box in front of the center of the first row of seats in the old grandstand. He was always surrounded by a group of notables who, like Brush himself, were 33rd degree

fans. I have often seen United States Senator Joseph E. McDonald of Indiana in that box with Brush—also John L. Griffith, later Consul-General to London; Elijah W. Halford, editor of the Indianapolis Journal and private secretary to President Harrison; Maurice Thompson, author of 'Alice of Old Vincennes', who lived in Crawfordsville; and Harry S. New, son of John S. C. New, owner of the Indianapolis Journal."

"Harry S. New, later Postmaster-General under President Calvin Coolidge and United States Senator from Indiana, was then an Indianapolis 'man-about-town'. Just before game time, a large yellow tally-ho driven by Harry New would draw up to the main entrance of the ball park and unload Brush and his distinguished friends who, with New, would be ushered to Brush's private box."

"I also recall a young Indianapolis lawyer, just graduated from Yale University, who sat in the bleachers in those days (25 cents admission) and scattered peanut hulls with the others of the common crowd. The young barrister was none other than Albert J. Beveridge, later United States Senator from Indiana and an author of ability and note, producing, among other works, 'The Life of Chief Justice John Marshall', winner of the Pulitzer prize for biography in 1920; 'The State of the Nation,' and most important of all, one of the best biographies of Abraham Lincoln, this study ranking probably second only to Carl Sandburg's massive six-volume set, 'Abraham Lincoln; The Prairie Years', two volumes, and 'Abraham Lincoln; The War Years', four volumes. Senator Beveridge carried his life of Lincoln

only to the Lincoln-Douglas debates. He died before he could complete his monumental work, but his biography of Lincoln is one of the most scholarly of all of the many lives of the Great Emancipator."

"I may as well, at this point, indicate some of my life-long interest in baseball. Happy summers at the Indianapolis ball park faded with my grandmother's death. The next summer I spent on the old LaFayette Dispatch in the role of general cub and glorified office boy. However, a part of my job was to clip the box scores from the various exchanges and line them for the typesetters. At the age of 16, I began to clip everything I could find in the daily papers about baseball. I have clipped and clipped for 54 years—hope to die clipping."

"Each summer, at LaFayette, I went on weekend excursions to Chicago and saw the games. I kept this up after coming to Danville, also for the short period I worked in St. Louis."

"In the railway mail service, for a time, I ran out of Chicago on the Northwestern, Grand Trunk and New York Central. Then I attended games regularly. I did this until five years ago, but since 1937, I have managed to see several games each year in Chicago. I have seen all the stars who have come and gone since 1878."

"I have done a large amount of newspaper correspondence on my favorite recreation, baseball. I have written baseball copy for the Indianapolis Star, Detroit News, Louisville Courier-Journal, Newark, N. J., News, and the St. Louis Sporting News. I have also prepared a special column for the Bloomington, Ill., Pantagraph.

I have done research work for that eminent journal, the St. Louis Sporting News, for a number of years. Many of the queries submitted to the 'Questions and Answers' department of that publication are forwarded to me for information and verification."

"I have addressed Men's Brotherhoods, Boy Scouts, and Rotary, Kiwanis and American Business Clubs over Illinois and Western Indiana. I feel sure I am not over-stating the matter one iota when I say I am considered an authority on the history of organized baseball. At the unveiling of a bronze tablet at Bloomington, Ill., to Charles ('Old Hoss') Radbourne, May 1, 1941, I was invited to deliver the principal address on Radbourne at the banquet held at the Illinois Hotel in that city, being the guest of the Bloomington Touch-Down Club."

I Learn Telegraphy

"I learned 'the key,' or telegraphy, at LaFayette Junction, located at the intersection of four railroads, the Wabash, the Monon, the Chicago Division of the Big Four and the Lake Erie and Western, now a part of the Nickel Plate System. This junction station was discontinued many years ago. It was never as important nor as busy as Danville Junction, as it was isolated in the country, not in the midst of activity as was Danville Junction."

"I was sent from LaFayette Junction to Danville Junction as a mere youth to take the place of an agent who had been on duty for 48 hours without rest. I was at Danville Junction three months at that time. Then I worked as oper-

ator and agent at several points on the Eastern Division of the Wabash. Then I went to Fort Worth, Texas, with the Texas and Pacific, the old 'T. & P.' Later, I attended DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind., for two years. Then I returned to LaFayette and accepted a position as telegraph editor of the LaFayette Tribune."

"The short-lived newspaper was begun by Thomas W. Scanlon, son-in-law of W. S. Lingle, who founded the LaFayette Courier. The first paper in Indiana north of Indianapolis to install a linotype or a 'typesetting' machine was the LaFayette Tribune."

"As a lad in LaFayette, I knew the great and the near-great among notable persons in that city. LaFayette, in those days, gloried in four daily newspapers. No city could then be a city without two, three or four deadly antagonistic papers. Founded to fight the battles of the dear people, the editors, more frequently, fought each other."

"The local quarrels and bickerings of rival editors in the same small town or city, or even larger city, form one of the most picturesque—and unwritten—chapters in the history of American journalism. It is now forgotten—for the better, too. But I can well recall when no editor of a local weekly or daily newspaper was performing his full duty unless he was 'lambasting' his rival editor—perhaps a rival editor in a rival town, which made the fur fly the faster. LaFayette, with one newspaper now, the Journal-Courier, boasted four papers then—the Dispatch, the Call, the Journal and the Courier. Danville, likewise, at the turn of the century, had four rival daily newspapers, the Press, the Democrat, the

Commercial, and the News—now happily consolidated into one great newspaper, the Commercial-News.”

“I can recall George Ade, member of the class of 1887 of Purdue and prominent leader of the campus and member of Sigma Chi fraternity. He wrote many clever sketches while a student—simply had the writing ability in his blood. Later, he was to become one of America’s famous authors, humorists and playwrights. He was also to become one of the real benefactors of Purdue as well. Witness his sponsorship, with David E. Ross, of the Ross-Ade Stadium on the Purdue campus. He was also one of the leaders in the financial underpinning of the chapter-house of Sigma Chi fraternity at Purdue. Small wonder, then, his portrait adorns today one of the spacious lounges of the Purdue Memorial Union. His alumni activities for Purdue have been so constant over the years that President Edward C. Elliott, in twitting Ade about his state of single blessedness (Ade entitled one of his ripping volumes of sketches, ‘Single Blessedness’) and also in lauding him as a friend indeed of Purdue University, said, on the occasion of the revival of Ade’s great comedy, ‘The College Widow,’ in the Hall of Music at Purdue in May, 1941:

“‘George Ade has never been a benedict, but he has been a benediction to Purdue University.’”

“My older brother, George Bernard Smith, was also in the Purdue class of 1887. He died, unfortunately, in his sophomore year. George Ade was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral. I also knew Septimus Vater, who gave Ade his first job on the LaFayette Call at \$10 a week.”

“George Barr McCutcheon, later to be nationally known as a novelist, as the author of ‘Graustark’, especially, also of ‘Beverly of Graustark’, ‘Brewster’s Millions’, and many other best selling hit novels of the 1890s’ and the 1900’s, was police reporter on the LaFayette Courier.”

“George Barr McCutcheon wrote ‘Graustark’ while serving as city editor of the LaFayette Courier, doing his writing in the late afternoons or in the evenings. He had never been in Europe, in fact had scarcely been outside Tippecanoe county, Indiana, but he was able to visualize a mythical kingdom in Eastern Europe so romantically that hundreds of his readers believed it to be an actual country, with the name, perchance, altered. One woman wrote to McCutcheon and asked his aid in reaching ‘Graustark’, stating she was sure her tubercular daughter (she called her daughter ‘consumptive’) might be cured if she could only be taken to the mountains of ‘Graustark’, so well described by this small-city editor of LaFayette who had, in all probability, never seen a mountain, at least the mountains of Europe. It was a frequent occurrence in those days when ‘Graustark’ was selling by the thousands of copies for steamship companies in New York City to receive queries from prospective travelers inquiring the best route to ‘Graustark’. Anthony Hope (his real name was Anthony Hope Hawkins), in the same general period, wrote charming novels of another mythical kingdom in Eastern Europe which he called ‘Zenda’. Two of his novels were entitled ‘The Prisoner of Zenda’ and its sequel, ‘Rupert of Hentzau’. But neither McCutcheon or Hope could be accused of plagiar-

ism, for neither had seen, nor knew of the other's writings, until the books were in print."

"John T. McCutcheon, a brother of George Barr McCutcheon, of the Purdue class of 1889, had gone to Chicago to accept a cartoonist's job on the old Chicago Morning Record, then the morning edition of the Chicago Daily News. Ade joined him—together they made a famous author-illustrator team for that double-column, 'Stories of the Street and of the Town', which appeared from 1893 until 1901 in the Record. Mr. Burford has mentioned this work done by Ade and John McCutcheon, so I will not repeat it, but I did love to read that double-column, also the philosophical musings of 'Mr. Dooley', so delightfully featured by Finley Peter Dunne, an old newspaper friend of Ade and McCutcheon in picturesque Chicago 'Newspaper Days', as Henry L. Mencken uses this expression as the title of his recent autobiography.'

"There was also Ben McCutcheon, a younger, perhaps even more brilliant, but somewhat less known, at least nationally, brother of the two famous McCutcheons. Ben was of a retiring disposition but was an able newspaper man. He was a clever and witty writer, with two books, also many other contributions, to his credit. He died at the age of 58."

"George Barr McCutcheon, who remained in LaFayette for many years after George Ade and John T. McCutcheon had gone to Chicago, at length removed to New York City, where he died in 1928. His ashes were removed to LaFayette and now rest beside the grave of his brother Ben in Springvale Cemetery, LaFayette. Mr. Burford

tells me he has visited the graves of these two brothers in the beautiful cemetery just north-east of that city."

"George Barr McCutcheon and John T. were born in a farmhouse, 8 miles south of LaFayette and a few rods east of the station of South Raub, on the Monon railroad. Indiana Route 43 runs on the west side of the old McCutcheon farm. The house is near this highway but faces an intersecting gravel road. Mr. Burford says he and Mrs. Burford have visited this old farm house and have been shown through it."

"The story goes that George and John McCutcheon, as boys, were fond of drawing. Their father was bitterly opposed to this idea, as drawing was then considered a sheer waste of time. The lads hid in the haymow to draw."

"Ben McCutcheon was born in LaFayette, after the family 'moved to town'. Wherever farm folks waxed somewhat strong financially in those days they 'retired' or 'moved to town'. Needless to say, as a growing lad in LaFayette I was much interested in the activities and the fortunes of George Ade and the three McCutcheon brothers."

"The LaFayette Tribune 'blew up' in the seventh month of its history, so I was again looking for a job. I took a position as reporter on the Indianapolis Sentinel. Those were the good old days when a reporter earned starvation wages—little more. When I bumped the editor for that certain raise which I knew only too well I richly deserved, I was duly reminded of the glory and the prestige which encircled The Fourth Estate—but I received no advance in wages, so I returned to my first love, railroad clerical work. I took a position as rate

clerk in the General Freight Agent's office, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, Indianapolis."

"At that time, Indianapolis was a roaring railroad center, one of the outstanding in the United States. Its Union Station could only be compared with the bee-hive or the ant-hill in the full swing of activity."

"Tom Taggart, later of French Lick Springs fame and United States Senator from Indiana and long-to-be-remembered political boss and dictator in the old Hoosier State for years, as a younger man, operated the concessions, the dining-room and the lunch-room, in the Indianapolis Union Station. Indianapolis can well be proud of the historical fact that its Union Station—an older one, of course, than the immense one now in use—was the first union passenger station in the United States."

"I am writing 'The Saga of the Local Passenger Train' with particular reference to Danville Junction, of course. But, frequently, when I am in Indianapolis, I visit the Union Station. It seems to me to be a mere skeleton at present of the old days when untold thousands of people were milling through and about this great union terminal daily. Of course, much business is still transacted at the Indianapolis Union Station but it is only a memory of the vast turnover I knew there as a young man."

And Now—To Danville Junction

"I was on duty from 1897 to 1906, or nine years at Danville Junction—the heyday of its activity. In 1897 I accepted the position of chief clerk to John A. Becker, trainmaster of the C. &

E. I., with offices at Danville Junction. After serving in this office for two years, I was offered the position of night ticket clerk in the Junction Station, which I held for two years. I was then transferred to the day joint baggage transfer position, in which I served five years—in all, nine years at the Junction. I then entered the railway mail service, running through the Junction on the Wabash for several years, then being transferred to the Big Four, where I ran for 18 years through the Junction as well. Considering the fact I have lived in Danville since 1897, or about 45 years, I feel I know both Danville and Danville Junction.”

“I wish to pause here one moment and pay a slight tribute to two grand old passenger trains on the Big Four—No. 43 west-bound every night, Indianapolis to Peoria, and No. 44, its sister train, in opposite movement every night. These old-timers are traveling their nightly beats between the Indianapolis and Peoria terminals in 1942 just as they have for 70 years or more.”

“These trains are to me a real part of the life of the Central West—intimately tied in with the welfare of the people. They are indeed a vital cross-section of passenger train movement in the Central West, serving as a ‘cross-town’ line, like a cross-town street car plays its important role without ever seeing the real business centers.”

“Train No. 44 leaves Peoria every night in the week at 8 o’clock—its leaving time from Peoria Union Station not varying greatly in 70 years. It carries a mountainside of mail and express today, but a diminishing number of passengers—although passenger train traffic has increased

tremendously with the defense program and the war effort of 1941-42. But it is its titanic mail, parcel-post and express tonnage which I wish to note in passing."

"No. 44 carries a large accumulation of mail and express not alone from Peoria but much mail and express entering that city over the Burlington and Rock Island railroads and much mail from numerous star routes focusing in Peoria. The city of Peoria, with East Peoria, Pekin and other nearby communities, constitutes a busy manufacturing, industrial, business and financial center. No. 44 carries much of the Peoria-Chicago mail each night to Champaign, where it is transferred to Train No. 21, Illinois Central for 4:30 a.m. arrival in Chicago."

"This train 'picks up' a large amount of mail and express at Pekin, Alton Junction, Bloomington, LeRoy, Farmer City, Champaign, Urbana, Danville, Covington, Veedersburg and Crawfordsville. At Alton Junction it connects with numerous night mail and express runs on the Alton System. Bloomington uses No. 44 and its mate, No. 43, for much of its night turn-over of mail and express. Champaign and Urbana, with the University of Illinois, has an avalanche of mail and parcel-post for these two trains. The University, with normally 11,000 students and 2,500 members of its faculty and staffs, originates and receives a vast amount of mail and express. Champaign Field mail—an increasing tonnage, and 'tonnage is the right word to use for soldiers have the 'franking' privilege, as they truly deserve—is handled, in large quantities, through Champaign to these trains."

“At Champaign, Trains 43 and 44 connect with the Illinois Central's south-bound No. 25, 'The Fast Mail', with peak mail, parcel-post and express 'good' (as a postal clerk would say) for many states in both the Upper South and the Deep South. At Vermilion Street Station, Danville, these trains 'lie', as a rule from 25 to 45 minutes each night interchanging mail and express with the New York Central both north and south, and by transfer across the city, to heavy night runs on the C. & E. I. and Wabash, each important trunk-line carriers of mail and express.”

“One has only to observe the heavy shipments of mail and express on the C. & E. I. and the Wabash to catch an impression of the importance of their trains to Danville and to the nation at large.”

“Trains No. 43 and 44 used to 'lie' at Danville Junction, not alone for heavy transfers of mail, baggage and express, and passengers, too, in those days, but also at least a 20-minute period for lunch at the horseshoe stand of John Oswalt in the Junction Station. Trains No. 43 and 44 were among the real stand-bys of Danville Junction.”

“At Crawfordsville there is the Monon connection north and south and a myriad of star routes, and at Indianapolis, there is not only entry into a large and important city, but a network of other railroads—East, Northeast, South and Southeast.”

“Knowing these trains as I have for 45 years and as Mr. Burford has known them all his life, I feel they should be spoken of at some length.”

“Mr. Burford tells me he made an inspection of the Peoria Union Station in March, 1942. It

is, again, the story of the fading passenger train, like Danville Junction and the Indianapolis Union Station."

"The Peoria Union Station, when I ran in and out there for 18 years in the postal service on Big Four trains, was a fascinating terminal. It had a train-shed, an iron fence to keep passengers from danger on a myriad of tracks under the shed; and iron gates through which hundreds of passengers scampered daily after having their tickets punched by the gateman to their trains which had been duly called by a train-caller. It was all very metropolitan."

"There were 50 or more passenger trains daily in and out of the Peoria Union Station. Even the Rock Island sent its trains, for transfer business to the Union Station, after stopping at its own station farther up-town, much as 'The Cairo' moved its passenger trains to Danville Junction after stopping at the Main Street Station of the Wabash as its city station. The Peoria Union Station—like Danville Junction and the Indianapolis Union Station—was a blaze of glory in the now far-removed days of the saga of the passenger train—especially the local passenger train."

"Mr. Burford tells me the Peoria Station is now only a mere ghost of its former railroad self. The train-shed, damaged by a tornado a number of years ago, was taken down and has never been replaced. Gone is the iron fence—also the iron gates, the gateman, the train-caller. Only one ticket window is ordinarily open for selling tickets when there used to be five or six in busy operation. For several years, the Rock Island has not operated its trains to the Union Station. The Chicago

and Illinois Midland railroad terminates its passenger trains in Pekin, with only freight service into Peoria. There are no passenger trains on the T. P. & W. (I recall so well when T. P. & W. or 'Tip-Up' trains, with six or seven passenger coaches jammed with travelers used to slip up by our Big Four postal car in the Peoria Union Station) either east or west of Peoria. The Vandalia, the Illinois Central, the Minneapolis and St. Louis (the former Iowa Central), perhaps other roads, have no passenger service into Peoria. The Alton has discontinued its Peoria service, whereas it used to have two lines operating into that city. The Rock Island has withdrawn passenger train service from its Peoria-Rock Island branch."

"In March, 1942, there were only five train arrivals and five departures six days a week from the Peoria Union Station. Sundays, there were just three arrivals and three departures. The Big Four has two arrivals and two departures, the Burlington two arrivals and two departures and the Nickel Plate one arrival and one departure six days a week. Sundays, the Big Four has one arrival and one departure (old No. 43 and No. 44), the Burlington two arrivals and two departures, the Nickel Plate none. The ticket office, baggage room and station itself close each night after No. 44 leaves at 8 o'clock. The Nickel Plate has had a petition before the Illinois and Indiana Commerce Commissions to suspend their one train movement six days a week between Frankfort, Ind., and Peoria. The Big Four has presented similar petitions to the commerce commissions for the removal of its two day trains between Indianapolis and Peoria. These petitions have been

recalled during the duration of the war—doubtless they will be revived with the coming of peace. It looks as if the Peoria Union Station may even be closed in coming years. It should be noted, however, the Rock Island Lines maintains excellent passenger train service between Peoria and Chicago—with fast ‘rocket’ trains flashing between those two cities.”

“It would seem that the late William Alexander Percy was about right in his recent autobiography, ‘Lanterns on the Levee’, in which he reviewed the Mississippi Delta region near Greenville, Miss., much as Mr. Burford and I are reviewing the railroad history of Danville and much of the Central West when he said:

“‘The railroad has come and almost gone’¹ . . . at least the local passenger train.”

My Danville Associations

“After leaving Danville Junction in late 1906, I became assistant ticket clerk at the Vermilion Street Station, Danville. I had scarcely become settled in this work when I was offered a position in the railway mail service, which I held for 30 years until my retirement, serving about five years on the Wabash, 18 years on the Big Four and seven on the New York Central.”

“I removed to Danville, as stated, in 1897 and have lived there continuously since, with the exception of ten months I spent at East St. Louis as operator and manifest clerk in the terminals of great Belt Line which owns both the Eads and the Merchants Bridges and whose trackage many lines East, West, North and South out of St. Louis use.”

¹Copyright, 1939, by William Alexander Percy, used by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, publishers.

"The low area along the Mississippi River did not agree with my health. I speedily returned to Danville—and in Danville I expect to remain, following 45 years' residence in this city, as long as the course of life continues. Danville is my home. I love my city and my wealth of friends here. I am 102 per cent for Danville."

"And now—with this background established—I wish to relate my story of Danville Junction."

The Junction Station—Itself

"The yellow station at Danville Junction was erected in 1869 and was opened to the public in October of that year. It was projected first as a transfer station between the Wabash and the I. B. & W., now the Peoria and Eastern, but known as the Big Four, with the C. & E. I. entering the joint arrangement as another major participant."

"The Junction station stood in the V-shaped area between the Wabash and the I. B. & W. tracks. There was a joint ticket office at the southwest corner of the building, with a spreading bay-window farther to the southwest overlooking the intersecting tracks at the corner of the station."

"There was a ladies' waiting-room on the west or Wabash side of the building and a men's, or a 'gentlemen's' waiting-room on the south or Big Four side of the depot. Through the two waiting-rooms swept, in all of the majesty of the old-type lunch facilities, a 60-foot horseshoe lunch counter, which during the palmy days of the Junction, was operated, in connection with the Annex Hotel just north of and adjacent to and connected with the

Junction station, by John C. Oswalt, now living at 409 North Vermilion Street, Danville, and who is hale and hearty in his 83rd year. I shall include many of the recollections of Mr. Oswalt, who operated the Junction concessions during the busiest years of railway activity at that point."

"The Junction station was a one-story structure and in the old days of the importance of the local passenger train seemed larger than it really was. Perhaps this was because the Junction station was only one of a group of buildings—really a town in its proportions—what the traveling public, the railroad men and the people of Danville, and of the Central West recognized as 'Danville Junction'."

Proportions of a Real Town

"Danville Junction, at the turn of the 1900s', had four hotels, in addition to the depot lunch counter, four saloons—for the traveling public seemed to carry that certain thirst with it—two barber shops, a combination news-stand and drug store, besides the all-important shops and terminal facilities of the C. & E. I. There were also several stores in Germantown—on Fairchild Street and Bowman Avenue—just northeast of the Junction, and naturally there was much interplay of business between these two nearby business sections."

"The four hotels were the Annex Hotel, the St. Louis House, the Summit House and the Hurley House."

"John C. Oswalt was the perfect 'Mine Host' of the Annex for a period of years. After he showed every indication of being a success in op-

erating a hotel, Hiram Beckwith, who owned the principal buildings at the Junction, including even the depot itself, and the ground just back of the right-of-way of the railways, erected a new, modern hotel of 20 or 25 rooms, as an addition to a smaller and an earlier hotel, which stood upon the site of a still older hostelry which had burned in the 1880's."

"The Annex Hotel, as operated by Mr. Oswalt, was a two-story brick structure, of good appearance. It was well-built, with toilets and bathrooms. It faced the northwest, or the Wabash and 'The City Main' side of the Junction station. Oak floors adorned the Annex. There was oak trim around the sides of the dining-room, which had walnut wainscoting as well. The dining-room was a one-story annex to the Junction, and was connected by an entry-way and was three steps up from the ladies' room on the west, or one might say, the north portion of the Junction station. This entry-way was a convenience, as passengers, waiting for their trains, even in the most inclement weather, could easily step from the Junction waiting-rooms into the Annex dining-room, which seated 60 people. The dining-room was about 30 feet square."

"The Annex hotel and dining-room, for many years, was a favorite rendezvous with the traveling public. Many passengers on C. & E. I. trains while those trains were making their picturesque but clumsy round trip to the North Street Station, took their meals in the Annex dining-room, while the train was 'down-town'—was at 'Danville' in other words.

“Railroad officials on all the roads at Danville Junction made the Annex their favorite place for an overnight and for that necessary bite to eat. It was commonplace for C. & E. I., Wabash and Big Four officials to wire Mr. Oswalt to have dinner prepared for a group of 15 or 20 railroad men in a group. This occurred again and again. Many C. & E. I. officials, having business at the Junction shops, would sometimes be several nights at the Annex. Theater troupes patronized the Annex dining-room and liked it. I shall comment upon the parade of theatrical, circus and Chautauqua people at Danville Junction later in my story.”

“During the World’s Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, Mr. Oswalt did a land-office business at the Annex and at the Junction lunch-counter. It seemed that everyone in the Central West who was not totally blind or hopelessly paralyzed attended the Chicago World’s Fair. People were infatuated by the beauty and splendor of the Fair—‘it was a thing of beauty and a joy forever’—it remained forever in the memory of those who beheld it. Coming as it did, in the midst of the 1893 ‘panic’, the Exposition was a revelation of the tremendous, overwhelming wealth of America—what was a mere ‘panic’ in the midst of this extravaganza known as the World’s Fair? Foreign nations participated as they have never done in an American exposition. The Fair was breathtaking—visitors were awed into silence and humility. The people of the Central West especially, removed as they were from the older, more settled East, were stimulated into greater efforts of work and accomplishment, into a deeper and more

abiding sense of art and beauty. Man was triumphant in science, engineering, art, music, literature, religion, all of which were reflected from the glamorous Chicago World's Fair of 1893."

"Naturally, entering Chicago, the C. & E. I. operated scores and scores of special trains to and from the 'I Will' city, as Chicago was known. One long passenger train after the other was operated through Danville Junction with time out for changes of engines and crews and for a snatch of a bite to eat in the dining-room of the Annex or at the Junction lunch counter."

"Mr. Oswalt told Mr. Burford that many days he sold as many as 500 or 600 sandwiches when long excursion trains were moving to and from the Chicago World's Fair, or to many other events in the Central West. He prepared, in advance, from 300 to 500 sandwiches to have ready when the crowd burst upon him. It was taken for granted, when heavy excursion trains were passing through, that customers would be lined up three or four deep at the Junction lunch counter, with hands and arms extended over and through the crowd for sandwiches, sinkers and coffee. Mr. Oswalt would station a girl clerk every three or four feet behind the counter to wait upon the large and sudden crowd of buyers who demanded food—and quickly, too."

"The Annex had 40 feet frontage on the Wabash and C. & E. I. 'City Main'. There was a neat yard in front. Mr. Oswalt always had cannas and calladiæ in the yard, also around the bay-window of the Junction Station itself. There was a two-story porch in front of the Annex and guests sat on the porch, either up-stairs or down-stairs."

"Mr. Oswalt operated the Annex Hotel before the installation of dining-cars on the Wabash railroad. Hence, Wabash trains stopped at the Junction for meals, as did Big Four and C. & E. I. trains. The mail and express crews, as well as the train crews, on Wabash trains used to scamper into the Junction Station or the Annex Hotel for meals."

"No landlord tried more diligently than John C. Oswalt to maintain his hotel upon a high moral order. The Junction hotels at length acquired an unwholesome moral tone, but Oswalt was one of the best landlords in this respect I have ever known.

"He employed a cook and baker by the name of Fisher, who claimed, in preceding years, to have been a cook on the famous Mississippi River steamboat, 'The Robert E. Lee'. Fisher was a pastry baker deluxe—and how! He concocted a 'Mince Roll' which fairly melted in one's mouth. He served this dainty dessert for Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's dinners. Many leading Danville people rode to the Junction on the street cars for their holiday dinners—to enjoy delectable and generous servings of Fisher's famous, marvelous 'Mince Roll'. I used to try to get the recipe from him, as Mrs. Smith was anxious to try it, but he would not divulge it to his best friends. Instead of his best friends not telling him, it was a case of Fisher not telling his best friends. As far as I ever knew, Fisher lived and died and kept his secret."

The St. Louis House

"The St. Louis House stood on the south side of the Big Four tracks, almost opposite the Junction joint express office."

"While the Annex Hotel and the Summit House lent many a coating of color to the daily picture at Danville Junction, the attractive, well-built three-story brick building which stood midway



(Courtesy, Mrs. Leo Skorez)

The St. Louis House, view taken from the northeast, apparently on the Fourth of July. Note the flags and bunting displayed.

between Collett Street and the Wabash tracks some 60 or more feet south of the Big Four tracks, did not fail to share in the coloring as well. This was the 'St. Louis House', a Mecca for the families of railroad men newly arrived in Danville while they sought permanent homes."

"This old hostelry also housed a restricted amount of transient trade. Built of red pressed

brick, with interior of solid oak throughout, it presented an attractive and inviting appearance."

"The ground floor housed the lobby, office and lunch counter, with the dining-room, and the apartment of the proprietress and her family to the rear. The second floor was reached by a broad



(Courtesy, Mrs. Leo Skorez)

The Lunch-Counter in the St. Louis House.

stairway running from the office, while the third floor was connected by stairways ascending from each end of a wide passage running full length of the second floor. The two floors contained 30 bedrooms."

"The proprietress, Mrs. Regina Vogt Hoff, was the widow of John D. Hoff, who served many years as an inspector in the car building department of the C. & E. I. She was known to everyone at the Junction by the endearing name of 'Mother Hoff', for not only was she the dearest of mothers to an affectionate and interesting family, but to many

a desolate fellow pilgrimaging through No Luck Land."

"The boys at 'Old Aunt Mary's' gazed backwards as men and could see Aunt Mary standing on the gourd-grown porch—and as this is being written I have but to gaze backward over the pathway of the darting star of change to see dear little Mother Hoff in her dainty black velvet bonnet with its broad brocaded black ribbons tied under her chin and the beaded black silk shoulder cape falling just short of her waist."

"How often I have noticed her standing at the end of Junction Avenue in the early mists of morning waiting for the street car en route to early mass, or again on returning home with market basket on her arm as day died out of the sky. How well I recall her kindly grayish blue eyes, her dignified expression and her face which reflected godliness personified."

"I have mentioned the Hoff family being interesting—not only were they interesting but strong in family virtues, with each child contributing a distinct and separate share, for Mother Hoff, busy as she was from dawn until dark, instructed her children in the way of the Spirit and admonished them to acquire the assets of excellence by which the children of men become partakers of the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Many prototypes of the Hoff family were to be found in the scores of families of German ancestry who have made such notable contributions to the development of civic and community life in the city of Cincinnati and in our own Illinois city of Belleville. How often I have wondered, during the years of the First World War and of the pres-

ent all-out conflict what a pity it has been that Germany has not developed the real underpinnings of her national life—her fine, vigorous people, her philosophy, literature, music, science, medicine, her wealth of fine Catholic and Lutheran families, instead of embarking, within my adult life, upon two successive debauches of world war. Germany could have made her place in the sun by developing what she had. She could have made more money for her people by entertaining travelers and tourists and students from America and the entire world for that matter than she will from the present carnage. Alas, military Germany seems to have totally overlooked the real qualities of character which were so pronounced in fine German families like the Hoffs of Danville Junction!"

"The oldest child was a daughter, Margaret, her mother's 'right-hand man'. Young woman though she was, she possessed the capability of a matron, for the St. Louis House was a busy institution with its problems of domestic economy. Margaret handled these matters with skill and exercised patience and good judgment seldom found in one of her years. She became the wife of the late Martin Skorez, who for a number of years was chief fuel inspector of the C. & E. I., but who, at the time of her marriage, was a locomotive engineer on the Union Pacific working out of Cheyenne, Wyo., and it was to that point Margaret journeyed on her honeymoon. Later, Mr. Skorez became a farmer in the vicinity of Bismarck, Ill., meeting with a distressing accident while working in a field a number of years ago. His widow now conducts a fine farm near the historic town of St.

Anne, Ill., where there has been for decades a lovely old shrine dedicated to the memory of gentle Saint Anne."

"The second child, Joseph, cared for the hotel office. He was tall, dark-haired, attractive. He was quiet and retiring. Joe was a reader of good literature. He loved to burn the midnight oil over a volume of medieval literature or some work on applied science. The Junction night life held no allurements for Joe Huff—doubtless this is one big reason why he is today a successful Chicago merchant."

"Another daughter, Regina Amelia, followed Joe in the family. In the rosy bloom of her young womanhood she became Sister Merwina of the Order of the Holy Cross. Her death occurred April 4, 1941, at historic old St. Mary's, South Bend, Ind. While the history of Danville Junction is romantic in many ways, as well as unique and colorful, the environs and background of the busy old place were distinctly of the earth earthy and bore not the slightest tinge of anything which even remotely suggested the transcendental. Yet in the language of William Ellery Channing, the spiritual unseen and unbidden often springs up among the commonplace in just such lives which have left their impress upon humanity."

"The life of Regina Amelia Hoff came into full flower at Danville Junction, but the character of this gentle, quiet girl was in absolute contrast to the pitch and tempo of its everyday life. Between its sordid background and the delicate fiber of her character, there was an abyss of sacred separation. I have no doubt as she looked, while she worked with her mother and sister, from the win-

dows of the old St. Louis House, she was in tune with the infinite, that she could perceive in that conglomeration of moving trains, baggage and express trucks, concrete platforms and hustling humanity, 'the spiritual unseen and unbidden' springing up through the commonplace."

"One summer day she left her home at the old St. Louis House to enter her novitiate at St. Mary's, South Bend, but before departing she went over to the ticket office, to the express transfer and over to the baggage room to tell us all 'Good-Bye'. Thus did we see her pass from life as it is imagined through hope and aspiration to face life as it is known through action and submission. It is interesting—as well as puzzling—to observe in the members of a family their divergent traits of character—it is indeed one of life's most singular anomalies."

"Lena Cecilia Hoff, who followed her sister Regina in the line of birth, was as unlike her in the matter of temperament as sunlight differs from shadow. Jovial, lively and quick-witted, Lena was a prime favorite with all Junction employees."

"If a pay-day drunk entered the hotel lobby and become obstreperous, Lena grabbed him by the collar and shoved him through the front doorway to land in a heap in the gravel driveway along the Big Four tracks. One day rumors of romance at the St. Louis House became noised about, that a dapper little C. & E. I. fireman had won the heart of the winsome and vivacious Lena. Rumor gave way to reality one November day when the belle of the well remembered hostelry became Mrs. Leo B. Skorez."

"Today, Mr. Skorez is a veteran engineer on the C. & E. I., with retirement just a few years down the line. Mr. and Mrs. Skorez have reared a family of four sons, all splendid chaps. One son, James Charles, is a lieutenant in the United States Naval Air Corps. Another son, George Joseph, is in business in Chicago. Edward Leo lives with his parents in their suburban home in East Danville. Another son, Lawrence Vincent, is also at home on leave (but mighty anxious to return to action) from the Naval Air Corps, having been severely wounded at Pearl Harbor."

"Recently, I explored, with Mr. Burford, the mass of ruins of the St. Louis House, an old Junction landmark. Here and there, a section of walls remains in defiance of the crowbars of the wrecking crews—mute evidence that the trowel had been held and the plumbline stretched by master craftsmen."

"As we conversed together concerning the strength and durability of those old walls, my thoughts turned towards the family which had fashioned such a beautiful symphony of labor and love within those walls which had sheltered them over the years and whose quality of character was like unto the old walls themselves. As I have journeyed deep into the recesses of yesteryears, in preparing this story, a voice from the magical distance seemed to tell me that one of America's greatest spiritual values finds expression in the quality of family life typified by the Hoffs of the old St. Louis House."

Summit House—Hurley House

"The Summit House was a three-story frame hotel containing 28 rooms. It stood as a veritable Gibraltar against the rains of 52 summers and the snows of 52 winters. Built of seasoned oak like the old covered bridge was seemed destined to live as long as the steel and concrete span, the sleets and snows of winter 'thrice beaten by the Northern blast', could not penetrate it nor dim the radiance which gleamed from the big open fireplace in the office on the first floor—the gleam of which was akin to the glow always to be found in the heart of its proprietress, 'Aunt Jennie' Pickering."

"Aunt Jennie was the railroader's friend. Her quality of soul and heart was as fine as the delectable and salubrious biscuits and apple pies she baked and served. If there was one parable enunciated by the Son of Man which found fulfillment to the uttermost in the life of Aunt Jennie Pickering, it was the story of the Jericho Road, for she fully attained the stature of 'The Good Samaritan' in that parable by the Christ. No 'boomer' railroader down in his luck was ever refused shelter by Aunt Jennie. She gave him sanctuary and waited until pay-day to be reimbursed. If the first pay-day proved too little, she would say, 'Oh, never mind, just let it go until the next pay-day'. And if some at least of her debtors failed to pay her, it never weakened her faith in humanity nor altered the breadth of her grand philosophy of life."

"The fourth hotel in the Junction area was 'The Hurley House', a half-block south of the

Junction Station. It was operated by Paddy Hurley, who had come over to free America from 'Ye Olde Sod' of the Emerald Isle. It stood east of the Wabash tracks and just north of where the Villa Grove district of the C. & E. I. leaves 'The City Main' and cuts across the Wabash tracks."

"Paddy Hurley was the father of John P. Hurley, who, with those seasoned old veterans, William F. (Frank) Blunk and William King, operated 'the coal puller' from the Grape Creek and Westville mining area which snorted through the Junction a dozen times a day with long strings of 'loads' of coal cars. John P. Hurley was also an expert telegrapher who could alight from his caboose and sit down at the key and sounder and take his own '31' from the district train dispatcher. John married Miss Elizabeth Hardy, who is well remembered as a former chief operator of the smaller Bell telephone plant. She was a beautiful young woman in face, personality and character. These attributes shine forth in these present days of her widowhood. Truly 'Lizzie' Hardy, always 'left a grace that grew wherever she was'."

"The Hurley House is still standing, surrounded by large trees. It is a private dwelling and faces on Griggs Street. Its survival is one of the few reminders of Junction activity."

"Gone, however, are the St. Louis House and the Summit House. The ruins of the St. Louis House are plainly visible in the basement of that time-honored old inn. Timbers taken from the Summit House, during its razing a few years ago, were said to have been in prime condition. Nothing remains, however, of the Summit House. A large pile of neatly stacked brick, at the north side

**The Junction Station—Privately Owned—
Wabash Operated Junction Station**

“Two intensely interesting, but rather odd facts I might add, must be recalled and borne in mind regarding Danville Junction.”

“One is, as has been mentioned, the buildings and grounds of Danville Junction, were, for the most part, privately owned—and were not the property of the joint railroads, or any one of them, as might be supposed.”

“Hiram Beckwith, son of Dan Beckwith—for whom Danville was named in 1827—owned the buildings and grounds, with the exception of the Summit House owned by Mrs. Jennie Pickering and the St. Louis House owned by Mrs. Regina Hoff, after the death of her husband, John D. Hoff.”

“Beckwith built the newer Annex Hotel for John Oswalt. The occupants of the Junction buildings, with exceptions noted, were tenants of Mr. Beckwith and paid him rent as an individual, including the Wabash railroad, which operated the Junction Station. Mr. Beckwith, in his maturity and old age, was around the Junction a great deal.”

“AT THIS POINT—I WISH TO INQUIRE IF ANYWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES THERE IS A DEPOT BUILDING, INCLUDING A JOINT EXPRESS OFFICE AND A JOINT BAGGAGE OFFICE, OWNED BY ONE MAN INDIVIDUALLY. I REALIZE, OF COURSE, THAT MANY UNION STATIONS AND TERMINALS IN THIS COUNTRY ARE OWNED AND OPERATED BY A HOLDING COMPANY, AS IN CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, ST. PAUL, AND

OTHERS, BUT WHERE CAN YOU CITE AN INSTANCE WHERE A UNION STATION WAS OWNED BY ONE MAN AS WAS DANVILLE JUNCTION”?

“The second odd fact is that the Wabash railroad operated the Junction Station. Upon first thought, it would seem logical that the C. & E. I., with its vast Junction shops and division headquarters, would have operated the Junction depot as more or less a subsidiary of its terminal interests, and more especially as the C. & E. I. began to use the Junction more and more as its city station, neglecting its old North Street Station down-town. The Wabash, then, operated the Junction, with the C. & E. I. and the Big Four as tenants. All Junction employees were Wabash employees and were paid from the Wabash pay-car. Both as ticket clerk and as joint baggage-man, I was a Wabash employee.”

Vast Business of the Junction

“To visualize the tremendous business the Danville Junction ticket office handled about 1900, when I served two years as night ticket clerk, it was nothing unusual for total sales of tickets to aggregate \$22,000 per month.”

“A total of 48 or 50 passenger trains stopped daily at Danville Junction, at least six days a week, with about 32 trains for the day shift, 18 for the night shift, at the peak of the passenger train movement about 1900.”

“Tickets were sold to every point in the United States—even into Lower Canada and into Mexico. In the 1890s, it was casual for 300 or 400 or even more persons to change cars daily at the

Junction. We sold 'coupon tickets' to 'points' on both the East Coast and the West Coast and to all intermediate points, and to all local points even in Vermilion county. We would sell a ticket one moment to Springfield, Mass., and the next to Springfield, Ill. We would sell a ticket to Cincinnati or Cleveland or Omaha or Des Moines or Mobile. All the while we were pounding out card tickets to Fithian—Fairmount—Attica—Georgetown—Homer—Paris—Hoopeston—Champaign—Cissna Park—Covington—Ridgefarm—LaFayette—or where did the traveler wish to go? It was all in the day's business—or in the night's business."

"Traveling men—drummers, indeed—and I will have much to say about this picturesque group later—bought and used 'mileage books' or 'coupon books' by the hundreds. We sold them every day and every night at the Junction, giving the constant traveler the benefit of a two cents a mile rate rather than three cents a mile which the occasional patron paid."

"The coupon ticket case in the Junction ticket office in the 1890s' and early 1900s' contained far more tickets and a greater variety of tickets than do the coupon ticket cases in many metropolitan terminals today."

"Railroad tickets were sold—and I mean sold—literally by the hundreds in those days. The local passenger train was then in the full glory of its picturesque importance. It was taken for granted, simply assumed that one Big Four, Wabash, or C. & E. I. trains would discharge from 10 to 25 passengers at Danville Junction, 'pick up' that many more. The rails were the highways in

those days. If a man or woman were traveling from Crawfordsville to Hoopeston—Terre Haute to Bloomington—Paris to Champaign—Attica to Urbana—Fithian to Georgetown—he would, in all probability change cars at Danville Junction. And much longer trips from Evansville to Peoria—Vincennes to Fort Wayne—Covington to Chicago—Clinton, Ind., to Attica—LaFayette to Farmer City—St. Louis or Kansas City to Crawfordsville—or Milford to Indianapolis—would lead the traveler through Danville Junction.”

“In 1942, we can scarcely visualize the amount of train traffic of 45 years ago.”

“I remember so well, and Mr. Burford tells me he recalls it, too, the names of the five railroads painted above the ticket windows in the Junction waiting-rooms—‘Wabash Railroad—Big Four Route, Peoria Division—Big Four Route, Cairo Division—C. & E. I. Railroad, Main Line, and C. & E. I. Railroad, St. Louis Division.’”

“H. B. Swartzell was joint ticket agent at the Junction for 26 years, his tenure extending from about 1870 until the mid-1890s’. Mr. Swartzell is recalled as one of the grand old men of Danville Junction.”

“How many readers of this volume today, no matter where they may live, can close their eyes and see again, in memory’s lane of their childhood, youth, perhaps adulthood, the Danville Junction Station and the heavy interchange of passengers, mail, baggage and express of say, 1899? If so—you are recalling the golden era of local passenger train travel in America, when people assumed they would stand in aisles in crowded coaches from their home town to the

county seat, as from Hoopeston, Rossville, Alvin and Bismarck into Danville. The saga of the local passenger train is a slice of life itself which has been eliminated—no doubt forever—from American life.”

The Express Business at the Junction

“I have merely mentioned the joint express office at the Junction. The Wabash carried, for many, many years, Pacific Express. The two lines of the Big Four and the two lines of the C. & E. I. carried American Express.”

“These two companies cooperated in a joint office immediately east of the Junction depot, with E. E. Carter joint agent for many years. John Torrance was joint city agent, down-town, for the two companies.”

“We must recall, in order to secure an adequate view of both the express and the mail service, that in the 1890s’ and up to 1912, untold thousands of small packages which now move normally by parcel post, were then forwarded by express. Parcel post service was instituted in 1912. Shipping facilities for small packages, in the palmy days of Danville Junction, were provided by the express companies, not by United States mail.”

“A large amount of business was handled at the Junction express office in money orders, travelers’ cheques, and letters of credit, reaching almost unbelievable sums. The employees of the Junction shops, business men at the Junction and on Fairchild Street, purchased many express money orders.”

"The express companies in those days handled many heavy and bulky articles as well as small packages. Beer in kegs, bread baskets and laundry baskets—items which now move normally in light or heavy trucks—were carried in enormous quantities and by thousands of items by the express companies. Oysters were moved in huge amount by the Pacific Express Company to Danville Junction, as the Booth Fisheries Company, Baltimore, had a large distributing plant in Toledo."

"Wabash Train No. 3, west-bound during the night, was a beautiful train and a heavy train. It carried 15 or more coaches, usually half a dozen Pullman cars, with plenty of coaches. It carried two or three express cars, with one or two express cars handling nothing but oysters. In oyster season this train was known as 'The Oyster Special'. Oysters were shipped then in five gallon pails, the tops or lids of which were never fastened."

"It was nothing unusual for Wabash train No. 3 in oyster season, to discharge from two to five station truckloads of oysters in pails at Danville Junction. The shipments to Danville itself were handled at the Junction, as well as shipments for 25 to 40 other towns in the Danville area. One night an express employee tipped over a station truck loaded with pails of oysters. There was nothing to keep the lids in place and the smearing of the platform can only be left to the imagination. There was always a pack of hungry dogs running about the Junction buildings. These dogs did not earn their daily bread—they merely pilfered it from the garbage of the several hotels. Naturally—they fell upon these capsized oysters

with the greatest of relish—it's a terribly ill wind which blows no one good—or food."

"Many an oyster went down the throats of Junction employees and especially of the express handlers, as oysters could easily be pilfered from the pails. The swiped oysters were passed through a rear kitchen window to Mine Host Oswald's night chef, who, in turn, set them to simmering on the giant coal range in the kitchen."

"Many pails of oysters were consigned to Ralston and Angle, North Vermilion Street grocers and were unloaded at night at the Junction. Shipments of oysters to this firm kept turning up shy—the amount of the delectable bivalve mollusks floating around in the pails was sadly deficient."

"Jack (John A.) Torrance, joint city agent down-town, received the complaints of Ralston and Angle that their oyster shipments from Booth's were minus in actual oyster content. Torrance, a prince of a good fellow, hopped a street car for the Junction, and put the matter before Joint Agent Carter of the Junction express office."

"'Ed, I know full well the boys are going after the oysters', said Torrance, 'but tell them after this, for God's sake, to tap the oyster pails of some other fellow besides Ralston and Angle'."

"From that date, oyster dipping was extended in scope to other shipments. Mr. Torrance served many years as city clerk of Danville and for a period of 30 years was junior member of the well remembered drug firm of Oetzel and Torrance."

"Danville city express was handled at night at the Junction in the 1890s' as was most of the Danville mail shipments at night. In those years

when United States mail was limited to letters, cards, circulars and newspapers, with no parcel post whatever, an average of 225 bags of mail were transferred each 24 hours at the Junction."

"After the C. & E. I. established its Collett Street Station in 1901, it carried Wells Fargo and Company Express and a Wells Fargo office was built on the west side of Collett Street. Later the C. & E. I. carried United States express and the Wabash, about 1910, changed to Wells Fargo."

"Mr. Burford tells me that in June, 1901, he changed cars one night at Danville Junction and while awaiting a train on the C. & E. I. to Hoopes-ton, he saw two immense long Wabash trains roll in and stop at the Junction. Each train carried heavy express cars and the express messengers rolled open two wide double doors, seemingly as large as all out-doors, as the saying goes, with express rolling in and out. At that time I was on duty as night ticket agent, but I did not happen to talk with Mr. Burford, then a freshman in the University of Illinois. He had purchased a coupon ticket from Urbana to Hoopeston. Mr. Burford was at the Junction a number of times during my service there. This is interesting, in view of our present friendship and co-operative review of old Danville Junction."

Mountains of Baggage at the Junction

"I should certainly know something of the baggage transfer at the Junction for I served there five years as day joint baggage agent."

"The joint baggage room, south of and facing the Big Four tracks, had a 40-foot fronting almost

directly opposite the large bay-window of the Junction ticket office. There was a plank cross-over about ten feet long by which we trundled our many heavy trucks of baggage to and from trains to the baggage room. Our baggage records for a number of years showed an average daily handling of 275 to 300 pieces of baggage."

"In those years, people checked their baggage on the trains, almost every passenger, it seemed, having at least one 'valise' to check. Many pieces of baggage were checked through on coupon tickets from point of origin to point of destination, but none the less, we handled them at Danville Junction—literally hundreds of trunks, bags, valises."

"I wish to give a special section of this story to the commercial traveler, or 'the drummer', of 40-odd years ago—and to his trunks. The old-time drummer, as we knew him in 1899, for instance, has faded from the railroad, but in those years, one train at Danville Junction might drop off a dozen 'drummers' and then 'pick up' a dozen or two dozen other drummers—each man with sample cases and heavy baggage."

"I had, as a helper, a huge Negro, by the name of Charlie Olds, who had formerly traveled with the Barnum and Bailey shows as a tent set-up man. Charlie was as strong as an ox and could well pull my loaded baggage trucks around for me."

"Naturally, in those years, when all local travel and long-distance travel was by rail, we handled hundreds of dead bodies in conventional funeral boxes. We called them 'corpses' of course. If a funeral party had to travel even a short dis-

tance, as from Champaign to Chrisman, for instance, it was by train. Very likely, a change of cars would be necessary, at Danville Junction, even if the party were going, in bad weather, only from Fithian to Fairmount. We can scarcely visualize today the dependance upon trains in the 1890s'."

"In 1907, soon after I left the Junction, the baggage room contained one day the bodies of 17 victims of the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago. These bodies were shipped to Danville Junction on two trains of the C. & E. I. and then transferred to a myriad of points on the Wabash, the two lines of the Big Four and the Villa Grove or St. Louis cut-off of the C. & E. I."

"We had funeral parties every day with men and women wearing crepe, the women wearing heavy crepe in fact. Funeral parties, with funeral boxes lying on station trucks at Danville Junction were taken as a matter of course. Some days we would have a number of funeral parties, and it was nothing to place a body in a baggage-car and then take two or three from the same baggage-car. We handled corpses as we would any other item of baggage."

"Perhaps no recollections of my years at Danville Junction are more securely tied into my memory than that of Charlie Olds, the burly Negro who was my right-hand man."

"Black as the oft referred to 'Ace of Spades', and as strong as 'The Bull of Bashan' (perhaps a bit more cultured) Charlie was a friend to everyone around the Junction—and everyone was his friend."

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"Black as the oft referred to 'Ace of Spades', and as strong as 'The Bull of Bashan' (perhaps a bit more cultured) Charlie was a friend to everyone around the Junction—and everyone was his friend."

"He wore a deep scar across his left cheek. The scar was evidently a memento of some tragic event, but he steadfastly declined to tell how it came there—as well as I knew Charlie, I never knew the origin of this scar. As I said, he had been a canvas man with the Barnum and Bailey circus and had journeyed not only into all nooks and corners of the United States with that famous old show, but even across the Atlantic with that time-honored old outfit."

"When the big top was pitched one time at Walla Walla, Wash., he was so impressed with the town that he jumped the show and got a job in a barber shop. Walla Walla always loomed large in Charlie's memory and he would point to a map of the Northern Pacific railroad which hung on our baggage-room wall and exclaim, 'That's the best town I ever landed in', but when asked why he did not go back there, he would point to the scar on his cheek and murmur, 'A burned chile alluys dreads fire'."

"Charlie was a native of Waycross, Georgia, and once took a leave of absence to make a trip to his old home. It seems, returning, he met a dusky damsel by the name of 'Miss Parfeenia Blakeslee', who lived in Bowling Green, Ky. Charlie frequently said he could not tell whether he was more deeply impressed with the name of 'Miss Parfeenia Blakeslee' or with the gal herself."

"At that time there was a train baggageman on the Big Four by the name of James Ryan. When Jim smiled, he always displayed an attractive gold crown. Charlie fell for the gold crown and opined it would improve his appearance if he had one placed over one of his own gleaming ivories."

"He would give me a half-dollar every now and then to save for him for the creation of a fund for a gold tooth, but the nest-egg always suffered depletion due to sundry and divers borrowings back by Charlie."

"Charlie would talk half an hour at a time of another trip to Bowling Green and a call at the home of Miss Parfeenia. He was to be attired in a yellow checked suit with black stitched yellow gloves and would carry a cane with a knob at its top just like the head ring-master in the Barnum show."

"'How do you think I would look, Mr. Guy', he would inquire, 'in an outfit like that, and, course, I mus' have dat gold toof and git my hair all 'busted up' with a pot (part) cut in it.'"

"When anything in the way of a hair cut appealed to Charlie, he spoke of it as a 'busted up' hair cut."

"Saturday nights the railroaders around the Junction would get Charlie all 'likkered up' and take him to 'Dutch' (Dawson) Reynolds' barber shop and get him to dance. There was a drunken miner hanging around in those days whom the boys called 'Foot-and-a-Half', because he had lost all of his toes on his left foot in a mine accident. But how this miner could get the rag-time out of a guitar which he played by ear, and how he could improvise from one theme to another with a series of modulations in weird minor key which would have enchanted even Jason after listening to the mystic chanting of the sirens!"

"'Foot-and-a-Half' would furnish the music for Charlie's dancing which did not consist of a series of buck and wing figures as would be naturally expected but a series of mysterious rhythmic

gyrations with head bent backward and eyes rolling around with a gleam of abject horror which would surpass the gleam in the terrifying eyes of the witch which clutched the tail of Tom O'Shanter's mare Maggie. Never for one instant would Charlie lag behind the tempo of 'Foot-and-a-Half's' guitar's weird sobbings. What inspiration and background for an Ethiopian classic by Thomas Nelson Page or Tudor Jenks. 'That hain't no dancin', the barber-shop porter would often exclaim. 'Give us some Georgia buck and wing', to which Charlie would reply, 'Course 'tain't no dancing, niggah, dat's topsy-core, dat is'."

"Where did Charlie catch up with that dance form—how did he acquire it? Those questions I have asked myself again and again. Had it been inspired by some side-show dancer in his Barnum and Bailey days, or was it a throw-back to his African ancestry when they held midnight revelry and chanted uncanny incantations in the tropical forests?"

"One day the baggage-room telephone rang several times at close intervals. A female voice asked, 'Is Charlie Olds there?'"

"Charlie had previously advised that he was out for the day. The Wabash pay-car had just liquidated its obligations to the employees at Danville Junction. The day following, Charlie asked for an hour off to run down-town on the street car. He never showed up again."

"A few days later, one of Ely Walker and Company's traveling salesmen told us he had seen Charlie on the street in St. Louis."

"We never saw Charlie again at the Junction. Charlie, the popular and beloved baggage hustler, had vanished."

The Junction Shops of the C. & E. I.

"The C. & E. I. railroad, soon after the completion of the road in the early 1870s', established its shops at its entry into Danville—at Danville Junction—directly across the Wabash tracks and its own 'City Main' from the Junction depot and the hotel site which developed into the 'Annex Hotel'."

"And by the word 'shops'—I mean shops. The C. & E. I. did not establish a mere round-house, or a stretch of rip-track, at Danville Junction. There was a vast array of buildings—a town in itself—in these shops and terminal buildings employing 1,700 men, with 300 men in the train service."

"During the 1880s', the 1890s', and the early years of the 1900s' the C. & E. I. shops at Danville Junction were not only an important part of the activity of the Junction area, but they were one of the potent forces of the rise of Danville as a commercial city. I do not mean, in this review, to minimize, in the least, the importance of the present Oaklawn shops of the C. & E. I., but our study is based upon Danville Junction primarily."

"There was a 20-stall round-house at the Junction shops. There were vast machine shops, switch tracks and terminal facilities. Passenger and freight cars and cabooses were built by the dozen in the Junction shops. While locomotives were not constructed there, the most extensive

and detailed and costly locomotive repairs were undertaken and accomplished. The C. & E. I. maintained a tremendous force of carpenters, painters, boilermakers, machinists, general repair men, who could turn out anything in the way of major and minor repairs as well as actual coach construction work itself."

"There were many important division and terminal offices either a part of the shops or closely associated with them. The superintendent of motive power had his office at the shops. Other officials such as division superintendent, superintendent of telegraph, chief train dispatcher, superintendent of locomotive service, train-master, road-master, and superintendent of bridges and buildings were not connected with the department of motive power—they were transportation and engineering departments. Of the seven departments named, all were transportation except road-master and superintendent of bridges and buildings who were engineering."

"The train dispatcher's office, as it was called, was the first building of the C. & E. I. west of its 'City Main'. It was a low rambling building, with six offices housed therein, each with its own counter over which business could be transacted and each with its own front door fronting the Junction station across the three tracks. These offices were, north to south, the train dispatcher, chief dispatcher, superintendent of telegraph, superintendent of locomotive service, train-master and division superintendent."

"When the old frame building was torn down, the transportation and engineering officials moved to a brick building south of the Big Four

tracks which was recently dismantled to avoid taxes."

"Roadmasters were quartered in the old depot of the Evansville, Terre Haute and Chicago railroad, also located south of the Big Four tracks. After the brick building mentioned was completed, the old E. T. H. & C. depot was moved west almost to Section Street and the roadmasters went into the brick building. Still later, the roadmasters and the superintendent of bridges and buildings moved into the Railroad Y.M.C.A. building to relieve congestion in the brick building."

"The old Junction shops fairly seethed with activity. With this multitude of wage-earners swarming about, the Junction hotels and eating-places were well patronized. It was common to see knots of C. & E. I. shopmen drifting about the Junction platforms, engaged in railroad talk and fraternizing, after their day's work or night's work."

"The entire area west of the Junction Station across the double Wabash tracks and 'The City Main' to the dispatcher's office was all 'planked-in', that is, it was continuous plank platform. This space afforded abundant room for the milling about of the shop's employees, the traveling public and the general public until the entire area was as alive as a typical small town Main Street on a mid-summer Saturday evening."

"The old plank platform west and south of the Junction Station was torn out and relaid with concrete in 1902. The Wabash did an exceptionally good job—its long platform is intact 40 years later. The Big Four platform has greatly

deteriorated. Mr. Burford and I inspected these platforms in the summer of 1942."

"The area was also planked-in to the street car track and to a C. & E. I. 'pocket-switch' near the street car line where the night Thebes run postal cars were 'parked'."

"C. & E. I. engines and engine crews, many train crews as well, were changed at Danville Junction. The Junction area was down-state



(Courtesy, Danville Commercial-News)

Railroad Y.M.C.A. Building opened at Danville Junction in May, 1903.

The building faced almost due east. You are looking across the tracks from the east. First track is the Villa Grove cut-off of the C&EI, then come the double tracks of the Wabash, "the City Main" of the C&EI and then the street car tracks. Picture taken during a January thaw in 1904.

headquarters for C. & E. I. officials from the president down. Much of the life of Danville Junction was a reflection of C. & E. I. activity."

The Junction Y. M. C. A.

"The Junction Y. M. C. A. was the gift of the then Miss Helen Gould in 1903. She was a daughter of Jay Gould and a sister of George J. Gould, the latter deeply interested in the financial understructure of the Wabash. Miss Gould made a trip to Danville Junction in the private car of her brother to attend the dedicatory services of the Y. M. C. A. Needless to say, this was one of the most interesting and important meetings ever held at the Junction and attracted a huge crowd."

"Miss Gould, at the age of 44, in 1913, married Finley J. Shepard, a railroad executive and financier, who took over much of the management of the Gould railroad properties. Mrs. Shepard died in 1939, Mr. Shepard just recently, August 22, 1942."

The Big Four Roundhouse

"Seemingly, not to be outdone by C. & E. I. activity at the Junction, the Big Four, now Peoria and Eastern, erected a brick 10-stall (half the size of the C. & E. I.) roundhouse on the site now occupied by the Danville Union Stock Yards, on the north side of its tracks and on the west side of Section Street. There was a turn-table for engines and other roundhouse and terminal facilities."

"The Big Four also maintained a district car inspector's office about 50 feet east of the turn-

table. Albert F. Howell was inspector in charge, and Elmer Douthit, William T. Fleming and C. Leroy Belknap were assistant inspectors under Howell, the last named being now a chief inspector with the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern at Joliet, Ill. Douthit is living in retirement in Danville. Fleming is at the head of a large advertising business and is prominently identified with Danville political life. Belknap traveled down the 'Saw Dust Trail' in the great Billy Sunday evangelical campaign in Danville in the early spring of 1910, attended divinity school, and became an ordained Congregational minister, serving pastorates in Bloomington, Mattoon and other Illinois cities, and is now at Summer Hill, Ill."

"William Collard served as roundhouse foreman for a number of years. In later years, this round-house was removed to Lyons yards, after the Big Four moved the Danville entrance of its Cairo division from the Wabash to its own tracks."

Protection of the Junction Crossing

"There has never been an interlocking tower, with its attendant train and track controls at the Danville Junction intersection—there is none there today.

"There is a semaphore in position there. When horizontal, the Peoria and Eastern has the right-of-way; diagonal, the Wabash and the 'City Main' of the C. & E. I., and perpendicular, the Grape Creek and Villa Grove division of the C. & E. I., which moves across the Wabash double tracks as it takes off through the southeast part of Danville on its winding trail through Grape Creek to reach

Westville, Indianola, Sidell and the southwestern part of Vermilion county—that is, running southeast to reach the southwest part of the county.

“I recall a gigantic freight wreck at Danville Junction in 1899. Wabash manifest freight No. 64 was tearing past the Junction at a terrific rate of speed. A switch engine of the C. & E. I. was moving a cut of cars down the ‘City Main’ to the North Street freight house and industrial district. I recall especially there was a car of meat for Armour and Company, which had a branch distributing house in the North Street area. ‘The City Main’ had the diagonal board, as had the Wabash, with perfect right to parallel the Wabash highball. But some one had left open the switch to the Villa Grove branch. The cut of cars slid right over into the pathway of the Wabash flying freight. There was a pile-up of freight cars—and how! I remember that Mike Freese was in charge of the crossing signals at the time. He was an uncle of Fred Freese, now superintendent of the Illinois division of the C. & E. I. railroad, as the line into Southern Illinois is now known. A switchman of the C. & E. I., whom everyone called ‘Slim’ was thrown to the ground and sustained a broken ankle.

The Chicago-Nashville Limiteds

“The installation of through Pullman passenger service between Chicago and Nashville in May, 1891, was one of the interesting events of Danville Junction. This service was established by through trains operating over the C. & E. I., from Chicago to Terre Haute, the Evansville and Terre Haute from Terre Haute to Evansville, and

the Louisville and Nashville, from Evansville to Nashville."

"New trains throughout for this service were built by the Ohio Falls Car Company, Jeffersonville, Ind. These trains were superb. It was a proud moment for C. & E. I. officials when the new trains were delivered and were ready for inspection and exhibition, and for service."

"The Chicago-Nashville runs brought the first Pintsch gas lamps in coaches to Danville Junction, also the first narrow vestibule cars."

"The beautiful strings of coaches were known as No. 5 and No. 6. Delightfully, C. & E. I. officials placed them on display at the Dearborn Street Station, Chicago, in May, 1891. Crowds surged through these trains for days and days, much as people stood in rapture before 'The Royal Scot', the English-Scotch deluxe train displayed at 'A Pageant of Progress' exposition in Chicago in 1933-1934, and as they stood spellbound in the presence of the first diesel-engine, flashing streamliners of the 1930s'."

"Thousands of people viewed No. 5 and No. 6 on display in Chicago. Then the trains moved down to Momence, Watseka and Hoopeston, and at length reached Danville Junction, where they were placed on exhibit two Sunday afternoons at the old Fairchild Street round-house, part of which is still standing in 1942. People stood in line for the superlative joy of seeing these lovely monarchs of the rails."

"The trains were also displayed at the Terre Haute Union Station, the Vincennes Union Station, and the C. & E. I. Station in Evansville and possibly at such Indiana points as Clinton, Sulli-

van, Princeton, probably other points, before being placed 'in service.'

"Engines No. 96-97-98-99-100, the pride of the Junction shops, were the iron horses hitched to the new classy Chicago-Nashville Limiteds. It was a joy to the round-house force to doll up those sleek fellows for the jaunts on the luxury new runs. These engines were constructed in the McQueen Locomotive Shops, Schenectady, N. Y., under the specifications drawn by Allen Cook, master mechanic of the Junction shops. Cook could not have been any prouder of those engines if he had owned them himself. Engine No. 100 was displayed one Sunday afternoon at the Junction and was viewed by hundreds of persons."

"The installations of the Chicago-Nashville Limiteds did more than any other one thing to place the C. & E. I. on a trunk-line basis, to establish it as a through North-South road. The 1942 vintage of Florida crack trains and streamliners now rolling through the Fairchild Street Station in Danville are a later expression of the Chicago-Nashville Limiteds of which C. & E. I. officials were so justly proud in 1891."

The Crete Wreck, October 16, 1891

"I had not come to Danville in 1891 but I have some exact knowledge and recollections of the famous C. & E. I. wreck at Crete in October of that year in which the engineer and three Chicago Inter-Ocean newspaper men riding in the cab of the engine were killed."

"James Clark, a crack runner of the C. & E. I., was the engineer. The newspaper men were Leonard Dana Washburne, whose home was in Clin-

ton, Ind., and who was a baseball reporter of international renown, and two members of the Inter-Ocean staff, a special writer and an artist. The newspaper men had been in Clinton for a week-end visit at Washburne's home, and had taken a local train to Danville Junction Sunday night as the Chicago-Nashville Limiteds did not stop at Clinton. They were overnight at the Annex Hotel at Danville Junction. Clark was driving Engine No. 100, pulling train No. 6. The date was October 16, 1891. Clark was a Civil War veteran and following his tragic death was buried in Springhill Cemetery, Danville."

"When Train No. 6 was lying at Danville Junction that morning at 5:20 o'clock, her Engine No. 100 was purring like a sleeping kitten—so well prepared was she for a road run. Frank Lafferty was Clark's fireman, but I cannot recall the name of the conductor."

"The run was uneventful until St. Anne was reached, when a hot box developed, with a loss of 17 minutes. At Grant Park, part of the time had been made up. As the train neared Crete, the terminal of many of the Chicago suburban trains, it was roaring along at 75 miles an hour, both engine and train behaving magnificently. There was a five-stall roundhouse at Crete, where the dummy engines used in Chicago suburban runs were quartered. The C. & E. I., as it is well-known, owns tracks only into the Chicago area as far as Dolton, and from that point the Chicago and Western Indiana Railroad Company owns and operates the tracks, also the Dearborn Street Station, Chicago."

“A local freight on the round-house lead track had left the switch open. At this point, I will interrupt the main story to say that the C. & E. I. double track was completed in 1892. No. 6 struck this open switch and plunged into the round-house and really through it.”

“At St. Anne, the three newspaper men fretted about the delay and were walking up and down the right-of-way, admiring the train and the engine. A grizzled man in the engine cab asked them how they liked it. They answered ‘Superb’ and then he asked them if they would like to ride the cab into Chicago. Of course—they were delighted with the prospect. The grizzled man climbed down from the fireman’s box and yielded his place to the three men of the Fourth Estate. He was Allen Cook, master mechanic of the Junction shops—the fact that he graciously yielded his seat in the cab was precisely the reason why he lived a number of years longer, for the three newspaper men and the engineer were instantly killed as the flying engine ploughed through the round-house. Lafferty, the fireman, happened to be down in the gangway at work and his life was saved. The deflection from leaving the main track and entering the siding threw him out of the cab and he rolled over a hundred feet, being a mass of cuts and bruises, but was not injured seriously.”

“Frank Van Etten was first trick dispatcher at the Junction dispatcher’s office. His wife and two year old son were on that train. Goodnow was the first station south of Crete. Van Etten received his ‘O.S.’ from that point promptly but when the ‘O.S.’ from Crete failed to come in he called the operator there and could get no re-

sponse. He then made the test and found the wires were grounded somewhere north of Goodnow. It subsequently developed that the falling round-house had torn the wires down both north and south of the Crete depot so the operator could reach neither Danville nor Chicago. The Crete operator then secured a messenger to ride horseback to Monee, Ill., three or four miles west of Crete, where the Illinois Central operator called the Champaign dispatcher, who in turn notified the I. B. & W. depot in Champaign, who notified the Gilbert Street Station in Danville and then Danville Junction. It was two hours before Van Etten received news of what had actually happened to the train."

"Van Etten's wife and child were not injured. Van Etten was selected by John R. Walsh, when he built 'The Walsh Road', just east of Danville in 1907, as superintendent of telegraph and he served in that capacity until the mid-1920s'. He erected the Yale Apartments on Fairchild Street in Danville and served on the Danville city council."

C. & E. I. Inaugurates Thebes Night Runs

"In the spring of 1900 the C. & E. I. inaugurated through passenger service from Chicago to the Southwest in connection with the Cotton Belt via Danville and Thebes. The cut-off from Woodland Junction to Villa Grove was not completed until 1904."

"The equipment for this service was handled each night in Train No. 3 (now 95) Chicago to Danville Junction, and from Danville Junction to Thebes in Train No. 103. The return service from

Thebes was in Train No. 102 to Danville Junction and from that point to Chicago on Train No. 4 (now 94). Trains No. 102 and 103 constituted the first night passenger service in operation between Danville Junction and Thebes or for that matter over any portion of the old St. Louis Division, as that portion of the C. & E. I. between Danville Junction and Thebes was known."

"Old timers used to speak of the St. Louis Division as 'The Grape Creek Branch' and that designation quickly and effectively established its identity."

"The Pullman sleepers carried in this service were the first to operate over 'The Grape Creek Branch'. The good people of Indianola, Sidell, Villa Grove and other towns farther down the 275-mile stretch of track bristled up with an air of importance for now they, like their friends in Danville, could step aboard an up-to-date Pullman at their depot door and travel without change of cars to Pine Bluff, Ark., Memphis, Tenn., or to Fort Worth or Dallas, Tex."

"The St. Louis Division passenger trains to this time (1900) had been handled by engines Nos. 202-3-4-5-6 and 7, a sextet of little "tea kettles" built by the Pittsburgh Locomotive Works in the early 1880s' for the Chicago and Indiana Coal Railroad and acquired by the C. & E. I. when it leased the trackage and property of the old "Coal Road" as it was known to the people of Western Indiana and also of Eastern Illinois in the 1880s', this designation, 'Coal Road', still being used today by veteran railroaders and old residents."

"The C. & E. I. for a number of years operated what had been built as 'The Chicago and Indiana

Coal Railroad', extending from the coal fields near Brazil, Ind., connecting with the C. & E. I. at Mommence Junction, Ill., where heavy trainloads were delivered for Chicago terminal. There was also a branch north from Percy Junction, Ind., north of Goodland, to LaCross, Ind., later extended to Wellsboro, Ind. Passenger and freight services as well as many heavy coal drags were handled over this line after it had been taken over by the C. & E. I. The principal towns were Tangier, Kingman and Yeddo, south of Veedersburg, where connection was made with the Peoria Division of the Big Four and with 'The Clover Leaf', now a part of the Nickel Plate System; Attica, with connections to the Wabash; Oxford, with the Lake Erie and Western; Swanington, with the Chicago Division of the Big Four; Goodland, with 'the Panhandle' or the Pennsylvania; Brook, home town of George Ade; and Morocco, with the New York Central Line, after 1905."

"At Attica, the Brazil Division of the C. & E. I. handled a large passenger business to and from Mudlavia Springs Hotel, a noted Indiana health resort. Passenger trains on the Brazil Division were well patronized for many years, but with the coming of the automobile, passenger train movements were dropped entirely, with freight service maintained."

"Finally, the C. & E. I. abandoned the Brazil Division entirely. Parts of it, extending from West Melchoir to Wellsboro, were operated as 'The Chicago, Attica and Southern Railroad', with headquarters in Attica, Ind. In September, 1942 this company filed a petition with the Indiana Commerce Commission praying that its entire

service be suspended and that its rail, locomotives and other materials and equipment be used in the all-out war effort. This petition has been approved (see "Junction Jottings" in Part IV).

"Returning to the old St. Louis, or Villa Grove or Grape Creek Division of the C. & E. I., the '200' engines mentioned above proved too light for the new service and engines Nos. 96, 97, 98 and 99, 100, 150, 151 and 152 were transferred from the main line."

"Engineers William (Dad) Hemphill, a Civil War veteran; Frank M. Collard, Daniel Floyd 'Dad' Farnsworth, Billie Gleason, John (Dad) Thomas, Dick Henderson and Tom Richmond were assigned to this service with Conductors Nicholas Admiral, Fred W. Smith, Otto Lockhart, John Blatchley, Lee Rentchen, Tom Hurst and Billie Stevenson. One would have traveled far to have met a more capable group of enginemen and trainmen. Of the group of enginemen, none is living and of the conductors only Lockhart and Rentchen survive. They were men with exceptional qualities of character. They glorified their calling and labored together for a noble end."

The C. & E. I. Pay-Cars

"One of the most picturesque features of American railroading of 45 years ago were the picturesque pay-cars which the railroads used to 'pay off' their employees in money—in real money, often hard money such as gold—at a time when payment by checks was undreamed of."

"All railroads entering Danville used pay-cars but I wish to discuss especially the C. & E. I. pay-

car because of the large force at the Junction shops who were paid in cash from the pay-car."

"The C. & E. I. pay-car used to stand for three days at a time on the old 'pocket switch' just west of the dispatcher's office. All payments were made in gold—it took three full days to 'pay off' each month at Danville Junction."

"Envelopes were passed out in the pay-car by a paymaster named Reeves, who was also assistant treasurer of the company. He was guarded by two grim-looking gentlemen, each of whom bore an even more grim-looking Winchester."

"M. W. Wells was the paymaster's conductor. Coach No. 500 was used in this work. It was divided into an office, a pay-counter, a dining-room and a sleeping room. There was a Japanese valet aboard—doubtless that personality would not go well with loyal American railroad workers today. Wells became a division superintendent under John R. Walsh when the latter built the Walsh Road—now a branch line of the Milwaukee System east of Danville."

"Wells, a passenger conductor on the C. & E. I., frequently contacted Walsh as the latter traveled between Chicago and Terre Haute and a warm friendship developed between them, which led to Wells leaving the C. & E. I. to accept an official position on the Walsh Line."

"A tall, handsome and slender young man with a genial smile and kindly voice was regularly assigned as brakeman to the pay-car run. His name was Henry Durkee. Today, Durkee, at 69 years of age, is conductor in charge of the C. & E. I. de-luxe runs No. 92 and No. 93 between Chicago and Evansville. Either time has dealt gently with

Harry—or Harry has done an A-No. 1 job of keeping Father time in his corner, for he walks with the same lithe stride of 45 years ago and his eyes are still as ‘keen as frost when summer dies’.”

“No passenger ever rode with Durkee except to admire him for his Simon Pure courtesy and his great kindly spirit. There is a story going the rounds that whenever Harry Durkee takes a notion to apply for retirement, C. & E. I. officials grow belligerent just as they do about Tom Gately, who commands one of the Chicago-St. Louis daylight flyers. When Tom was promoted from local freight to the passenger service, I was employed under J. A. Becker in the trainmaster’s office and wrote the order for Gately ‘to walk the belt’.”

“When an engineer or conductor is promoted to passenger service on the C. & E. I. he is required to walk the distance from Dolton, Ill., to the Dearborn Station, Chicago, and must observe the location of all semaphore signals and cross-overs and must be prepared to tell on examination the location of each—hence the expression, ‘to walk the belt’. Tom Gately is one of the cleanest-cut of men—can smile when things go wrong. Ella Wheeler Wilcox must have had such men as Harry Durkee and Tom Gately in mind when she wrote ‘The man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong’.”

“Mr. Burford tells me an interesting story about the father of Carl Sandberg, poet and biographer of Lincoln. The father, a Swedish emigrant, was a blacksmith in the extensive Burlington or ‘Q’ shops at Galesburg, Ill. The father’s name was August Johnson—a good Swedish name—and some authorities maintain that farther back

in the old country the family name was Danielson, another excellent Swedish name."

"At any rate, August Johnson, who had had only three months of 'schoolin',' and who never did learn to speak good English, found his name duplicated again and again when he went to get his money from the Burlington pay-car. Hundreds upon hundreds of Swedish families had settled in Galesburg—even today, 50 or 60 per cent of the population of that fine city is of Scandinavian origin. There were Johnsons and Johnsons—and then some more Johnsons—too many Johnsons, in fact. August Johnson, Swedish immigrant that he was, decided to change his name and avoid the mix-up in his name in the pay-car. He adopted the name 'Sandburg'. But his small son, later to be famous among American poets and biographers, had been named 'Charles A. Johnson'. The son's name thereupon became Charles Sandburg and as Carl is a Swedish form of Charles—the growing lad became the Carl Sandburg whom the literary world loves to honor as one of the greatest writers of today and as one of the greatest of contemporary poets—although his poems, and especially his titanic 'Chicago' poem—has aroused many storms of controversy. Sandburg's six volumes of Lincoln biography—the two volumes of 'Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years' and the four volumes of 'Abraham Lincoln: The War Years'—are monumental pieces of work.

"So the old-fashioned railroad pay-car, now in oblivion, had much to do with the name which Carl Sandburg bears today."

C. & E. I. Moves to Collett Street

“The first sign of a break-up of the railroads using Danville Junction occurred when the C. & E. I. decided to withdraw from the joint station and to erect a new station on the passenger wye just north of the Junction buildings.”



(Courtesy, Danville Commercial-News)

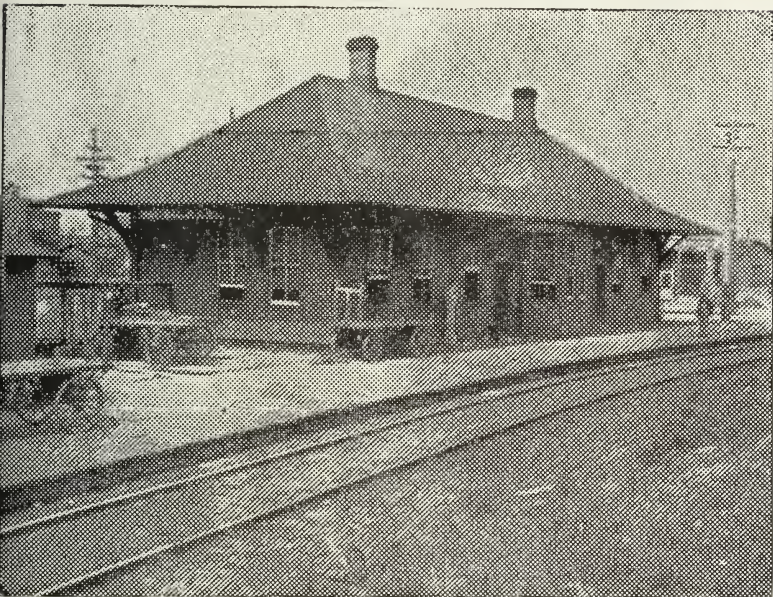
Collett Street Station of the C&EI, which was opened to the public March 1, 1901 and was closed in 1917 when it was supplanted by the present modern Fairchild Street Station. The old building was still standing in October, 1942.

“It happened in the winter of 1900-1901 that the C. & E. I. had a late afternoon fast train arriving from Chicago which handled a heavy flow of passengers at Danville Junction, these passen-

gers being discharged, of course, on 'The City Main'. It also happened that the Wabash had a fast manifest hot-shot freight train which operated on practically a non-stop passenger train schedule. This freight proceeded, of course, on one of the Wabash double tracks between 'The City Main' of the C. & E. I. and the Junction depot, meaning that passengers to and from this C. & E. I. train were worried by the danger of having this fast freight tear through between their train and the depot."

"E. P. Broughton, general superintendent of the C. & E. I., fearing a terrible accident, recommended a change and it was accomplished, at least the first stages of it, in the Christmas holiday season of 1900-01. Mr. Burford tells me he changed cars at Danville Junction just before Christmas, en route from Urbana to Hoopeston, from the Big Four to the C. & E. I., with the C. & E. I. normally using its 'City Main' in front of Danville Junction, as it had for many years. When he returned, the day after New Year's, the brakeman on the C. & E. I. called out 'Danville Junction, change cars for the Wabash and the Big Four and the St. Louis division of the C. & E. I.; this train does not go to Danville', but the train swung around on the passenger wye and stopped at a new platform built at Collett Street, a block east of the Junction, although the joint ticket office and baggage rooms and express office still handled the C. & E. I. business just as they had been doing. The C. & E. I. then began erection of a station of its own, which was opened March 1, 1901 and remained in service until 1917, when the spacious Fairchild Street Station was opened."

"The C. & E. I. changed from American to Wells Fargo and Company Express about this general period. The Wells Fargo Company erected a depot express office on the west side of Collett Street. The Junction baggage office still delivered baggage to the College Street Station, which



(Courtesy, Danville Commercial-News)
Another view of the Collett Street Station.

was a longer haul from Wabash and 'Cairo' trains and from west-bound Peoria Division trains than the old 'City Main' was, but a shorter haul from east-bound Peoria Division trains. St. Louis division trains of the C. & E. I., instead of stopping on the 'City Main', also swung around to the Collett Street Station."

"The Collett Street Station was of frame construction and resembled the typical Middle West-

ern frame railway station of that period. It is still standing (October, 1942), but has been moved from its old location facing the former passenger wye somewhat south and is now straight with the world, facing end-wise on Collett Street. It is now used as a private warehouse. The old passenger wye which for many years swung C. & E. I. passenger trains to and from 'The City Main' has been removed, although its former location can be accurately traced in the depression on the west side of Collett Street extending northwest. The Wells Fargo express office and the baggage room which stood on the west side of the street have each been removed. There is practically nothing now at Collett Street, not even a railroad track, to indicate that for 16 years this was the Danville city station of the C. & E. I. I recall very well that in 1902 a small child was almost ground into bits under the wheels of a C. & E. I. switch engine moving across Collett Street."

"I also recall when the C. & E. I. became a part of the 'Frisco' System and its engines and cars bore the single word 'Frisco', with especially large letters on the side of the locomotive tender. This was rather thrilling to Danville, as it hooked up our C. & E. I. with the great 'Frisco' of the Southwest. I also recall when the Frisco-Rock Island merger took the C. & E. I. Chicago terminal from the Dearborn Station to the LaSalle Street Station—now it is again at the old Dearborn Station, which, in spite of its ancient and rather dilapidated appearance, seems, after all, much like 'Home and Mother' to old-time C. & E. I. patrons."

"I remember when the C. & E. I. changed again from Wells Fargo and Company Express to United States Express. These changes of individual express companies on various railroads was an interesting and colorful phase of railroading of former years. For instance, Hoopeston, about 1900, was served by American Express on the C. & E. I., and United State Express on the Lake Erie and Western. Then the C. & E. I. swung to Wells Fargo, so Hoopeston had Wells Fargo and United States. The Lake Erie, falling into the laps of the Van Swearingens, began to carry American Express, with the C. & E. I. changing to United States. Thus, Hoopeston had United States Express on the C. & E. I. and American Express on the Lake Erie, when it was formerly served in exactly the reverse order."

"Now—with the American Railway Express Company, operating as a great unit over all American railways, the old-time colorful express companies—American, Pacific, United States, Adams, Wells-Fargo, National, Southern and others—have been dropped into the crucible of time we call oblivion—at least as far as local towns are concerned. It is now—just the American Railway Express."

"I often think of the small one-horse express wagons which used to trundle the business district of Danville and out into the residential districts, too, making deliveries to and from the several city stations and to and from the Junction as well. They were a distinct feature of the Danville business district of 40 years ago."

"The express companies also operated 'double trucks', that is, larger wagons, drawn by two

horses. Usually, these were used at night or on heavy early morning deliveries in the business area. However, within the memory of all who remember the 1890s', the 1900s', and the 19-teens, the one-horse covered wagons of the 'American Express Company', 'The Pacific Express Com-



(Courtesy, Danville Commercial-News)
Main Street Station, Wabash Railroad.

pany', 'Wells Fargo and Company Express', 'The United States Express Company', and finally, 'The Adams Express Company', which reached Danville over the Illinois Traction System, remain as one of the picturesque details of the horse-drawn vehicle life of Danville—and of a host of other similar cities as well."

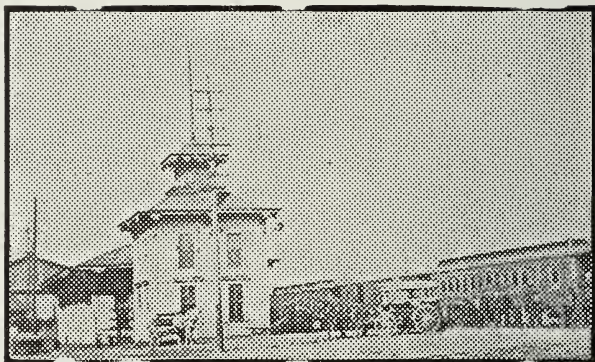
Wabash Builds New Station at Main Street

"In 1903, the Wabash decided to erect a \$40,000 modern passenger station on the site of its former Main Street Station. The old station was a low, rambling, wide-spread roofed frame building of the familiar Wabash type. There was a two-story section at the south end. We are happy we can reproduce a picture of this old station in this work."

"The erection of the new station, in many ways, however, sounded the knell for Danville Junction, as thereafter, except for one six-weeks period which I shall next describe, the Wabash was no longer as much interested in the Junction Station as it had previously been."

"The new city station was dedicated in November, 1904. John Shutts, city passenger agent for about 30 years, was master of ceremonies. He was in evening attire, I recall. Small 'Banner Route' pins, advertising the Wabash, were distributed. All division and general officers were invited and most of them were there, as well as all local passenger and freight employees. It was a big Wabash night in Danville history, for at 6 o'clock a banquet was served at the Plaza Hotel for city and railroad officials."

"Among those present were C. M. Hayes, president, St. Louis; C. S. Crane, general passenger agent; H. B. P. Taylor, assistant general passenger agent; S. H. Overholt, general baggage agent; and the general counsel, whose name I cannot recall, all from St. Louis. From the Eastern Division there were E. A. Gould, superintendent; C. E. Wells, trainmaster; James Sullivan, chief train



(Courtesy, Danville Commercial-News)

The old Main Street Station of the Wabash. It was built by the "Toledo, Wabash and Western" in 1868 and was supplanted by the present station in 1904. The two-story part of the building was at the south. When the present depot was being erected, the contractor placed skids under the old structure and moved it south toward Main Street, where it served as the depot until the new station was opened.

The train standing at the depot, doing its station "work" was Old No. 6, St. Louis-Toledo local mail, a heavy mail and express train. It was due at Main Street at 7:20 A.M., at the Junction at 7:25 A.M. At the Junction it "picked up" an enormous amount of mail and express for local points, as an earlier train, old No. 28, Kansas City-Buffalo Fast Mail, did not make local stops and unloaded an accumulation of mail and express at the Junction for No. 6 to work out at local points.

Note the old Omnibus standing at the station. Remember, ye old-timers, the old Omnibus line which plied Danville streets? The driver climbed up iron steps to his rather precarious perch atop of the old crate. There was a railing around the top of the omnibus and hand baggage, sometimes mail pouches, were tossed aboard. Also, note the one-horse baggage wagon backed up at the end of the station.

The old-type Omnibus had seats along each side. The door was at the end, with two steps outside to aid passengers to board the rambling old vehicle. The driver held the door shut by a wide strap which extended from the door over the heads of the passengers to his seat outside and held the strap firm with his foot. It was a mark of distinction to ride an omnibus from a Danville station to the Aetna Hotel.

dispatcher; A. B. Adams, superintendent of bridges and buildings; and Solon Whitehead, road-master."

"When the Wabash installed its Continental Limiteds in 1898, Mr. Shutts told me that one woman passenger, who used the road considerably, used to come up to the ticket window and inquire, 'When does the Confidential Limited arrive?' "

Wabash Closes Its Main Street Station

"I shall now relate one of the most colorful episodes of my experience at Danville Junction. This is now an almost overlooked story except as it is accurately recalled by some of us who went through it, as I did, or as it may be found in the files of Danville newspapers."

"It will be fitting at this point, I am sure, for me to state this story of old Danville Junction by Mr. Burford and myself is, in truth, an entirely original composition. Mr. Burford has exhausted the several Vermilion county histories and did not find any mention whatever of Danville Junction, even in the two volume histories, or in the index of any one of these volumes. Apparently, their authors just considered the Junction as a mere railroad station, unworthy of special mention."

"Let me emphasize—there have been many railway stations in Danville. And when we add the old Evansville, Terre Haute and Chicago passenger station at the Junction and two Illinois Traction System or Illinois Terminal Railroad stations, we have a medley of Danville railway stations, requiring an exhaustive study to cast

them into book form, Also, our history has not been compiled from other people's writings, for Danville Junction has been simply ignored. We are indeed in virgin historical ground."

"One of the busiest periods at Danville Junction was, rather oddly, too, and most interestingly, during the beginnings of the years when the handwriting was on the wall against the Junction, when the Junction was to slowly fade from the railway map. This period was in 1904, when as a result of a controversy between the Wabash Railway Company and the City of Danville, the Wabash closed its Main Street Station and used the Junction as its city station, in fact, as its sole station in Danville."

"Imagine, if you will, the scene of busy Danville Junction in 1904. It was, for six weeks at least, the city station of the Wabash and the Cairo Division of the Big Four. It was used by all trains of the Peoria Division of the Big Four. The C. & E. I. main line and its Villa Grove and so-called St. Louis division used the Collett Street Station adjacent to the Junction, with heavy turnover of passengers, mail, baggage and express between these two stations. Assuming the Junction-Collett Street Stations to be near enough together as to be regarded as one station unit, then, with the sole exception of the Vermilion Street Station used by the Peoria Division of the Big Four, the Junction area was indeed the railroad station of Danville—it was, indeed and in truth, the Danville Union Station. For six weeks at least, all express and mail to and from the city of Danville was handled to the Junction-Collett Street area, except that handled through the Vermilion Street

Station. The Junction area was the mecca of all horse-drawn cabs and busses, all baggage and express and mail wagons, except those of the Vermilion Street Station. All this activity made the Junction area a bee-hive of activity."

"The closing of the Wabash Main Street Station in 1904 occurred during the last term of John Beard as mayor of Danville. Mr. Beard served several terms as mayor, none of which were continuous, however."

"The trouble arose over a paving assessment in connection with the paving of North Collett Street. The Wabash was assessed from a point opposite the extreme north end of its long concrete platform at the Junction Station to the south side of Fairchild Street. Collett Street curves to the northeast and comes up to the Wabash right-of-way at a point north of the Junction platform and parallels it to Fairchild Street."

"The amount of assessment was divided equally between the Wabash and property owners facing on Collett Street at this point. There was a sidewalk on the east side of the street but none on the west side for the distance mentioned and where a sidewalk should have been a deep ditch ran for the distance. The Wabash contended that the west side of Collett Street was not a thoroughfare and that no sidewalk had ever been constructed for that reason, also that the street improvement did not benefit the railroad company as much as it did the property owners on the east side of the street."

"The Wabash declined to pay the assessment and took the matter into court. Mayor Beard in retaliation stationed several policemen with stop

watches along the right-of-way from Seminary to South Street, with orders to arrest all engine crews traveling in excess of 12 miles per hour, the speed regulated by city ordinance."

"Arrests followed in wholesale numbers. The Wabash, in order to even scores with Mayor Beard, closed the ticket office and the baggage room at its Main Street Station and sent Agent John Shutts and his force to the Junction Station to assist the employees there in handling the increased business which naturally arose when all of the Wabash passenger business was being transacted at the Junction."

"This series of events occurred in the summer of 1904 when the Wabash was handling extra heavy passenger business to and from the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis just as the C. & E. I. had moved greatly increased passenger business through Danville Junction during the World's Columbia Exposition in Chicago in 1893. The Wabash operated long special excursion trains to and from St. Louis. Frequently, these trains roared along at intervals of only a few minutes apart, as the Wabash was receiving a vast amount of St. Louis Fair passenger business at Detroit and Toledo from the Eastern States. Many of the Wabash through passenger trains were operated in sections, one following the other. Mr. Burford tells me he made the trip to St. Louis to see the Fair by way of the Wabash, changing from the Champaign-Sidney branch at Sidney and then proceeding to St. Louis and that passenger trains west-bound would be held at some point like Bement while two or three long passenger trains east-bound crashed by in almost demoniac fury."

"For six busy weeks the Main Street Station remained closed, with all Danville patrons of the Wabash compelled to use the Junction. All Wabash train crews, which normally changed at the Main Street Station, now changed at the Junction."

"The Danville police continued their work with stop watches and arrests followed in quick succession. Finally, one night, the crew of fast manifest freight No. 91 was picked up by the police and a delay of 45 minutes resulted. Now No. 91, in the vernacular of railroading, was 'a hot shot' which handled perishable and other high-class freight into St. Louis—during its all-out World's Fair of that summer—for a seven o'clock delivery. To delay No. 91 was nothing short of high treason. This 45 minutes tie-up in Danville was the straw which broke the camel's back. The Wabash hollered 'Nuff, Nuff', and the Main Street Station was speedily reopened."

"But while the fun lasted, it made the Junction one of the really important union depots in the entire Central West. Street cars and horse-drawn cabs did a land-office business as the Junction-Collett Street Station area was terminal for five busy railroads.

The Fairchild Street Station of the C. & E. I.

"It was obvious that the small, frame Collett Street Station of the C. & E. I. could not be a permanent—nor a satisfactory—depot for the railroad company, for the city of Danville or for the traveling public."

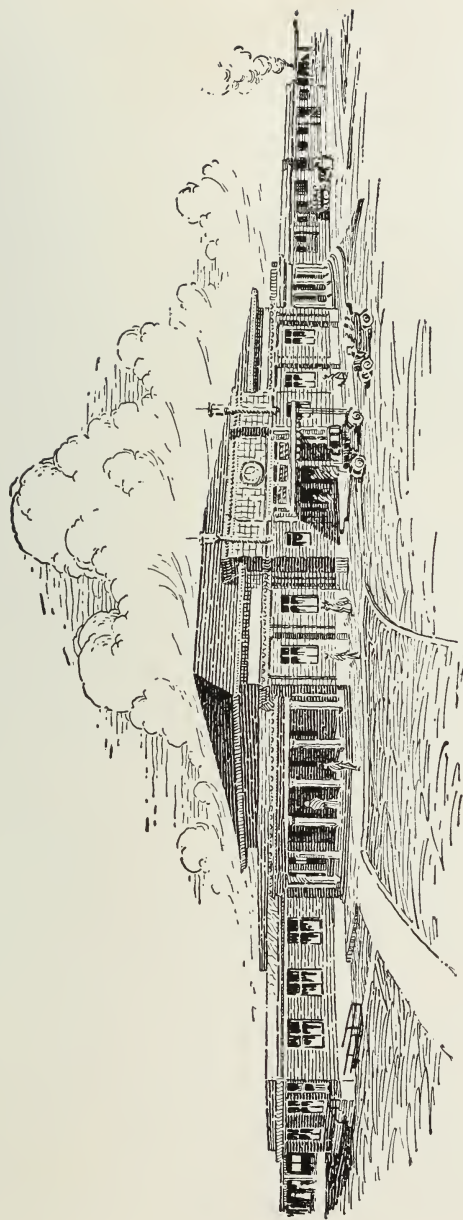
"A site for magnificent lay-out of a passenger station for the C. & E. I. was selected just south of

Fairchild Street on the old freight wye which had, for many years, been used for through fast freight runs, which did not approach the busy Junction area, and which did not use the compact passenger wye at the Collett Street Station."

"A large area was required, for the C. & E. I. planned a station spread which would be truly metropolitan, with dining-room, baggage, mail and express rooms, as well as an elaborate station itself with vast concourse and abundant space for scurrying passengers."

"The plans of the C. & E. I. dazzled the minds of Danville people. It seems as if Danville was attaining true metropolitanism when its citizens began to grasp the station conceptions of the railroad in what was to be known as 'The Fairchild Street Station', the most far-flung railway terminal which Danville had ever known—all of which was in marked contrast to the North Street Station, the Junction Station and the Collett Street Station."

"Considerable area had to be condemned. About 16 or 17 residences were condemned and moved. The total improvements cost well over one million dollars and included a long extended series of subways below the New York Central, the Wabash and the C. & E. I. tracks, culminating in a tube-like tunnel of solid concrete which was awe-inspiring to the stranger seeing Danville for the first time. Indeed, Danville people experienced a new thrill of pleasure as the Fairchild Street car rolled and rumbled its way through this long, echoing cylinder. It seemed almost as metropolitan as being wafted on a Chicago street car below the Chicago River—all very grand, very



(Courtesy, Danville Commercial-News)

Fairchild Street Station of the C&E.I.

citized, very pleasing and satisfying to the enthusiastic citizens of Danville."

"Mr. Burford has told me of the awe with which he was whisked through the Fairchild Street subway in 'a horseless carriage' while attending a convention soon after the improvement was made. At that time, the Chamber of Commerce of a hostess city entertained at a 4 p.m. 'Tour of the City' for convention visitors, which in the earlier years of the automobile, was a treat indeed. While Mr. Burford knew Danville well, he was glad to take this trip for it fairly seemed to float him through an area of truly grandiose proportions. Mr. Burford has also told me of the delight he felt when he first took a train at the Fairchild Street Station and when he first compared it with the Junction Station. He was also much interested in riding the Fairchild Street cars instead of the Junction Street car line. It is interesting to note that the Junction cars operated for several years after the Fairchild Street Station had been opened."

"The Fairchild Street Station sits atop a slight, graceful hillock, with a heavy flow of vehicular traffic sweeping across a wide-open plaza from Kimball Street to and from the beautiful, expansive station—still impressive after 25 years' service. Few railway stations in the Central West have a more arresting situation than has the Fairchild Street Station of the C. & E. I. in Danville."

"Its location on the broad sweeping curve of a far-flung wye has a certain dignity and charm which instantly appeals to the traveler. The overhanging canopy over the main platforms lends the suggestion of a large city station, although its

supporting pillars are a thorn in the side of the baggage, express and mail attendants who must rush heavy truckloads of outgoing shipments, especially to north-bound trains, through crowds of passengers. Similar movements of mail, baggage and express to south-bound trains are much simpler as these can be wheeled directly from the baggage and express rooms to trains without being trundled through the crowd of busy passengers. But, with some defects, the Fairchild Street Station of the C. & E. I. has been a thing of beauty and a joy forever, for lo, this quarter of a century."

"Charles G. Jump, ticket agent, passenger agent and stationmaster at the Fairchild Street Station, is one of the pleasant old-timers of the C. & E. I. He came to Danville Junction as a telegraph operator while I was employed there. He worked at stations on the Big Four, being operator, at one time, at Mr. Burford's native town of Farmer City, and knew the Dolan brothers, the Dolan 'boys', they were always called. There was Ed Dolan, Big Four agent at Farmer City for many years, who met death under the wheels of a shunted freight car near his own depot in that town, and Bob Dolan, telegraph operator for many years, but now retired from active railroad duties and living in Farmer City."

"Mr. Jump was also ticket agent at the Collett Street Station during its latter years. He had the honor of selling the last ticket at the Collett Street Station and the first ticket at the Fairchild Street Station. In 1917, the Chicago-Nashville Limited south-bound reached Collett Street about 9:30 p.m. After this train passed through, Mr. Jump

had orders from the passenger department to 'jump' to the Fairchild Street Station, then dazzling new. After the Chicago-Nashville flyer pulled away from Collett Street he began his moving operations. A switch engine backed a box-car in front of the Collett Street Station and the office force loaded their supplies into the car. The switch engine puffed and chugged the box-car around in front of the palatial new station—so lovely in its sparkling newness that Danville people had to almost get their glasses changed after viewing its glamour!

"'The king is dead—long live the king'. The Collett Street Station became a ghost-like deserted frame building—still is—the Fairchild Street Station was open to the public for a long and useful service."

"Jump and his assistants were soon 'at home' in the new ticket office and the new station. When the first cash customer slid up to the window Charles G. Jump jumped to the job, selling a ticket to Earlington, I believe, a Kentucky point. The first train to leave the Fairchild Street Station was a south-bound night mail and express train due about 1:25 a.m."

"Today, the Fairchild Street Station shows a mite of the wear and tear of 25 years, including two World Wars, the greatest boom period and the most serious depression in American history. A lot of things can happen in less than three decades. Yet the station remains one of the interesting features of contemporary Danville."

No Union Station for Danville

"Gone forever is the opportunity for a central union station for Danville. Its citizens will never again have that golden opportunity for 'The Danville Union Station' which the Junction triangle presented."

"When the Wabash erected in 1904 its then rather elaborate passenger station on East Main Street, the death gurglings of Danville Junction were distinctly heard. This was far more of a threat to the continuance of Danville Junction and as a stop gap on the erection of The Danville Union Station than was the pull-away from the Junction joint depot in 1901 by the C. & E. I. and the erection of its Collett Street Station, for the C. & E. I. maintained its station, on the Junction wye, at least. The C. & E. I. was still in the Junction area, still ready to cooperate in a Union Station plan."

"But it was not to be supposed that the Wabash would join in the erection of a magnificent spread of a Union Station just after it had built its new Main Street Station. In my judgment, the erection of the Main Street Station by the Wabash should have been prevented by influential Danville citizens and all efforts concentrated upon the erection of a magnificent Union Station at Danville Junction. In other words, the Fairchild Street Station, only larger, should have filled the entire triangle at the Junction. There should have been a three-sided Union Station, complete with a triumphant vista of broad and long concrete platforms, overhanging canopies over the platforms, ample lunch and dining-rooms with perhaps hotel

facilities as well, certainly with drug store, soda fountain and other travelers' needs and comforts, and with large joint baggage, express and mail rooms. It should have been a Union Station unequalled in the entire Central West, a source of pride to the city of Danville and to the several railroads cooperating. Mr. Burford has told me that he has wondered so many times why Danville business leaders and citizens generally, who are so courageous and so victorious in so many other directions, permitted this golden dream of a Union Station to slip—but they did."

"There will never be a Danville Union Station now at the site of old Danville Junction. That opportunity has now passed forever."

Downfall of Danville Junction

"What, you may ask, were the forces which beat upon Danville Junction until it tottered and fell. I have hinted at two of the reasons in the Union Station discussion above."

"There is no question except the C. & E. I. would have entered into the plan for a Danville Union Station as its outlay there would have been even less than in the purchase of grounds, condemnation proceedings and erection of the Fairchild Street Station. The C. & E. I. could have still used the old passenger train wye for its frontage on a vast Union Station lay-out. The erection of the Collett Street Station and the withdrawal of the C. & E. I. from the joint Junction station arrangements, while not an overwhelming reason for the final abandonment of the Junction, was at least one weakening in the chain of events holding the Junction Station intact."

“But with the erection of the new Main Street Station by the Wabash, that road became less and less interested in the Junction. It had eliminated the stopping at least of two of its fastest trains at the Junction as early as 1901—in the interest of faster, constantly faster, time cards. But the Wabash had so many trains, as many as 18 daily, that again, this was not an all-out reason for its declining interest in the Junction. But, once more, the new station and the elimination of certain fast trains stopping at the Junction—aided finally in the overthrow of the Junction.”

“In 1905, as we have outlined, the Cairo Division of the Big Four was swung over from the Main Street Station of the Wabash to the Vermilion Street Station. No longer was it necessary for Cairo trains to interchange with Peoria Division trains at Danville Junction. Another factor—the New York Central, built from Danville to Chicago in 1905, entered Danville directly at the Vermilion Street Station—missing the Junction altogether. If the Danville Union Station idea had been completed, or had been in the immediate offing, it is probable the New York Central, or the “Indiana Harbor” road would have been deflected to have joined the Peoria Division of the Big Four east of Danville and thus would have come in on the south side of the Union Station with the Peoria and Cairo Division trains. This would have completed the triangle of train movements about the Union Station, the Wabash on the west, the two lines of the C. & E. I. on the north, the two lines of the Big Four and the New York Central on the south—what a marvelous lay-out of con-

venience for the people of Danville and for the traveling public.”

“The removal of the Junction shops of the C. & E. I. to Oaklawn, in the eastern part of Danville, where larger and more commodious shops were completed in 1904, was a ‘solar plexus’ blow to Danville Junction. This large change removed much of the intense activity of hundreds of shop workers milling around the Junction buildings and patronizing the various Junction eating-houses. It also removed from the Junction much of the real railroad tinge, in other words, much of the real railroad complex, which vanished with the elimination of the shops.”

“The building of the Illinois Traction System into Danville from Champaign, from Homer, from Catlin and Tilton and from Westville, Georgetown and Ridgefarm, while a minor factor, was at least a contributing issue, for the traction lines naturally deflected much of the local travel which would have, more or less, used the Junction. Finally, the automobile, which became a factor in transportation about 1910, and the building of the Vermilion County system of paved highways—and we must remember that good old Vermilion County was the pioneer among all Illinois counties in sponsoring a county bond issue for the building of all-weather highways for motor travel—was another contributing cause.”

“All of these forces beat upon the old Junction Station. It was impossible for the Junction to survive all of these attacks. It gave up the ghost—but only slowly, reluctantly.”

“In 1907 the Wabash notified the Big Four it would no longer concur in the joint expense of

maintaining Danville Junction. The station was then closed for a time."

"Clarence Beckwith, son of Hiram Beckwith, appealed to the Inter-State Commerce Commission and to the Illinois Railroad and Warehouse Commission, as the Illinois Commerce Commission was then called. These two bodies then ordered the Wabash and the Big Four to reopen the station, but there was delay and it was over three years before the reopening was effected. So the Junction Station remained closed until the spring of 1911, when it was again reopened. The Wabash, in the late 19-teens, finally withdrew from the joint arrangement. The Big Four, for a time, maintained the station alone, but found the expense too great. Danville Junction was closed forever, was as dead as Marley in Charles Dickens' immortal 'A Christmas Carol'. The year 1919 marked the end of Danville Junction."

PART III

THE HUMAN EQUATION—PEOPLE, PERSONALITIES AT DANVILLE JUNCTION— AS SEEN BY GUY McILVAINE SMITH

“The people want and they want and they want and they keep on wanting.”—Carl Sandburg in “The Peoples—Yes.”¹

“People have always wanted to travel. Pre-historic man constantly roamed the earth. The migrations of peoples is one of the ultimate problems of both archaeology and of history. Historical man has always been moving. It is a characteristic of the human race, to be shifting about”, observes Guy McIlvaine Smith as the result of his 45 years on or in close contact with the rails.

“Whether they travel de luxe or like the Joad family in John Steinbeck’s ‘The Grapes of Wrath’, people have always wanted to journey hither and thither. From foot to horseback to river and canal boats to railroads, they have moved hither and yon. Now they wish to flit about on rubber tires over smooth ribbons of concrete—but war restrictions forbid. Now they wish to travel on stream-liners, if they use the rails, and they like modern busses, they love planes.”

“When I knew Danville Junction intimately, there were fewer ways to travel. Aside from the

¹Copyright, 1934, by Carl Sandburg, used by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Co., Publishers, New York.

horse and buggy, the passenger train—especially the local passenger train—supplied practically all the means. Danville Junction, for 40 years, supplied the need for a transfer station for untold thousands of travelers.”

“It has long been a pleasantry in New York City to say, if you wish to see Mr. So-and-So, just stand in Times Square—he would be along shortly.”

“Danville Junction was much like that. If, 45 years ago, one wished to meet someone in the Central West, the matter was easy. Simply take your meals at Danville Junction and await your man—he would be there.”

“We handled many political and national characters at the Junction. In 1884, General William Tecumseh Sherman changed cars there. That was before my time at the Junction, but I recall seeing him and hearing him speak at the Eleventh Street Station of the Wabash in LaFayette, Ind.”

“In 1899 President William McKinley went through the Junction on a special C. & E. I. train. A platform was erected, from which he spoke, east of Collett Street on the old passenger wye.”

“The Soldiers’ Home (as it was called then) band furnished music. The President was introduced by none other than the Honorable Joseph Gurney Cannon, known, of course as ‘Uncle Joe’, Danville’s No. 1 citizen who served 46 years in the House of Representatives of our National Congress. Mr. Cannon served longer than has any other member of Congress, either Senate or House. In fact, his record has never been equalled,

let alone surpassed. When we read of a 'veteran' of Congress passing away, as for instance, the late Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, who had served 35 years in both House and Senate, we may justly consider that a long period. It certainly was, but we must recall Mr. Cannon exceeded any 35 years service by his own 46 years."

"In reality, Mr. Cannon served over a 50-year period in the House. He was first elected in 1872, while residing in Tuscola, Ill., and took his seat March 4, 1873, co-incident with the second inauguration of General Grant as President. Mr. Cannon removed to Danville in 1874. He served in Congress until his final retirement in 1923, a total of a 50-year span, although he was twice defeated for terms of two years each, or four years. He called these defeats his 'vacations'. His first defeat came in November, 1892, when he was opposed by Colonel Samuel T. Busey, Urbana banker (at that time Urbana and Danville were in the same Congressional district) this being the year of the Democratic landslide which gave Grover Cleveland his second term in the White House. Mr. Cannon's second defeat came in November, 1912, or twenty years later, during the Progressive, or 'Bull Moose' campaign, with William Howard Taft (campaigning for a second term), Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson participating in a three-cornered contest, with the inevitable result that the Republican party was hopelessly divided and Wilson was elected. Uncle Joe was defeated, as were the most of the Republican candidates."

"But in 1914, at the age of 78, at a period of life when most men have long since definitely

retired, Uncle Joe staged the greatest comeback of his picturesque career and was triumphantly re-elected, serving eight years more, finally retiring in 1922 at the age of 86 and living until May 7, 1936, when he was well past 90 years of age. He served as speaker of the House for eight years, 1903-1911. I often saw him at the Junction, and on this occasion he was a happy man as he was fond of the President."

"A kindly man was President McKinley, a gracious and pleasing public speaker. Those of us who heard him at the Junction in 1899 were charmed. One of his delightful turns in speaking was to inform himself of the interests of the town or city he was visiting. Of course, he seemed to know all about Danville, appeared like a neighbor, and he understood the railroad, manufacturing, mining and other enterprises of Danville."

"His special train stopped at Hoopeston and he amazed the people of that lively little city by his wide knowledge and deep sympathy with their canning and tin-can manufacturing interests. It was no wonder people loved William McKinley. Like Dale Carnegie in that best seller of recent years, 'How to Win Friends and Influence People'—talk to them about their own interests—of course they will like you. No one had this gracious idea perfected better than President McKinley. There was a tremendous crowd milling around the Junction buildings as the C. & E. I. train stood on the old passenger wye, with the President of the United States as the honored guest."

"President Theodore Roosevelt came through Danville Junction on a special train in 1904,

returning from a visit at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis. He came up the Wabash and his train was shunted to the Peoria Division of the Big Four on the Junction wye. The train stopped at the Main Street Station and Uncle Joe Cannon boarded it and rode with the President to the Junction. I can still recall Uncle Joe standing in the center of the Big Four tracks in front of the Junction Station waving his hat to 'Teddy', who was standing on the observation end of his special train as far as he could see the President, with Roosevelt waving his handkerchief to Uncle Joe until the train was lost to view as it rounded a slight curve east of the Junction. Uncle Joe was still standing at the Junction waving to 'Teddy' as the train disappeared. Uncle Joe and 'Teddy' had their differences—plenty of them—but on this occasion they were certainly buddies."

"Al Bennett, a crack Big Four engineer, piloted Roosevelt's train to Indianapolis. He later died in a wreck in the cab of his engine between Tremont and Mackinaw, Ill. Noah Pangborn, of Indianapolis, now deceased, was the conductor, W. D. Barr the brakeman, and Harry Whitford the flagman, but I cannot recall the name of the fireman. I remember that George B. Cortelyou, private secretary to the President and later Postmaster-General, was on the train."

"I recall at least three times when William Jennings Bryan was at the Junction. Doubtless he was there many more times, as he traveled the nation over for many years. He was a star traveler—he loved to travel—liked local passenger trains. He did not mind in the least changing

cars at an ungodly hour, such as 3 a. m., like 'The Great-Commoner' he was."

"Bryan was the headache of every newspaper man who covered him. Bryan accepted every invitation (especially to eat). He was always ready to ride several miles through dust and heat into the rural areas to see some Congressman's new barn or some Judge's fine cattle. Of course, the newspaper correspondents had to go with him, for Bryan was Page 1 news for years—he might break a leg or be involved in a runaway."

"On one occasion Bryan came into the Junction baggage room and had a nice long chat with me, which I enjoyed very much, as Bryan was a charming man personally."

"I recall 'Marse' Henry Watterson, editor of the famous Louisville Courier-Journal, who was the idol of his readers. He was one of the most gifted, one of the most influential of the old school 'personal editors', as they were called—men like Horace Greeley, Charles A. Dana, Joseph Medill, Joseph Pulitzer, many others. People lingered on editorials which 'Marse' Watterson wrote. I recall he was lame and walked down the Junction platform with a cane."

"Booker T. Washington, prominent Negro educator, was one time at Danville Junction, apparently by mistake. He came to Danville to look over some dairy cattle on the Woodbury Dairy Farm, northwest of the city, as he wished the cows for his Institute at Tuskegee, Ala. In some way he was advised to leave the Big Four train at Danville Junction when he should have ridden on to the Vermilion Street Station. There was no one to meet him at the Junction. He came into

the baggage-room, rather bewildered and asked me, 'Is this Danville?' 'This is Danville Junction, I told him.' He then asked me to call a cab to take him down-town, which I was very glad to do. I recall him as a light-colored Negro, very polite and cultured and entertaining."

"I saw Dwight L. Moody, famous Chicago evangelist, at the Junction in 1897. I also saw Sam Jones and Sam Small, prominent traveling evangelists. Sam Jones changed cars at Danville Junction a number of times. I also saw Lieut.-Gen. John B. Gordon, former Confederate military leader, whom I had heard speak while I was working at Fort Worth, Texas. He was eating lunch. I went up to him and asked him if he were General Gordon. He was most affable and was delighted to see some one who recognized him. He published his 'Reminiscences' in 1903."

"Carrie Nation and her hatchet alighted from a C. & E. I. train one sizzling hot noon in 1904 at the Junction. The Danville Elks were holding a street carnival and had engaged Carrie as a highlight attraction. That afternoon on South Vermilion Street, Carrie demolished the exhibit of a Danville brewery, knocking bottles hither and thither and yon with her hatchet."

"I never positively knew of General Lew Wallace, author of 'The Fair God', 'Ben Hur' and 'The Prince of India', who lived in nearby Crawfordsville, until his death in 1905 (although frequently absent on numerous governmental appointments) changing cars at Danville Junction, but he surely did, as he did much traveling over the Central West. My father knew him very well. Another author who lived in Danville and

until her death in 1902 was Mary Hartwell Cath-erwood, of Hoopeston, author of 'The Story of Tonti', 'The Romance of Dollard', 'The Spirit of an Illinois Town', 'Lazarre' and many other novels dealing with the French in America and especially in the Central West. As a young woman she taught in the public schools of Danville and used C. & E. I. trains between Danville and Hoopeston."

"Without doubt, the late Dr. C. L. Van Doren, father of Carl Van Doren and Mark Van Doren, famous New York literary men, changed cars often at the Junction coming in on the Big Four from Fithian, as he lived and practiced medicine at Hope, in the western part of Vermilion county, northwest of Fithian. He told Mr. Burford he took patients on cots a number of times from Fithian to Chicago and undoubtedly both physi-cian and patient changed to C. & E. I. trains at Danville Junction. He moved to Urbana in 1900 to educate his five sons in the University of Illi-nois."

"Uncle Joe Cannon, while at his Danville home during recesses of Congress, was frequently at the Junction. He was an intimate friend of Uncle Billy Taylor, Junction policeman for many years. William H. Taylor, or Uncle Billy, at the turn of the century, had been transferred by the Danville city council from the position of chief of the fire department to the police department. Uncle Billy was a Civil War veteran and was in his 71st year, but was as spry as a cricket. Because of his age and his war record, Uncle Billy was 'taken care of', and a special police beat, consisting of the Junction area only was created for him. He presided over this beat for 12 years

or until he was 83 years of age. Uncle Joe used to ride to the Junction on the street car and spend an afternoon swapping yarns with Uncle Billy. In bad weather, they sat in the Junction ticket-office. In fair weather, they sat on a station truck or strolled up and down the platforms."

"I am sorry I cannot recall at the Junction the ponderous Bloomington, Ill., traveling man, 'Baby' Bliss. Many of my friends who were around the Junction when I was there assure me that 'Baby' changed cars there many times. 'Baby' sold cigars on the road and was an Illinois character for a number of years. He weighed about 450 pounds. He sat on two chairs in a hotel dining-room. Mr. Burford tells me he recalls 'Baby' when he used to 'make' the Farmer City fair. He would hire a livery rig and ride out to the fair ground, filling the entire buggy seat. 'Baby' followed Illinois fairs for a number of years, being almost as much an attraction as was the fair itself."

"But I do recall most vividly another eccentric character who changed cars at regular intervals at Danville Junction. He was 'The Immortal J. N.'. He always greeted passers-by with the crisp observation:

" 'I have arrived to relieve the pressure'."

" 'The Immortal J. N.' wore his shaggy gray hair far down on his shoulders. He was a marked man, in every sense of the term. Everyone knew him in the 1890s' and the early 1900s'. He never paid a cent for railroad fare, meals, lodging, street cars, shows, or any other form of traveling or personal expense. He started talking to a railroad conductor, or lunch counter attendant,

or hotel proprietor, and simply talked his way forthwith to Victory. It was always a 'V' for 'The Immortal J. N.' He used to walk forward in one-night stands or week-long shows in towns and make a speech between acts. He was the one man who never missed a meal nor paid a cent, as the old saying passed. He never missed a show or a public entertainment. He traveled for years over Illinois and Indiana in this manner. Danville Junction was, of course, familiar territory to him."

"Mr. Burford tells me that 'The Immortal J. N.' made Farmer City and attended the fair. He always followed the fairs—and never paid a cent—why should he—was he not 'The Immortal J. N.'? Mr. Burford recalls having seen 'The Immortal J. N.' many times. One time on the street, in Farmer City, this eccentric character stopped the Burford urchin (aged about eight) and placed his hand on the boy's shoulder."

"'Now, you're a likely boy', he said. 'Please tell your name real pretty'."

"Needless to say, the small Burford was considerably terrified when he saw the lion-like head and mane of 'The Immortal J. N.', towering above him."

"This old-time free tourist always wore a black slouch hat and a Prince Albert coat and carried a weather-beaten Gladstone bag filled with scrapbooks. While waiting between trains, he would sit in the Junction waiting-room and cut articles from a bundle of newspapers which he invariably carried and would paste them into his scrapbook."

"Michael Kelly, the Danville millionaire coal operator, used to like to stroll into the Junction

baggage room while he waited for his train en route to Chicago. On the north wall of that venerable institution were fastened the boards with their brass pegs which held the cardboard baggage checks for the various railroads. Some were blue—others red—still others yellow—in order to establish their separate or particular purpose. I noticed one day Mr. Kelly was looking over the boards. The old gentleman, who was a stickler for economy, opined the companies could effect quite a saving by adhering to one color.”

“‘What’s the use of so much damn shenanigan?’ he demanded.”

The Roman Holiday of “The Drummer”

“During my service at Danville Junction, the American traveling salesman, or as he was even better known, ‘the drummer’, was at his picturesque and romantic best. Hundreds of ‘drummers’ changed cars each week. When I was baggage man at the Junction, I used to check the trunks and sample cases of at least 25 or 30 commercial travelers each Monday morning between 7 o’clock and 9 o’clock. This movement was, of course, heaviest from Mondays through Saturday, as most of them liked to ‘Sunday-over’ either at their own home or at some favorite hotel—hence were ‘off the road’ from Saturday to Monday.”

“No traveling man in the 1890s’ and the first decade of the 1900s’ could possibly hold up his head in self-respect without his line of heavy trunks of samples—plenty of samples, too. If he carried from five to 25 trunks, he was indeed in high standing or caste, among his fellow drummers. He was then considered, as we would say

today, 'a big shot'. But below five trunks, he could hardly be classed a drummer at all—just a mere 'piker'."

"Traveling salesmen, in those years, 'made' all the towns by rail, although they hired 'livery rigs' for quick jumps between two nearby towns, as, for instance, from Attica to Williamsport, or from St. Joseph to Ogden, or Hoopeston to Rossville. Frequently, they were compelled to 'drive', that is, drive a livery team or horse from a town where a fast train, or a so-called fast train, stopped, to one where such fast trains did not stop. But, obviously, heavy trunks could not be transported in a livery 'turn-out', although the enterprising commercial traveler might have taken a few samples tucked under the buggy-seat to display to the merchant in a small town where it was not practicable to make 'a call' with a battery of trunks. Frequently, again, a drummer, with 12 or 15 trunks, made his headquarters at a Danville hotel, such as the Aetna or the Plaza, where he would spread out his samples in a Turkish bazaar fashion in 'the sample room'. He then invited merchants from a dozen surrounding towns to come into Danville, be his dinner guests at the hotel—always a privilege to the 'country merchant'—and look over the goods 'direct from the Paris and New York markets' in the hotel sample room."

"But there were objections to the last named method. A merchant in a small town where the drummer either did not or could not make a personal call with all of his sample cases, felt he and his town were being snubbed. Furthermore, in the years when a merchant spent 15 or 18 hours daily—from 6 a.m. until 10 p.m.—in his store,

the merchant felt he simply could not leave his business to spend a day or part of a day in Danville looking over samples. Long hours were then accepted simply as a matter of course."

"'If that drummer wants my orders, let him bring his stuff here to my town and put up at our hotel and spread out his samples where I can take time to look them over. Then, maybe, I'll buy,' was the retort of the village merchant."

"In the final analysis, the problem of the traveling men of 1897 or 1902 resolved itself largely into the all-rail route. It was 'hit the rails' from one town to another, checking a flotilla of trunks and sample cases and keeping every merchant in every town in just as good humor as possible. Hence, traveling men were dependent, almost entirely, upon trains and upon local passenger trains especially. Danville Junction, as a transfer point with railroads radiating in all directions, suited them to a queen's taste."

"Many of the top traveling men in Danville territory 'made only the best towns'—Danville, Champaign, Decatur, Bloomington, Springfield, Peoria in Illinois—LaFayette, Terre Haute, Evansville in Indiana. There were drummers who made these larger cities and then such points as Attica, Hoopeston, Paris, Clinton, Ind., other towns of that size. Finally, there was a myriad of traveling men who 'made' all the small towns such as Rossville, Fairmount, Homer, Williamsport, West Lebanon, Ogden, St. Joseph, Ridgefarm, Chrisman, many others."

"There was also much 'doubling back' by a drummer. In order to 'work' his 'territory' a drummer would have to 'run through' a town and then 'drop back' to it in order to dovetail

into a composite whole the best towns and the second best towns, the fast trains and the slow trains, the best hotels (avoiding the worst) and the largest and most desirable sample rooms. Such travel required drummers using local passenger trains to a degree incomprehensible to us today. For instance, more trains stopped at Attica than at Williamsport, more at Hoopeston than at Rossville, so many times a traveling man would have to 'double back' to 'make' a town like Rossville."

"I recall a dapper Englishman who traveled for Rogers, Peet and Company, New York City clothiers, who came through Danville Junction twice a year. He was a drummer de luxe, par excellence, I might add. He was as well groomed and as snappily tailored as a fashion plate. He dressed to advertise his own business—he did it superbly. He was not only immaculate but exceptionally polite, a real gentleman of the old school."

"This Englishman carried 27 trunks—what an assignment for a baggageman to hustle off and on a baggage car. He had an assistant, 'a packer', who traveled with him. The packer's duty was, of course, to pack and unpack the 27 trunks—no small task, at that. The packer was a younger man who was learning the business and the route—the 'ropes', in other words, was being 'broken in'. These two men traveled the nation across, 'making' two round trips each year across the continent."

"A Baltimore clothing house, Schloss Bros., traveled a man who 'made' Danville Junction, carrying 25 trunks."

"I recall F. J. McAvoy, traveling man for the old Chicago dry goods house of John B. Farwell

and Company, who carried 12 trunks. The Farwell house was a favorite for years. It handled a heavy flow of business for many years from merchants in cities like Danville down to towns like Homer or Georgetown. Farwell was a familiar name to many 'country merchants'—we must remember, to a Chicago wholesale house, both Danville and Georgetown were 'country towns'."

"There was Jack Richards, a swell little chap who traveled for the wholesale dry goods house of Marshall Field and Company. We must recall that Field's, for many years, operated a separate wholesale and a retail store in Chicago. Richards also carried an even dozen trunks. I also recall the drummer from the wholesale house of Carson, Pirie, Scott and Company, Chicago, another favorite buying center for small town merchants."

"All trunks and sample cases had to weigh 250 pounds or less, as the Central Passenger Association would not accept individual pieces of baggage weighing over 250 pounds, except theatrical baggage."

"Most interesting and awe-inspiring of all drummers to me were the two men who traveled for the famous old jewelry house of Tiffany and Company, New York. They carried only five trunks—but precious indeed were those trunks—filled to the brim with jewelry and diamonds. They were insured for \$500,000, I understood. One of the two men always remained with the trunks—regardless of the railroad or of the station. One of the two men rode the station trucks up to the baggage car door, saw the valuable cargo delivered into the custody of the train baggageman and then scampered back to hurry

up the steps of his passenger coach. Think of all that watchfulness, in all seasons of the year, fair weather or foul. Those Tiffany men took nothing for granted—could not, in fact. I admired those diamond drummers, although I always felt frankly relieved when their valuable line of samples had been removed from my jurisdiction.”

“I recall many shoe drummers, who also carried heavy trunks. They carried shoes for the right foot only, or ‘rights’, as samples, or shoes for the left foot only, or ‘lefts’. In this way, all pairs of shoes did double duty, one salesman carrying ‘rights’, another ‘lefts’.”

“I remember a tall salesman who traveled for Arm and Hammer brand of soda. He was seven feet in height—was really tall. He used to ‘stop’ at the Plaza Hotel. No bed could contain his length, of course, for his feet protruded beyond the footboard. The hotel management placed a set-in table at the end of his bed for his feet to rest upon while he slept. I never knew his name, but everyone called him ‘Colonel’.”

“Many of these drummers stopped at John Oswalt’s Annex Hotel. The St. Louis House and the Summit House were more for railroad men. Many drummers stopped at Junction hotels because they arrived or departed on night or early morning trains. Many of them loved the menu of the Junction hotels, especially the Annex Hotel under Mr. Oswalt.”

“I have often wondered how many commercial travelers used the trains at Danville Junction in one of its busy years—how many pieces of baggage were checked there in a month, in a year. Sometimes a drummer would find it prac-

ticable, perhaps even economical, to change cars several times a week at Danville Junction—at all hours of the day and night.”

“The traveling salesman, as we knew him when the two centuries were merged into one interval of time, has almost vanished from the American business scene. True, there are traveling men today—and many of them—but in normal driving periods they travel almost exclusively in their own cars, possibly by bus, certainly less by train, especially on their short ‘jumps’. One thing is certain—the day of the many heavy trunks and sample cases has gone forever. Traveling men do not ‘put up’ for several leisurely days as they used to do at the Plaza or Aetna and entertain the merchants and their clerks, at least their department managers and buyers for evening dinner, perhaps a theater party. Some merchants say they never even look over samples in a sample room at present. Many hotels do not even have a sample room—if they do, it is small and obscure. Coffee-shops and bars often occupy the space formerly assigned as a matter of course for sample rooms.”

“Small towns, in normal driving conditions, have few traveling men at all any more, and those few usually drive their own automobiles. I know of one traveling representative, who just prior to the tire rationing program, traveled 100,000 miles visiting every state in the Union and was not once on a train. This may be an unusual case, I realize.”

“But—suffice the matter to say—the old days of the traveling salesman, of the picturesque drummer, as we knew him at Danville Junction,

are over. Never again, in my opinion, will the traveling man return to the rails, at least for local trains. Trips from Chicago to New York on streamliners are different, of course. The drummer has vanished."

**The Show Troupe—The Actors and Actresses—
A Typical Central-Western Group—Doubtless
Gone Forever**

"No comment on Danville Junction could possibly be complete without reference to the many merry troupes of old-time stage personalities, the actors and actresses of long ago, who 'in person', came swarming through the old Junction."

"I have always been intensely interested in the panorama of travelers before me. I am interested today in the seething mass of folks whom I find around me. I have liked the stage, the political campaigns and political figures, and baseball. It would be difficult to state which field fascinates me the most—perhaps the toss would lie between baseball and the stage."

"Many old-time show troupes were self-advertising, with their names, and the names of their productions and of the stars blazoned on the sides of their trains, or of their private cars, and at the end of the train as well. Likewise, their names were scattered over their many trunks and items of baggage which we handled at Danville Junction—how could I help carrying memories for life of the vast parade of celebrities who passed through Danville Junction on their way to engagements throughout the Central West."

"Danville itself was a good show town. It was on the old Chatterton circuit, with troupes com-

ing from New York, filling a nice long 'run' in Chicago, then 'taking to the road'. Many of these companies, after playing Chicago, came down the C. & E. I. to show in Danville, then on to Decatur, Bloomington, Springfield, or Peoria. Some of them swung off into Indiana, playing Terre Haute, Evansville, Indianapolis. Many went on to St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, all points in the Central West."

"At Danville Junction we certainly saw 'show troupes'. They were an interesting group, a marked group of folks indeed. Their faces reflected their many constant night-to-night applications of make-up, which they could never completely efface—nor did they wish to efface it, as it was a badge of their professionalism. They were dazzling to us, wearing what we of the Central West 45 years ago called 'loud' clothes. They radiated city manners, city background, a dash of the mysterious, a tinge of the back-stage life which is always of infinite curiosity to folks out-front. Next to seeing them on the stage, it was perhaps as interesting to see them while traveling, for their entire personalities were veneered with that certain something which was not of our Corn Belt viewpoint."

"What troupes—what stars—what actors—what actresses—what lesser fry of the theatre—came through Danville Junction about 1900—you ask?"

"Many of them were as high in the theatrical world as Otis Skinner, Walker Whiteside, Joe Jefferson the third, Eddie Foy, Robert B. Mantell, Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry—to name so few."

"Their baggage was a tremendous item.

Many troupes carried their own 60-foot baggage cars—frequently two 60-footers. They carried hand luggage as well. Their trunks, ‘grips’, ‘bags’ were ponderous—they were mystic as well to the dazzled beholder on the platform of Danville Junction.”

“Frequently — usually — show troupes consisted of 15, 20 or 25 people. No wonder Danville Junction was a lively place with one or two show troupes averaging 20 persons each, a dozen or 15 drummers, and 25 miscellaneous travelers, such as a blind man, a mother and five children, two Catholic Sisters and half-a-dozen quack doctors leaving or taking a single train. The cushions of a railroad coach caught all the travelers in the palmy days of Danville Junction.”

“I recall on Christmas Day, 1903, we transferred 300 pieces of theatrical baggage at the Junction. Road shows were then in the hey-day of their popularity in the Central West.”

“I especially remember a Christmas Day when Edward H. Sothern and his wife, Virginia Harned, with a troupe of 20 people, playing in ‘An Enemy to the King’, were at Danville Junction, changing from the C. & E. I. to the Wabash en route from Terre Haute to Fort Wayne. It was a terrible day with a blizzard raging. Everyone was at home who could be at home. Aside from the show troupe, there were not half-a-dozen passengers in the waiting-rooms. The drummers were, of course, off the road. Christmas visitors had already passed through the Junction a day or two before Christmas, would be returning until after New Year’s Day.”

"Miss Harned rushed into the Annex Hotel and ordered a sumptuous Christmas dinner, with all the trimmings from soup to nuts, to be prepared for the stranded passengers and the show troupe. It was one extravaganza of a Christmas dinner. Trains were hours late that day in all directions, but the day proved to be a merry one after all. I recall that Sothern and Harned had their 60-foot baggage car which was switched through the Junction wyes from the C. & E. I. to the Wabash that day."

"We used to 'catch' Otis Skinner and his wife, Maude Durbin, parents of Cornelia Otis Skinner, who is now delighting audiences in her distinctive monologues. Otis Skinner was a real 'star' in his day and generation. He played in a varied Shakespeare repertoire—'Macbeth', 'Much Ado About Nothing', 'Richard III', 'Othello', 'The Taming of the Shrew', 'Midsummer Night's Dream', and others. Later, he was in 'Lazarre', a play prepared from the novel of that name by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, who lived in her youth in Milford, taught in the public schools of Danville and lived as a married woman in Indianapolis and in Hoopeston. She was identified more clearly with Hoopeston than any other community. Mentioning Hoopeston, it was nothing for 50 Hoopeston people to be in Danville on one day, especially when court was in session. C. & E. I. trains would be packed between Hoopeston and Danville—also returning—with people standing in the aisles—do you recall this, you Hoopes-ton folks, when you were much younger, perhaps better looking than at present? The story is told one prominent Hoopestonite almost missed his

train one-subzero day at the Junction—he had to swing on the last pair of steps gliding past him, then found the door locked into the warm, cozy coach. He could raise no friendly aid within—he had to ride that day, almost frozen, to Hoopeston. But, returning to Otis Skinner, Mr. Burford tells me he saw this veteran on the stage in Booth Tarkington's 'Mister Antonio', also in 'Blood and Sand'."

"Joe Jefferson III and his brother, Tom Jefferson, sons of the second famous Joe Jefferson, used to come through Danville Junction."

"Mary Garden and her company of 20 or 25 people were at the Junction one day. They missed a man from their troupe. He was urgently needed in the next engagement. Where could he be? Danville police were called in. Finally, the missing Thespian was located in the bar of the Aetna Hotel (two stories of that venerable four-story hotel still survive as the location of Danville's Walgreen store) as drunk as the proverbial 'biled owl'. He was hustled back to the Junction (doubtless in a horse-drawn cab) and was sobered up with strong coffee and other devices of his teammates as they could turn the trick, and placed in the best possible condition to tread the mystic boards that evening."

"I saw William H. Crane and Stuart Robson in their famous tour of the nation in an elaborately staged production of 'The Henrietta', prior to my coming to Danville Junction. In all probability, it was while I was a telegraph student at LaFayette Junction. I am certain no show troupe ever traveled in more luxury than the Dramatis Personae of 'The Henrietta'. They carried two

baggage and scenery cars, at least three Pullman cars and a diner. Each swanky car bore, below the windows, streamers proclaiming 'Crane and Robson in the Henrietta'. The late Harry Barnes, ace railroad reporter of Danville, told me shortly before his death, that outside advertising on railroad coaches is now 'taboo'."

"At present, no special trains, upon which they might be draped, are permitted in this war year of 1942. But the rule against outside-the-coaches publicity has applied as well to special trains to conventions, games, races, celebrations or other events to which specials have been run. But, in those years, special trains were gaily decorated."

"I recall William H. Crane passing through Danville Junction while I was there. He was presenting a comedy-drama entitled 'The Senator'. This was, of course, after he and Stuart Robson had dissolved partnership. I also recall Robson going through with a troupe in another comedy-drama, 'Government Acceptance'. I believe the latter was about the last tour Robson ever made—it might have been his last."

"William S. Hart, who later burst into fame in the movies, used to come through Danville Junction in 'The Squaw Man'. I recall he carried a heavy line of baggage and scenery."

"Robert B. Mantell transferred a number of times at the Junction in the days he was touring in one-night stands, presenting such well-remembered favorites as 'Monbars', 'The Face in the Moonlight', and 'The Dagger and the Cross'. Mantell had declined to continue paying alimony to one of his former wives (he had several), by name Charlotte Behrens. The divorce decree had

been entered in New York State. Consequently, he had to give that state, including New York City, of course, a wide berth. None of the great metropolitan producers would present him, fearing legal entanglements. So he appeared for a time out of Chicago and was managed by the famous M. W. Hanley booking office, Chicago. The Hanley agency, in those years, presented a number of well-known stars, Willis Granger, True S. James, Harrison J. Wolfe, Louis Owen and John Griffith."

"Mantell was a most genial fellow, with a personality like the charm of a steel magnet. He came into the baggage-room at the Junction several times and asked me what troupes had been through and which ones had played Danville. I recall one time he stood by the old 'cannon stove', a time-honored institution in our baggage-room. Who among you of the early 1900's except can remember the old type depot stove, a real institution in its day, whence the old saying, 'as hot as a depot stove'? He stood there warming himself and reading a book. He wore a big Scotch Kersey ulster with a broad fur collar and cuffs, which he had tossed atop a row of trunks. Again—may I ask you—who among our readers can recall having seen in childhood or youth an actor traveling on one-night stands, wearing his broad fur collar and cuffs. Such a personality in your home town zoomed grand and dazzling—a veritable eye-knocker in the admiration of small-town fry. Marie Booth Russell (Mantell's Wife No. 2) was with the troupe at that time. *I have never seen a more beautiful actress.*"

"That tiny, but dynamic bit of human personality, Minnie Monk, who in her long career supported half-a-dozen top-flight tragedians was also in the cast, as was William F. Shay, Mantell's leading man. Shay left the 'legit' stage for the movies. He is recalled in the early 'nickelodeon' round the corner' with Mary Pickford, Pauline Bush and Owen Moore in the Old Imp brand of flickers released by Universal."

"Richard Mansfield's company—yes, no other than the beloved Mansfield himself, absolutely in person, the matinee idol, over whom now tottering old ladies wept copious tears in their giddy youth—was shunted through the Junction on special trains several times. This company traveled de luxe—and how. Mansfield, the eminent, gloried in his private car, which bore no less distinguished name than 'Cyrano de Bergerac', attached to the end of his private train. How delighted we would be today to glimpse such a special theatrical train entering Danville to play at the Fischer Theatre bearing a world-renowned actor like Richard Mansfield and his company. Mansfield died in 1907. Between 1900 and 1907, with his strength ebbing in his latter years, he played 'Brutus' in 'Julius Caesar' and he was cast as the male lead in 'Old Heidelberg', Tolstoi's 'Ivan the Terrible' and Ibsen's "Peer Gynt'. We must recall, however, that the legitimate stage persisted through the first World War with Ethel Barrymore, Maude Adams, and Grace George playing such cities as Danville, Champaign, etc."

"Mansfield's private car was divided into four compartments—office, dining, sleeping and lounge portions. Mansfield was attended by a Japanese

valet—this idea went over well enough in 1901, but certainly would not rate in this war year of 1942.”

There came a day when we failed to see Robert B. Mantell. Legalistic barriers had been burned away. Liebler and Company were presenting him to metropolitan audiences in a stupendously staged Shakespearean repertoire. The famed star was entering into that last decade of his career in which his name ranked fully with those of Kean, Booth, Barrett and McCullough.”

“I recall three renowned English actors—Roland Reed, Sir John Hare and Jack Gilmore. Reed played in ‘The Politician’; Sir John in ‘A Pair of Spectacles’, while Jack Gilmore, George Beban and Mary Hampton appeared in Sydney Grundy’s masterpiece, ‘Sowing the Wind’.”

“Olga Nethersole and her company in ‘Sappho’ was also shunted through the Junction wyes in a Pullman special, as were Frank Keenan and Fred-eric Warde.”

“Nat Goodwin, one of whose wives was the lovely, brunette Maxine Elliott (and who does not recall the name and fame of Maxine Elliott in little old New York and the theater named for this gorgeous creature?) went through the Junction several times, always on special trains. Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry also traveled de luxe, on a special Pullman train, and were through the Junction, I recall.”

“I remember Murray and Mack of the farce comedy world in ‘McCarthy’s Mishaps’ and ‘Our Irish Visitors’; Hyde and Beeman in ‘Muldoon’s Picnic’, Charles A. Gardner in ‘Carl the Peddler’, and Al H. Wilson in ‘The Watch on the Rhine’

(the last certainly would not be popular with loyal Americans today). Gardner and Wilson were singing comedians and whenever they hit a town the populace whistled 'Sweet Violets', 'Daisies Won't Tell', and 'The Tea-Kettle Song' for a month after their departure."

"S. Miller Kent in 'The Foundling'; Paul Gilmore in 'The Mummy and the Humming-Bird'; Clay Clement in 'The New Dominion'; Minnie du Pree in 'The Road to Yesterday'; Augustus Phillips in 'The Wolfe'; Robert Edison in 'Where the Trail Ends'; Harry Carey, who was later in the movies for several years, in 'Montana', and Charles Grapewine, that droll comedian who did such a rare bit of character acting in the screen version of 'Tobacco Road', all changed cars at Danville Junction. Grapewine played in Danville in those rare old farces from the pen of George Broadhurst, 'What Happened to Jones', 'Smith's in Town', and 'Why Men Leave Home'."

"In the light opera field there came our Junction way many of the B. C. Whitney productions with such famous stars as Mae Tenbroke, John Henshaw, Mabel Hite and John Slavin, the last named celebrity figuring in a hundred thousand dollar lawsuit a few years later against John McGraw of the New York Giants. In the realm of light opera there was also Francis Wilson in 'If I Were King', and Thomas Q. Seabrooke in 'The Isle of Champagne'."

"Lillian Russell—yes, bless her soul, Lillian Russell, the one and only Lillian, was through Danville Junction at least twice. John C. Oswalt recalls that this prima donna with all of her glamor, loveliness and avordupois (in this last de-

scriptive classification like the curvaceous Mae West of later years) was twice a dinner guest, with her troupe, at the Annex Hotel, at Danville Junction. On one occasion, Miss Russell's manager wired Landlord Oswalt to have a de luxe dinner piping hot at a certain split minute when the company rolled off a train at the Junction. I am sure our readers will enjoy the recent sparkling biography of 'Lillian Russell' or 'The Age of Plush', by Parker Morell."

"Eddie Foy, the comedian, was with us, and so was Tim Murphy in 'The Texas Steer', written by Charles A. Hoyt. 'The Bunch of Keys' troupe—another farce by Hoyt—also passed through the Junction. We saw Porter J. White and Olga Verne in 'Faust', and Louis Morrison, who also played in 'Faust'. Morrison was quite deaf, I recall. He later played in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, and became, I understood, 'stone deaf'."

"Harrison J. Wolfe, supported by Mildred Holland, daughter of Circuit Judge Holland of Chicago, changed cars at Danville Junction, as did Steel McKaye, who had built the theatre at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, in 1893."

"Another coming man of the legitimate theater whom I distinctly recall at Danville Junction was Walker Whiteside. He was born in Logansport, Ind. He played 'Hamlet' before he was 20 years of age, one commentator says at the age of 15. He was a master of Shakespeare, playing not only 'Hamlet', but also 'Richard III', 'The Merchant of Venice', in fact, many others. He played in lighter things, too, such as 'The Beloved Vaga-

bond', and 'The Melting Pot'. As late as 1934 and 1935 he played in 'Master of Balantrae'."

"Whiteside died since Mr. Burford and I have been working on this book. He passed away Aug. 19, 1942, at Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., at the age of 73. His dramatic career covered 47 years, making him 16, according to that calculation, when he began acting."

"I will always feel grateful I was privileged to see Paul Dresser, who wrote the song 'On the Banks of the Wabash'. Danville is only 10 miles from the Wabash River. Everyone about Danville Junction and in Danville was singing or whistling this popular ditty which won a tremendous success and became the state song of Indiana. Paul Dresser was a brother of Theodore Drieser, the famous novelist—no, I am not mistaken, they were brothers in spite of the different spelling of their names, for Paul used the Americanized form, Theodore the German. They were born in Terre Haute, less than 60 miles from Danville. Terre Haute was and is a busy transfer point between the C. & E. I. and two Indianapolis-St. Louis trunk lines—the present St. Louis Division of the Big Four and the St. Louis Division of the Pennsylvania, which we of the railroad fraternity used to call 'The Vandalia' or 'The Van' because it passed through the historic old county seat of Vandalia, second state capital of Illinois—the capital city of the state from 1820 to 1837. There was a large amount of business, with ticket sales and baggage checked, between Danville Junction and Terre Haute."

"The story runs that Theodore Drieser and Paul Dresser were spending a few days at Mud-

lavia Springs Hotel (the older building which burned a few years ago and was replaced by the present handsome new hotel) near Attica and Williamsport, Ind., 30 miles northeast of Danville. They were in Williamsport one day and wandered southeast across the Wabash railway tracks in that Hoosier county seat town to what is known as 'Old Town' or 'Old Williamsport', where the first court house of Warren county, Ind., was erected, in the original town plat near the Wabash River. The brothers stood atop a bluff overlooking the placid stream, said by many competent judges to be the most Hoosieresque feature of the old Hoosier state—unless, perchance, it is the Monon railroad."

"Suddenly, it is said, the idea of a song about the river popped into the head of Paul Dresser. His brother, Theodore Drieser, said by no less an authority than Carl Van Doren to be the most distinguished novelist in America, encouraged him, with the net result that 'On the Banks of the Wabash' came into existence, one of the most popular songs of the last half-century, I am sure. Paul Dresser and J. C. Stuart played in 'The Two Johns', a burlesque on 'The Two Dromios', the twin brothers in Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors.'"

"All these old-time troupers took the bitter with the sweet. They considered the trials of across-the-nation traveling as simply incidental to their profession. I can close my eyes this moment and see troupes of 15 or 20 or 25 persons as they strolled around Danville Junction on a 'jump' from one one-night stand to another. These theatrical people were a hardy lot, well accustomed

to all sorts of knocks and bumps—and to come up smiling. They knew everything about late trains, slow trains, missed trains. They took hasty lunches in depot hotels and depot lunch counters. Someone should present a fitting tribute to the hardihood of these old show troupers, who delighted and dazzled the eyes of the people of the Central West with a dash of Broadway brought right down to the Main Street and Public Square of this town or that—in states like Illinois and Indiana—and changed cars at Danville Junction as they tirelessly maintained their engagements on a wide-spread itinerary.”

“Illustrative of the ‘never-say-die’ spirit of these now vanished show troupers, let me relate one incident which happened in 1905 while I was at the Junction. Leslie Carter and her company were booked to play ‘The Heart of Maryland’ at Heinley’s Grand Opera House (so many towns and cities had a ‘Grand Opera House’ in those days) in Danville, which stood on the corner now occupied by the Fischer Theatre in our city. She had a cast of 25 people—it was really quite a show. Miss Carter was well and favorably known—she was supported by an excellent company of players. The show had been well advertised—Heinley’s Grand was sold out.”

“En route to Danville, the C. & E. I. train bearing this talented troupe and its special scenery car, filled to the eaves with an elaborate wardrobe and change of scenes, was wrecked. The scenery car was set “akimbo” of the rails. Somehow—probably by a special made-up train—the show troupe and other passengers were brought to the Collett Street Station. But there was no possible

hope their baggage car could be reset astride the track to permit its Danville arrival in time for the evening curtain."

"What to do—what to do? Here was Leslie Carter and her talented company in town—but sans baggage, sans costumes, sans scenery, sans everything but the clothes they were wearing. "Shall we go on—with only the stitches on our backs, as we were when overtaken by the wreck?" "Yes, indeed," replied the Heinley manager, for always the show must go on. Like true Thespians, they presented 'The Heart of Maryland' in their street clothes, for 'the show had to go on'. The performance was one wow of a tremendous success. Danville people discussed that show for a month afterward. I presume their baggage and scenery caught up with them within a day or two—I never knew, for Lesile Carter and her splendid company disappeared down the rails—but we considered them simply superb."

"Unfortunately, we of the year 1942, while we have gained many advantages, have lost one glamorous feature of the 1890's and 1900's. We have lost the legitimate stage, a most distressing loss, an overwhelming loss, even though we have acquired the automobile, the moving picture, the radio. Yet I wonder if the gain of these other advantages will outweigh the passing of the dear old 'legit'."

"In the 1890's and even beyond the First World War, we had the actor and the actress in person in our midst. We had Skinner, Whiteside, Sothern, Crane, Robson, Mantell. We had Ellen Terry, Virginia Harned, Leslie Carter—alas, I have named so few. People went to a stage show

perhaps once, twice, thrice a month, only occasionally, compared with so frequent attendance at the motion picture theatre of today, and as they hear daily, many times daily, programs over the radio. There was not so much of that flutter of always doing something. After seeing Sothorn or Joe Jefferson or Sir Henry Irving, in a great production, supported by an able cast, with elegant costumes and gorgeous scenery, people seemed satisfied. They discussed—lived intellectually at least—on the production for days afterward. If it were a Shakesperean drama, they studied the play both before and after its showing. They knew what they were going to see—or had seen. Now we flit in and out of a movie—and no one loves good motion pictures more than I do—with only a casual interest in its production.”

“I fear we have permanently lost, in this country, one of its outstanding features of 40 or 50 years ago—the legitimate stage plays, with star actors and actresses—which came to cities the size of Danville.”

The Chautauqua Comes—and Goes

“I experienced, too, at Danville Junction, the big years of the Chautauqua as an American institution.”

“Chautauqua entertainers, ‘talent’ as they called themselves, used regular trains, no special trains, but they carried considerable baggage. Naturally, I handled their baggage. Many troupes of Chautauqua talent had their names on their trunks so I came to know them, as I was interested.”

"I cared for the baggage a number of times of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, Chicago, now known as the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. The Redpath, Slayton and other 'bureaus' sponsored many quartettes and quintets, also many companies of singers, bands, orchestras, bellringers, magicians, what not. I recall the baggage of 'The Slayton Lady Trio', traveling out of Boston. There was also 'The Mendlesohn Quintet', of Boston. I remember Victor Herbert, a 'cellist, before he launched into light opera, also Nathan Franko, a Russian Jew, and a solo violinist."

"John Temple Graves, a Chautauqua lecturer, used to pass through Danville Junction. William Jennings Bryan was there several times on his Chautauqua and other speaking appointments, as I have noted, as well as on political errands."

"Chautauqua and Lyceum talent traveled day or night—or I should say day *and* night—to keep their scattered appointments. Like the old farmer who approved so heartily of the eight hour day that he put in two of them each 24 hours, one in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon, just so did Chautauqua speakers and musicians, in filling their dates, utilize the eight hour day so thoroughly they put in three of them each 24 hours. They also approved the five-day-a-week idea so warmly that they worked five days a week and then threw in two more days just for good measure."

"Another Chautauqua group I recall was the Ovid Musin Company, with Bernhard Listeman, concert violinist, and Pierce De Lasco, a basso profundo, who afterwards sang in Metropolitan Opera, New York. We certainly glimpsed some

big folks and some interesting folks at our old Junction."

"I often saw Alton Packard, the cartoonist. The name 'Packard' meant something in those days and in these latter years, too, but in a different sense. I also saw Wallace Bruce Amsbary, a dramatic reader of the first rank, whose home was in nearby Champaign. His two brothers still live, Frank C. Amsbary, Champaign, and George E. Amsbary, Urbana. Wallace Bruce Amsbary was a delight on the Chautauqua and Lyceum platform for 30 years. He probably filled as many or more appointments as a reader than any one man in his clever line of work. He traveled the nation over—year after year."

"I saw Frank Robison, a globe trotter and a thrilling lecturer, who was one of the pioneers, I believe, in the field of 'the illustrated lecture'. He was an early Lyman Howe. He showed only still pictures—at least in the early 1900's. His lectures were superb—words cannot convey their delight. He had all the eloquence and the polish of Burton Holmes in more recent years."

"Mr. Burford tells me he heard him as a freshman in the University of Illinois, speaking at the old Twin City Chautauqua, Urbana. Robison lectured upon various countries, such as Norway, in all of their lovely peaceful beauty in the quiet years before the blight of unsought war descended upon them. His lecture on 'Norway' was a classic. He presented a dozen or more countries in language and pictures so glowing that his audiences were moved to the edge of their chairs."

"Robison, in the season of 1902 alone, transferred several times at Danville Junction. This

is one reason why I recall many old-time dramatic, musical, political characters, who, like the drummers, doubled back and forth through the Junction in filling appointments. Traveling another 150 miles, changing cars from two to ten times a season at a point like Danville Junction was all a part of the life of Chautauqua talent, as it was with show troupes, with commercial travelers—any way, every way, to get through to appointments.”

“Robison in 1902 was a real star in one of his masterpieces, ‘The Briton and the Boer’, and oh, boy, if that gracious lecturer didn’t carry a lot of props and paraphernalia in his baggage. I can recall handling his baggage a number of times.”

“Robison gave his illustrated lecture, ‘The Briton and the Boer’, in Danville when the Boer conflict was at fever heat. Who will not recall this gifted speaker in a climactic moment as a view of Spion Kopf flashed upon the screen—‘first came Tommy Atkins from England, then Tommy Atkins from Australia, with Tommy Atkins from Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, Zanzibar! What did Tommy Atkins come for? Did he come to dig for gold or for diamonds? No! He came to crush the God-fearing, liberty loving Boer’ and how that audience of two thousand men and women in that Chautauqua tent stood up and went into pandemonium—I will never forget it.”

“One time, a troupe of Lilliputians, who were Chautauqua and Lyceum entertainers, were transferring from the Big Four to the C. & E. I., en route from Bloomington, Ill., to Terre Haute, Ind. With them was their well remembered comedian, Jimmy Rosen. A tired and travel-stained mother,

with a crying baby that refused to be comforted, was sitting in a corner of the Junction waiting-room. Rosen, who was only 38 inches in height, took the baby from the mother and carried it back and forth across the waiting-room until it fell asleep. Little Selma Goerner and Adolph Weiss, also of Lilliputian fame, were in the troupe with Rosen."

"We frequently had dwarfs among our transients, also many blind men, crippled men, unfortunates minus an arm, a leg, two legs even, tangles of twisted and suffering humanity who were questing hither and thither across the country. I wish I could enumerate all the oddities and the unfortunates whom I saw in this period—the heyday of the mass train travel in the Central West."

Minstrel Troupes

"And we had the minstrels in those old days."

"Haverley's, Barlow Wilson, Primrose and West, afterwards Barlow Bros! We had Dockstader's Minstrels, Al G. Fields, Hi Henry's, 'Happy Cal' Wagner's Minstrels, Beach and Bowers, Mahara's Minstrels (all Negroes), and Deming and Vogel's Minstrels."

"All of the above groups of minstrels traveled in their special private cars. I recall one wintry morning a small chap, about five feet six inches in height, and weighing perhaps 125 pounds, dashing out of the Junction Station with a package of cigarettes in his hand gesticulating wildly as the Deming and Vogel private car attached to the rear end of Wabash passenger run No. 6 disappeared around the curve above Fairchild Street. He had

tarried too long at the Junction waiting room cigar counter and No. 6 pulled out on him. The little fellow was none other than Hughie Cannon, author and composer of that tremendously popular song, 'Just Because She Made Those Goo-Goo Eyes'. Cannon left on the 1:10 that afternoon for LaFayette, where he rejoined the troupe playing there that night. Cannon, at that time, sat on one 'end' of the minstrel company with John Queen, while Arthur Deming and George Wilson sat on the other end. All were famous blackface comedians. George Wilson made fame by his rendition of 'Climbing Up the Golden Stairs' as far back as 1883."

Joe Murphy

"With what tenderness we recall those merry minstrels who sang their way into our hearts and very souls—'Fritz' (J. K.) Emmett, Charles A. Gardner and Jim (the Broommaker) Riley, German dialect comedians; and W. J. Scanlon, Andrew Mack and Chauncey Olcott, exponents of the Irish comedy-drama and balladists par excellence, all of them."

"At the very mention of their names there comes floating over memory's wave lengths, 'Go to Sleep, Lena', 'The Cuckoo's Song', 'Sweet Violets', 'When Your Broom Is Done', 'Far O'er the Sea There's a Little Green Island' and 'My Sweet Irish Rose'."

"How they sang their way into the deep recesses of Irish-American hearts and the hearts of native Americans, too—yes, into the very core of the alchemy that flowed from America's great

melting pot in the golden days when those old troupers were at the zenith of their glory."

"One name is not mentioned in the above list—not that he failed to rank with Emmett and the others, but because it would seem a sacrilege not to give him separate mention—Joe Murphy."

"Joe Murphy in the 'Kerry Gow'—for the very mention of his name recalls the title of that fine old play in which he turned thousands to tears, and from tears back to laughter. We linked Murphy's name with 'The Kerry Gow' just as we did Joe Jefferson II with 'Rip Van Winkle'; James O'Neil with 'Monte Cristo', James J. Hearne with 'Shore Acres', Neil Burgess with 'The County Fair' and Denman Thompson with 'The Old Homestead'."

"When Joe Jefferson attempted to shelve 'Rip Van Winkle', the theater-going public would have none of it. When James O'Neil tried to substitute 'The Courier of Lyons' and 'The Secret Warrant', for 'Monte Cristo' America turned thumbs down as it did when Joe Murphy cast aside the leathern apron of the smithy in 'The Kerry Gow' for the brogans and the shillelagh in 'The Wishing Well', for Joe Murphy was 'The Kerry Gow' and 'The Kerry Gow' was Joe Murphy, and America refused to permit a dissolution of the status quo."

"Who was not thrilled to the hair roots as he sang 'Oh, Paddy Dear, and did yez hear the news that's going 'round?' or as he placed his hammer upon the anvil in the second act of 'Kerry Gow' and stepping from the door of the smithy to the foot-lights began that tender and soul-moving melody, 'A Handful of Earth from My Mother's Grave'? His voice was a deep and robust baritone

possessing a resonant quality which carried to the rafters, yet it was tender and appealing."

"Joe Murphy trod the boards of the American theater for 57 years. He was in his 84th year at the time of retirement. He suffered no impairment of voice and little indeed in physique."

"When Murphy came to Danville the house was sold out days ahead of his appearance. The late A. W. Heinley, proprietor of Danville's old playhouse bearing his name, used to jovially remark, 'Danville has a second St. Patrick's Day when Joe Murphy comes to town'. How truly Heinley spoke for I recall the last time I saw the famed old trouser at the old Heinley Grand, the parquet was filled with Danville's representative Irish citizenry while the conventional regulars were relegated to the balcony. How vividly I remember that Irish eyes were not 'smiling' but weeping as there floated across the footlights, as only Joe Murphy could sing it:

"Three leaves of Shamrock,
The Irishman's Shamrock,
From his own darling sister,
A blessing, too, she gave;
'Take them to my brother,
For I have no other,
And these are the Shamrocks
From his dear old mother's grave'."

"Joe Murphy and his company transferred several times while I was employed at Danville Junction. I recall him coming in one morning in early spring on the Wabash from LaFayette and changing to the Big Four for Champaign. He came over to the baggage-room and pointing to a piece of crated scenery, as he placed his hand upon my shoulder, said in a gentle, golden voice:

“ ‘Son, that is the smithy in that big crate and it is getting old like some of the rest of us—will you kindly have the colored lad handle it carefully?’—the colored lad was, of course, my helper, Charlie Olds.”

“When Joe Murphy answered ‘the last curtain’, a group of old time players scanned the call-board in the green room of the Great Beyond which announced his coming—they were ‘Fritz’ Emmett, Charles A. Gardner, Jim Riley, W. J. Scanlon, and Andrew Mack—all waiting with a laurel wreath to place upon the brow of America’s grand old trouper—Joe Murphy.”

Tops of All—“The Big Top”—The Circus

“Of course, we had the circus—and loved it. American life of 40 years ago would not have been so interesting, so exhilarating, so distinctly American, if it had not been for the uniquely American circus.”

“The circus coming to town on the railroad, of course—the circus unloading from railroad cars at peep of day—the circus loading up on railroad cars at dead of night—the circus on its way on special trains after folks who had laughed at the clowns at The World’s Greatest Show—and had remained for the concert following—had wended their way wearily to bed in their homes—what could have been more typically American, more distinctly Middle Western than the circus of four decades ago? The parade up Main Street and Vermilion Street—what a treat it was to the young Americans who were lucky enough to be kidlets in those enchanting days!”

‘We not only caught the circus special trains at Danville Junction, but also the advance man as well, who traveled with his special baggage car packed to the very roof with oceans of paste pots, step ladders, slap brushes and a veritable mountain-side of posters and flaming bills. The advance crew came in the early spring—they plastered every old barn within 20 miles of Danville with tantalizing bills. It was one of the sure signs of spring when we noted the special baggage cars of the advance squad tucked in among the mail, baggage and express cars of one of our Junction trains.’

“Then the long special circus trains ground their way slowly, seemingly painfully at times, through the wyes of Danville Junction. Danville itself was a good circus town. So were Bloomington, Champaign, Decatur, LaFayette, Terre Haute, other large communities in our Eastern Illinois-Western Indiana terrain. A circus train, like a theatrical or Chautauqua troupe, might ‘double back’ through the Junction more than once in a season. Sometimes, we would see a circus train on its east-west swing, again on its north-south movement.”

“Yes—certainly—we had Forepaugh’s—Bar-num and Bailey—Ringling Brothers—each one ‘The Greatest Show on Earth’. Then we saw many smaller outfits, LaPearl’s, for instance, and other small fry compared with the really big tops.”

Old-Time Wabash Passenger Conductors

“When I came to Danville Junction in 1897, most of the C. & E. I. passenger conductors were comparatively new men on the road. Veterans of

the road who had come up through the early days of the Chicago, Danville and Vincennes railroads and throughout the 1880s' and wee 1890s' had been 'laid off' because of the intense railroad strike of 1894 which centered in Chicago."

"But the Wabash was not so affected in the same degree by the Chicago strike because it was classified as an 'Eastern road'. There were many genuine oldsters, real old-timers on the Wabash, men with colorful and radiating personalities whom I learned to know intimately."

"Train crews on the Wabash in those days extended from Danville to Toledo, later from Danville to Detroit. Crews changed at the Main Street Station in Danville—still do—so I did not know the men on the west or the St. Louis end of the road. But the Danville-Toledo and the Danville-Detroit men I knew well, for I saw them twice on their round-trips, once as they came in from the east through Danville Junction, perhaps a few hours later as they swung back on an outbound train."

"Among these men were George Gunn, Henry Gage, Charles L. Brownlee, Edward Severance, Moses F. Hoyt, James Adams, Albert Prince, Charles Carnahan, Richard Kirkby, Tom Riley, Frank Hurlburt and the Fordings—the last named including father and two sons.

"Henry Gage entered Wabash service about 1858. He left the railroad to enter the Union army and returned when the great war was over."

"Severance wore a long, flowing beard which reached below his waist. In warm weather, he plaited it and tucked it under his shirt. His shirts were always immaculate and made from the finest

of linen, from the bosom of which gleamed a diamond stud in a Masonic setting.”

“George Gunn always wore boots of the finest calf-skin—the entire year. Many years after the Toledo shoe stores discontinued handling boots, Gunn still wore them, having them made to order by a Toledo shoemaker.”

“Frank Hurlburt was indeed a picturesque character. He was in his 83rd year when he made his last run out of Danville to Detroit on old No. 28 in August, 1935, known as ‘The Buffalo Flyer’. At that time, railway retirement regulations were not as strictly enforced as at present. Because a man had reach the age of 65, 68, or 70, there was no immediate demand he retire. A railroader, in good health and strength, remained in active service for years after the present-day conventional retirement age had been attained. Hurlburt was just such a man—active, lively, vivacious. He paid no more attention to being 75 than most men do to being 45. His job remained open to him—he filled it efficiently until past 82 years of age. His career was much like that of Uncle Joe Cannon, who remained in Congress until he was past 86 years of age. Mr. Hurlburt was finally retired on a special pension.”

“There was the veteran, Michael Fording, a passenger conductor—and his two conductor sons—Pete and Jack. The senior Fording served as a conductor until he was well past the Biblical three score years and ten—many of those I listed above served 40, 45 or even beyond 50 years. Mike’s strength finally began to wane and he requested service as a flagman rather than continue the duties of a conductor. He was assigned as a flagman under his son Pete as conductor. I do

not suppose there was another instance in American railroading where a father, in active duty, was subordinate to a son. Of course, a man of Mike's age would be automatically retired today. But the old Toledo mail runs, No. 44 and No. 45, sped along with Pete Fording, conductor, his father, Mike, his flagman."

"Pete Fording was an Adonis in face and figure. His uniform was always immaculate. His nails—at a time when the most dashing society woman scarcely dared polish her nails—were manicured until they dazzled the eyes of admiring passengers. Pete always wore a boutonniere in the lapel of his coat. He was a Lord Chesterfield to his 'load' of passengers—conductors always spoke of their passengers en masse as a 'load'—and a Ward McAllister in street attire. He wore a Beau Brummel moustache—somewhat larger than the familiar Charlie Chaplin lip adornment of these recent years. Pete was easy and graceful in every movement—too early for the movies—he might have crowded some big names off the lot in Hollywood. Conductors may come and conductors may go—but there have been few like Pete Fording."

"When I think of that old group of East End Wabash passenger conductors, those words of Kipling come to my mind—"There was no one like 'em—'orse or foot'."

The Train "Butch"—In the Wee 1900s'

"The local passenger train has become such a disappearing institution that most of the old-time personalities associated with it are likewise in the fading-out stage."

‘One character, most distinctly, is rapidly becoming a vanishing personality and that is the railroad ‘butch’—I refer now to the old, picturesque American Railroad News Service train salesmen—those lads with the keen wits and with super-sales ability who had never heard of Shelton’s course in sales psychology.’

“There were many of those lads working out of or through Danville Junction a generation or two ago. I recall, especially, a trio of brothers, Jack, Buck (Frank) and Kenneth Stuart, all Englishmen by birth and hailing from lovely old Derbyshire (pronounced, of course, Darbyshire). A fourth brother and the oldest of the group—Dick by name—was District Manager of the Union News Company, whose office stood for many years on the present site of the Delmonico hotel, just across the tracks east from the Main Street Station of the Wabash. All of these brother lads had received their baptism of selling as “candy butchers” running out of London on the old London and Northwestern—what an experience! For a number of years, Jack, Buck and Kenneth worked out of Danville Junction to Cairo on the Cairo Division of the Big Four, selling on Trains No. 9 and 10. This trio had ‘worked’ passenger trains in all parts of the United States and Canada, but elected to remain on ‘The Cairo’ because those trains proved the most fertile field they had ever found in their long itinerary.”

“Trains No. 9 and 10 made 89 stops in the 261 miles between Danville Junction and Cairo, serving scores of small local towns and county seats. I have mentioned the volume of county seat business which the C. & E. I. handled from Hoopeston,

Rossville, Alvin and Bismarck to Danville. The Wabash handled a similar turn-over from Catlin and Fairmount. The St. Louis Division of the C. & E. I. brought in hundreds of such passengers from Grape Creek, Westville, Indianola and Sidell. If a man had to travel ten miles or more, it was by train."

"The Cairo Division enjoyed a big run of passengers from Westville, Georgetown and Ridgefarm to the Main Street Station of the Big Four and to Danville Junction—such train traveling has now long since disappeared. South of Ridgefarm, there were county seats galore all the way down to Cairo, almost 300 miles—small wonder the 'butch' enjoyed a lucrative business—for the county seat travel was a gold mine in itself. Among these county seats were Paris, Marshall, Robinson, Lawrenceville, Mount Carmel, Carmi, Harrisburg, Vienna, Mound City and finally, Cairo itself. There were other good towns down on the Cairo Division—Chrisman, Walnut, Grayville, Norris City, Eldorado, Carrier Mills, many others. It was taken for granted the Cairo trains would discharge from 10 to 25 passengers at many of those 89 stations—would 'pick up' probably 25 more. Today, however, we know only in the telling of the majesty of the local passenger train. Local trains, 40 years ago were veritable incubators for hatching local passengers for local passenger trains. In those days the yap and yokel of the small towns delighted in nothing more thrilling than to stick a two-for-a-nickel cigar at a 45 degree angle in their mouths, and board the smoker of a local passenger train to ride to the county seat town or to a neighboring large town,

to listen to the stories and jokes and gags of the drummer, the quack doctor, the show trouper. The small town rustics got a trimming from the 'butch' who could jolly them into purchasing anything from a synthetic gold ring to a pair of spectacles."

"Buck Stuart once told me that a round trip on the Cairo averaged sales of a dozen to 15 pairs of spectacles alone. The spectacle business was not a Union News feature but was only a 'side-line' with the 'butch' who purchased them for a dollar a dozen and peddled them out at a dollar a pair. For many years the train 'butch' had almost a monopoly on spectacles."

"The Stuarts were capable of making for themselves, when travel was lively, as much as \$100 per week per man. I once asked Jack Stuart if trimming a yokel once didn't ruin a future sale to the same chap and he jauntily replied, 'Once a sucker, always a sucker, has been my experience. I have often sold him a five-cent brass ring for a dollar on a down trip and then trimmed him on the return trip with some article of old slum.' By the term 'old slum', the train 'butch' referred to the stock which composed his side-line."

"Sex books, now commonly sold at all book stores with no ado whatever, were then handled 'sub-rosa', or 'on the dead quiet' to a country kid who was looking for something 'red hot'. Such a volume, which the butch could buy for a quarter, would readily sell at \$2 a copy to a brisk youth in the smoker who was breaking in on smoking cigars and on being a real man's man. If a youth hesitated about spending as much as \$2, the newsboy would soften up a mite, and from the corner of his mouth would make the rustic lad a real offer, a

special price of \$1.75, as from one friend to another. He could not possibly do this for all the boys on the train, but on the dead quiet, he would reluctantly go out of his way this one time. The train 'butch' carried many pictures of girls in scanty attire or with no garments whatever. These were sold at 15 cents each, or two for a quarter, sometimes three for a quarter, in lively fashion, pictures which had cost 'the butch' probably one cent or two cents each. Many drummers carried such pictures and showed them to lads in the smoking-car—boys who had just begun to shave, and advised them to 'get wise'—all this made splendid business for the train salesman. I also recall when the 'butch' sold puzzles of one kind or another. Many drummers at the Junction carried and worked out puzzles as a pastime. The train butch sold puzzles for 75 cents each which had cost him a thin dime."

"The regular, or above-board, stock of the news agent consistent of apples, pears, oranges, boxes of candy, chewing-gum, cigars and many other items including, of course, a wide range of magazines, dime novels and other cheap books, as well as the daily newspapers of Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis and Cincinnati. Many drummers, good-natured souls that they were, would buy a paper, glance through it, then hand it to the 'butch' for resale."

"But the real 'gravy' for the newsboy was in 'the slum', in the sub-rosa stuff he could buy for a mere farthing and sell at a ridiculous profit. Cigarettes were considered 'wicked' and were often peddled on the absolute quiet. Many drummers openly scorned cigarettes, preferring cigars or a

pipe. A real man smoked a cigar—only a sport, a tin-horn sport or a dead-game sport, ever smoked cigarettes—‘coffin-nails’, they were called. A boy was often warned that every time he smoked a cigarette he was driving another nail into his coffin-lid. No man, he was told, could smoke those filthy things and survive. Playing-cards were usually handled sub-rosa and under cover.”

“The train salesman is still with us, but is as streamlined as the rocket trains themselves. He is more dapper, more genteel, but not the picturesque chap he was in years of yore. He is now a sleek gent in white clothes serving his guests from a modernistic buffet counter, soda fountain, train bar or dining-car. Many trains do not have salesmen at all, other than service through the coaches from the diner, some trains merely allow passengers to patronize fountain or bar or diner as they choose. But the train ‘butch’, as I knew him 40-odd years ago, remains one of the smiling memories of yesteryears on the old rails.”

Newspaper Men at the Junction

“No resumé of events at Danville Junction would be worth while which failed to mention the coterie of newspaper reporters who came to the Junction Station at all hours day and night in quest of the festive item. These lads were always on duty—they caught sleep catch-as-catch-can, for the slogan of the city editor two score years ago was ‘Get the Story’ whether it be early or late.”

“I recall the dean of all Danville reporters, Harry S. Barnes, who in the summer of 1942 wrote ‘30’ at the end of his life’s story.”

"It was nothing unusual for Barnes to drop off the end of a Wabash switch engine with his arm passed through the frame of his bicycle. He would cover the Junction area, then ride up to the North End yard office of the C. & E. I., then down Bowman Avenue to the tower of the C. & E. I. and the Big Four crossings which stood at the Bowman Avenue intersection, and from that point he would peddle down the center of the Big Four tracks to the Vermilion Street Station—perhaps this Barnesque *modus operandi* was repeated twice or even three times in every 24 hours."

"Harry was expert at 'picking up' railroad items. He could talk shop with the railroad men—they swore by him—they quoted him—they named their children for him."

"Others in the group with Harry, who was with the old Daily Press at that time, were Leroy ('Butch') Frankeberger of the Danville Daily Democrat; Howard Shedd of the Commercial, and George H. Beyer of the Daily News. Shedd became an author of some note, and would have made his mark as a writer if he had not fallen a victim of tuberculosis in his early thirties."

"George H. Beyer was esteemed highly by the railroad fraternity. He was courteous and jovial and knew the value of a news item as well as Granddad knew his McGuffey's Reader. There was intense rivalry between Beyer and Barnes. George often gave Harry a real run for his money. Frequently, indeed, Beyer beat Barnes on a handsome scoop."

"These newspaper lads did not enjoy *entree* to the officials' offices as newspaper men are admitted now. It must be recalled there were four

daily newspapers in Danville in the early 1900's with at least four reporters crowding each other for flash news. Today, one reporter would handle all this assignment and would get it from officials themselves. But in 1901, reporters had to depend much upon 'leaks', 'fences', 'tip-offs', etc., for at that time Mr. Reporter was taboo in official quarters and sanctuaries."

"One morning about three o'clock a rumor floated around the Junction that the north-bound Nashville Limited had been wrecked north of Newport, Ind., with great loss of life. Both Barnes and Frankeberger were at the Junction despite the 'wee sma' hour'. They caught the first edition with a jump of a hair-curling story which proved to be a hoax."

"J. C. Muir was Division Superintendent at the time and became greatly irritated over the matter, taking it up with the powers that be of the C. & E. I. in Chicago. They authorized Muir to call the boys into his office and give them free access to anything printable thereafter."

Friendship—One of Life's Treasures

(Editor's Note:—For over 45 years, Guy McIlvaine Smith, retired Railway Postal Clerk, and the late Harry S. Barnes, veteran newspaperman, were friends. This summer Harry's death brought an end to that friendship, but memories of Harry by Guy Smith and all of the host of Harry's friends will never die. Due to his long friendship and Harry's wide acquaintance in Danville's railroad and postal circles it was believed appropriate that a tribute to Mr. Barnes should be written by Mr. Smith in honor of his lifelong friend.)

By Guy McIlvaine Smith

"As I falter at your request for a tribute to Harry Barnes, the words of James Anthony Froude come to me—words of farewell to his loved

ones when illness rendered him speechless but spared the functioning power of the hand which had written those revelations in English history. Froude wrote thus:

‘I have not much to say,
Nor any words to fit such fond request;
Let my tears speak to thine and hear the rest,
Some silent heartward way.’

“Froude’s immortal lines express the feelings of every member of the Commercial-News staff on hearing of Harry’s passing—‘No words to fit the fond request’ of a tribute to their love and esteem. It had to find expression in the silent liquid undertones of the heart. Words are impotent things—when they attempt an appraisal of Harry’s grand good-heartedness. His heart was like that of the King described by Sir William S. Gilbert in one of the light operas composed by himself and the great Sir Arthur Sullivan:

“‘Twice as good as gold and twenty times more mellow’.”

“In the ‘Afterwhiles’ of James Whitcomb Riley there is a little poem captioned ‘Jim’—the fellow who would give his last dollar to a comrade in ill-luck and then turn around and borrow a dime. After sending Jim down to earth, Riley affirms that God sat around the rest of the day just feeling good, but Bob Burdette made it a little stronger in a paraphrase and wrote that God passed around 10-cent cigars to Moses and Elijah and all the rest who sat around the throne that day. The sum total of Jim’s virtues was reflected in Harry’s daily living.”

“His long life of 72 years was intensely colorful and interesting. His friends were legion. He

had no enemies and he never permitted the perspective of his outlook to shrink."

"Just a few days before his death, I sat with him in his room and he mentioned the failure of fulfillment of things hoped for, but added:

" 'Guy, you've got to take it in your stride and call it a day'."

"Harry walked through life with a gigantic stride that could over-step all the failures to attain things hoped for."

"Often, my thoughts return to a night in the rosy Orient of my young manhood when, for the first time, I met Harry Barnes at the ticket window at Danville Junction. He inquired why No. 5 on the Wabash (the Toledo-St. Louis Fast Mail) was late. I invited him into the office. I can see him—now—standing by the big cannon stove jotting down the particulars of No. 5's delay. He wrote with a little stub of a pencil—he always carried a half-dozen or more of the stubs in his coat pocket."

"That was 45 years ago last February—the beginning of a golden friendship over whose course of years an affectionate comradeship was spread—one in which our inmost beings met and mixed scores of times and even in recent months when physical affliction brought its pathetic hours, when the world for Harry bloomed not; yet to him the world was all a-bloom."

"He loved to receive 'the impossible assignment' and then turn the bacon over to the City Editor. Three distinct scoops he landed are well remembered. He forecast the withdrawal of the C. & E. I. from the Junction to its Collett Street depot, March 1, 1901; the purchase of a large tract

of land in East Danville in 1902, stating the C. & E. I. would abandon its Junction-Fairchild Street plant and would build its present Oaklawn shops; and, again in 1915, the plans of the C. & E. I. to discontinue the Collett Street Station and to erect its present, modern structure on East Fairchild Street. Harry put out the exclusive story on each of these important line-ups of C. & E. I. buildings in Danville."

"Harry Barnes was a glutton—if I may use such a term—for news. He sacrificed health, sleep and personal comfort 'to get the news while it was news'."

"The annual visit of the Cincinnati Reds and, later, the Chicago Cubs, to play local Danville teams soon after the turn of the century was one of Harry's ideas. Danville's landing of its first 'Three-Eye' franchise in 1910 was accredited to Harry. It was further his suggestion that Billy Sunday, then closing a big 'Tabernacle' revival on Williams' lots (now the Danville high school site), umpire the first inning on opening day."

"Sitting at his bedside last Sunday, my thoughts turned backwards to a school building where, as a youngster, I acquired 'the rudiments' and heard a well-beloved teacher read from the Book of Books the story of Elijah's parting from Elisha, and how Elisha requested that a double portion of the grand old patriarch's spirit rest upon him. As I clasped the hand of my friend of 45 wonderful years, knowing in all probability it was for the last time, the words of Elisha's request came to me, as I prayed:

"'Bon voyage, Harry, and may a double portion of thy spirit rest upon me.'"

Train Dispatchers at the Junction

“Perhaps no group of faces I once knew at Danville Junction return more frequently through the portals of memory than the men who composed the train dispatching force of the C. & E. I. It is due perhaps to the simple fact that they formed such a large part of the *dramatis personae* of the work-a-day program there. How well I recall some certain trait, mannerism or incident in the lives of those men who sat down at 8 o'clock each morning to take up the work of ‘the first trick’ at the long 30-foot table with its complement of noisy telegraph sounders with the broad old-fashioned armatures and relays. I need only close my eyes to the ever-present moment and there come before me the faces of those fine fellows who directed traffic over the busy rails and kept it moving through fair weather and foul.”

“At the center of the group sat little Charlie MacCormack, who was Chief Train Dispatcher, who succeeded John C. Muir, when the latter relieved R. D. Fowler as Division Superintendent. At the extreme north end of the table sat Frank H. Van Etten, with the Danville-Chicago District train sheet spread before him. Across from him was Charles H. Johnson, who handled ‘the Spillertown District’, as the St. Louis District was then known.”

“To Van Etten’s left sat L. L. (Bert) Reemston, who worked the Car Distributor’s key, and across from Reemston you would find Copy Operator Ethelbert Jones. Then came the two messengers who were studying the dot and dash between trips—Kenneth Abernathy and Howard Markley, the latter a son of A. S. Markley, Superintendent

of Bridges and Buildings. At the table's extreme south end sat a long, lean and lank six-footer with a big, black French briar in his mouth and his glasses adjusted meticulously to the end of his ruddy-hued nose. He wore a long, drooping moustache and as he worked the key with his right hand, he invariably pulled the left side of it with his left hand—the moustache, not the key. That was the favorite posture of transportation specialist de luxe, Sam Cornell, who handled traffic on the Danville-Terre Haute District only—just 55 miles in length, but busier than two swarms of bees operating about their hives—for the Terre Haute District was only single track at that time. Frequently, some conductor coming into the office for train orders would 'kid' Cornell about the color of his nose, but Sam took it good-naturedly and often replied, 'I am proud of that nose—ought to be, because it cost me a lot of money to develop that shade—but that was in my 'Boomer' days out West where the water was bad and it was either drink whisky or curl up with the dry rot'."

"The first trick dispatchers went off duty at 4 in the afternoon and then the fellows of the second trick took hold—working until midnight—Tom Griffin, Jack Cawthorne, and little Ed Huffer, who in turn were relieved by the third trick fellows working from midnight until 8 in the morning—Matthews, Thornton and Davis. George Boniface was Copy Operator on the second trick, but I do not recall who handled 'copy' on the third trick—but memory seems to say Eddie Fitzgerald."

"Frequently, the Terre Haute District became blockaded and it seemed this always happened about 3 a.m. Just one man in the office and one

only could raise that blockade—his name was Sam Cornell. The night train crew caller would be instructed to go over to Cornell's home on Kimball Street and 'rout him out'—old Sam would stop a few minutes at the Junction Station lunch counter for a cup of black Java sans sugar and then proceed across the tracks to the south end of that old dispatcher's table—light up his old French briar,



(Courtesy, J. M. Johnson.)

Right to Left—J. M. Johnson, T. E. Griffin, "Hap" Hall, Lee Meidinger, J. A. Waldo, O. W. Servies, R. J. Guthrie, on duty in 1913.

adjust his glasses to the end of his old red beak and between sundry and divers tugs at that old moustache the blockade on the Terre Haute District would melt like a snow-bank in a spring-time thaw."

"On one occasion in the spring of 1902 the brick office building which stood south of the Big Four tracks at the head of Junction Avenue was opened up and the old frame office building which

stood alongside of the 'City Main' and on the north side of the Big Four was deserted. It had housed the Division officials for 31 years. One hot summer morning a gang of carpenters started wrecking the old structure—all but that portion occupied by the Train Dispatchers. The wrecking derrick (Old Jumbo) was hauled up in front of it and with one mighty heave and swing the remaining portion of the weather-beaten old office building was placed aboard a flat car and shunted to the North Yards and used until within recent years to house the General Yardmaster and his force. Like the old covered bridge that has outweathered the span of concrete and steel, the old division office building was built 'for keeps' and every sill and piece of weatherboarding were intact when the wrecking crew began the work of demolition."

The Patent Medicine Quacks

"For a practical demonstration of the truth contained in the time-worn saying, 'It takes all sorts of people to make a world', one need only to have lingered a brief time at Danville Junction—for that old transfer point was nothing short of a proving ground in which ample opportunity was given to test the validity of that ancient aphorism."

"Humanity in all its modes and tenses, in its jaunts and journeyings, passed in and out of that old place."

"I can recall no type more unique nor more picturesque than the old patent medicine outfits headed by their learned 'doctors'. Such well remembered remedies as 'Hamlin's Wizard Oil', 'Hof-

stetter's Stomach Bitters', 'Pomeroy's Celery Compound', and 'The Seven Sutherland Sisters' Hair Restorer'—like the poor—have been with us a long time. Attention is drawn to their mastery of magic today only through the medium of newspaper advertising—although in rapidly decreasing tempo at present. I am glad to note many high-grade newspapers like the Danville Commercial-News today carry little or no medicine ads."

"But in the 1890's, the patent medicine doctor and his group of entertainers were the advertising agency used by the manufacturer of those remedies to attract the attention of earth's afflicted children. They always began their itineraries in early spring, for as the springtime uses her capricious influence to lure the young people into the realm of romance, she also creates an urge in the old folks to check up the status of their lumbago, their chalky joints or 'j'int's', their wheezy asthma and colds."

"The groups advertising those well-known remedies mentioned transferred each spring at Danville Junction, with their 'props' and baggage—and they carried a lot of baggage."

"One especially interesting group was that of the old Shaker Doctors. They wore long Prince Albert coats and broad-brimmed felt hats. They conducted a sympathetic ballyhoo in behalf of the virtues of the well-remembered 'Shaker Remedies'. Like the other groups mentioned, the Shaker Doctors provided entertainment for the public with a group of singers and instrumentalists. In this connection, it is interesting to recall that Paul Dresser, in his pre-theatrical days, traveled as a vocalist with one of the old Shaker Remedies' out-

fits. It was, while thus traveling, that he introduced his first big song hit, 'A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother'. The old-time patent medicine man, the old type of quack doctor, made a large and unique and withal, an exceedingly colorful, contribution to American folklore."

"It was the quack doctor who furnished the inspiration for Broadhurst's rollocking farce-comedy, 'The Fakir', which was the vehicle in which John Henshaw and Alice Harrison rode into such immense popularity with the theatrical public of the early 'Nineties'. He, too, has been immortalized in verse by James Whitcomb Riley, and in both verse and song, by James F. Molloy. Past-master in the art of ballyhoo and blarney, the old-time patent medicine fakir drew a crowd like molasses drawing flies. He was keen in reading human nature. He held his crowd when it gathered at the old gasoline-lighted platform from which the doctor 'lectured'."

"These has-beeners in the art of swindle could relieve the pressure of small town boredom (and of some large towns, too) and make people forget their troubles with their droll witticisms. The entertainment dispensed by their musicians and black-faced comedians was truly the only type of theater known to scores of their listeners. How his Wizard Oil, Celery Compound, Stomach Bitters and other old remedies, have actually survived until today, is interesting. Although not listed in the latest American Pharmacopeia, they are still to be found, after the flight of years, on the shelves of many drug-stores in 1942. This may be a margin of proof that they contain some merit and that

the people of grandfather's younger days were not completely debunked in purchasing them."

"A well-remembered Knight of the Patent Medicine Road, who 'made' Danville Junction was a self-styled, itinerant dental surgeon—"Dr." Michael J. Walsh. He wore a big, broad-beaming smile. He was a heavy-set chap with a heavily armored hide. He was as good-natured as he was broad and heavy. He always wore a silk hat and Prince Albert coat and carried a gold-headed cane, the last named being the gift of an Eastern 'dental college'—at least that was the Walshonian claim. I once had the pleasure of witnessing 'Dr.' Walsh at high gear in one of his open-air 'clinics'. The rate at which he got people onto the platform and in and out of his big chair, with its adjustable headrest, to make them fully 'comfortable', was really astounding. He applied a small portion of a concoction from a small metal container over the gums of his 'patient'. All the while, he was castigating the dental profession at large for piercing the gums with the hypodermic needle. At the psychological moment, he would caution his patient to sit tight and watch the big balloon overhead and presto! the troublesome ivory was out and tossed into a bucket on the platform."

"Using a set of colored charts illustrating the human teeth and gums, he would deliver a 'lecture' upon the development of the disease which he called 'pyree' (Pyorrhea). According to Walsh, there was no disease of the 555 to which human flesh was heir which would prove more disastrous, if not treated, than 'pyree'. This fact, he repeatedly affirmed between copious expectorations of fine cut tobacco launched in the direction of a box

filled with sawdust. A fellow might as well be in hell with a broken back as to be 'sufferin' from a case of well developed 'pyree'. Of course, the magic cure for 'pyree' was Dr. Walsh's Celebrated Emollient, which he dispensed at 50 cents per box. He charged nothing for extracting teeth.

"Dr. Walsh passed through Danville Junction a number of times while I was employed there. We became friends—he was jolly company—he was illiterate but a true friend and he was 'chockful' of native Irish wit and a born optimist."

"It was Clarence Urmey who wrote, 'God bless those pliant merry fellows—the ones who make us laugh'."

"Dr. Walsh was indeed a man who had made sacrifices for suffering humanity—to hear him tell the story. He never failed to impress upon the minds of his audience that he had given up a lucrative dental practice which had netted him \$10,000 a year and had taken to the open air dental arena in order to serve in closer and more intimate touch with afflicted humanity."

"Mr. Burford tells me, as a mere child of six or eight years, that he can recall standing in front of the Commercial Hotel in Farmer City and looking with awe upon a five-gallon glass bottle filled with teeth which a traveling 'dental surgeon' alleged he had extracted. The boy Burford overheard his elders say, when such a quack dentist was in town, that this man 'expected to pull teeth for five years and then retire and live on the interest of his money'."

"There were many 'Cancer Specialists', 'Heart Specialists', 'Chronic Disease Specialists' who used Danville Junction throughout the 1890s' and

well into the new century. Many of these men made a snug fortune. They usually 'put up' at the best hotel and treated their 'patients' in their hotel room or in the hotel 'parlor'. They—and their remedies—could cure any ailment to which humanity might succumb—cancer, 'heart trouble', 'consumption' (as tuberculosis was called one or two generations ago), 'nervous diseases', 'debility of men and women', in fact, any stubborn case which in their learned hands was commonplace—easily, quickly, forever 'cured'. Scores of these quacks passed through Danville Junction 45 years ago."

"How many of our readers can recall the old Kickapoo Indian Sagwa medicine show—which 'made' towns in the 1890s'? Carrying a crew of Indians—open-eyed kidlets of those years thought they were real Indians, and without doubt many of them were—the Kickapoo medicine troupe, selling the old-time favorite, 'Indian Sagwa', which would cure any disease which 'ailed' you, was a colorful part of the summer scene in the old hometowns of the Central West four or five decades ago."

"If we have made no further progress in our American life within recent years than to eliminate the quack doctor, the quack dentist, the patent medicine show, the open-air sale of nostrums to a gullible public—then I will say our beloved country has made definite improvement. All hail the sound medical profession, the scientific dental profession of today—in comparison with the quacks and the swindlers, affable and witty though some of them were, who in their silk hats and Prince Albert coats and with 'professional' beards

preyed upon our people a few decades ago. How many of these sleek gents I saw in and out of Danville Junction 40 years ago, I would almost hesitate to compute."

Thebes District Postal Clerks

"Postal service was not established in the new C.&E.I.-Cotton Belt night runs from Danville Junction to Thebes, Ill., and the Southwest, until the spring of 1903. Running off of the 'City Main' 30 yards south of the Big Four crossing and on its Junction Avenue side was a short stub switch or siding. It was in this pocket switch that the mail car, due to make the run to Thebes in Train No. 103, was set so the postal clerks could go to work on their 'advance' distribution."

"About 12:30 o'clock at night,' the city switch engine No. 24, in charge of 'Boots' Monroe and his crew, placed the mail car in position. At 1 a.m. the postal clerks turned on the lights and began work. The mail which had accumulated at Danville Junction during the night was trucked from the Junction mail room to where the car stood."

"I recall, as clerks on this run, Wirt C. McKinley, George V. Miley, William (Bill Nye) Robertson, Walter Hedges, Clyde Acree and Charles W. Fleming, of whom Robertson, Hedges and Fleming are still living. George Miley continued as an active clerk until after reaching his 83rd birthday, but served the last two years of his postal service as an assistant transfer clerk at the La-Salle Street Terminal in Chicago, retiring from the service Oct. 1, 1920, and being at that time the oldest clerk in point of age in the Sixth Divi-

sion of the railway mail service. He was well known in the Central West as a writer on Biblical subjects and authored several books. His 'Saul of Tarsus', in which he featured the human traits of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, received favorable commendation from the reviewers."

"Clyde Acree was not only an efficient postal clerk but was a most likeable fellow with a deep sense of humor; in fact, if Clyde had been dropped down on a cannibal island he would have needed no other weapon but his wit. Soon after being assigned to the mail service in Trains 102 and 103, he figured in a disastrous wreck near Cypress, Ill., in which one side of the mail car was torn out. Clyde was removed from the wreckage in an unconscious condition with a window frame hanging around his neck. Later, he was transferred to the main line of the C. & E. I. and served as a clerk in charge of Trains Nos. 94 and 95 between Chicago and Evansville."

"Acree was persuaded to take up the study of law by his fellow postal clerk, Charles W. Fleming, and at the time of his retirement he held a degree from LaSalle Institute. His untimely death occurred in February, 1929, at which time he was an attorney for the Illinois Commerce Commission."

"Clyde Acree was fond of relating an amusing incident in connection with his transfer from the Danville-Thebes runs to the main line. His application for transfer was filed with E. L. West, at that time superintendent of the Sixth Division of the Railway Mail Service, Chicago. In due course of time the application reached the office of the Hon. Joseph A. Stewart, Second Assistant Post-

master-General, Washington. That well recalled official, whose popularity never inspired a letter to be written in the direction of home, turned thumbs down on Acree's application for transfer, attaching thereto a memorandum which read:

" 'This application is refused; Clerk Acree has been transferred at his own request twice within the past three years. It is but fair to assume he will not be more satisfied on the run to which he seeks transfer'."

"The application being returned, Acree called upon Uncle Joe Cannon, who happened at the time to be at his home in Danville. Uncle Joe looked over the correspondence, went to his desk and dashed off a few lines to Mr. Stewart, which read:

" 'Clyde Acree, a postal clerk in the Danville and Thebes Railway post-office, has been refused transfer to the Chicago and Evansville Railway Post-office on the grounds he has been transferred twice within the past three years. The number of transfers received by Clerk Acree does not enter into the equation and I am requesting that your office adhere to the regulations governing this matter and make the transfer effective upon the receipt of this communication.' Within two weeks Acree was working on the main line, all of which emphasizes the fact that Uncle Joe Cannon was a powerful figure during his long career in the political arena."

"Another postal clerk on the old Danville-Thebes night runs was held in high esteem by the employees at Danville Junction which was nothing short of real affection, and the same feeling was shared by the trainmen associated with him. He was wealthy, not in a material way, for Charles

W. Fleming's richest asset was a genial smile which was generated by a noble nature within. I have seen him smile at 1 a.m. as he turned on the lights to go to work in those old wooden mail cars on the outbound run. I have seen him smile when he returned at 2:20 the next morning after a hard nerve-racking round trip of 550 miles."

"By the light of many a gallon of midnight oil, Charles W. Fleming pored over his Blackstone while discharging his duties in the railway mail service. Later, he read law in the office of the late S. Murray Clark, passing his final bar examination in 1910. Today, after 32 years of successful practice, with its accompanying mental strain, the smile is still there. Though attached to his law practice, he has maintained close touch with the postal world and holds the office of Executive Chairman in the Association of Retired Postal Employees of the Danville, Ill., District, having been unanimously chosen at the association's annual meeting in 1941 to fill that office for life."

"I stood in a crowd 58 years ago at a political barbecue on the site where General William Henry Harrison in 1811 engaged the Indian tribes federated under the mighty Chief Tecumseh, and heard a speech delivered by 'The Silver-Tongued Orator of the Wabash', Col. Richard Thompson, Terre Haute. Charlie Fleming was in that same crowd, having driven with his father from their home north of Hoopeston, Ill., to catch an excursion train on the Lake Erie and Western railroad to LaFayette, where they took the special to Battle Ground, Ind., the site of the famous Indian battle. Unknown to each other at that time, we might have touched elbows. We met, however, 16 years

later at Danville Junction, where a golden friendship that has extended over 42 years was fashioned by a lasting mold."

The Old "Cairo Division" Group

"Another group of railway postal clerks running out of Danville Junction 45 years ago was the quartet assigned to the local mail runs to Cairo, Ill., over the Big Four, which departed at 9 a.m. and arrived at the Junction on the north-bound trip at 3:20 p.m. This group was composed of Harry Plasnick, A. D. Goggin, Walter (Rube) Reed and W. Jay Ankrum.

"The first two, Plasnick and Goggin, were Civil War veterans and entered the service during that era in which the lads who distributed the mail en route were officially designated as Route Agents. The Route Agent gained entrance to the mail service through political appointment, not by virtue of the Civil Service Examinations to which all aspiring entrants must submit today."

"Walter Reed, while not a veteran of the Civil War, entered railway mail work in the days of the old 'spoils system', but continued in the service many years after the adoption of Civil Service, his death occurring just a short time before the Federal Retirement Act became effective October 1, 1920."

"The 'baby' of the quartet, W. Jay Ankrum, gained that appellation on account of the breadth of years between his age and the ages of the other three. He is the group's sole survivor and resides at 20 Park Street in Danville and is an active member of the Retired Postal Employees of the Dan-

ville district. He has a son—Ward Ankrum—who is now a civilian instructor at Lowry Field, near Denver, Colo., but formerly was a member of the faculty of Danville High School, and one of the founders of 'The Toastmasters' Club' of Danville."

"The elder Mr. Ankrum completed his last round trip in the railway mail service upon the arrival in Danville of Cairo Division Big Four train No. 20, November 18, 1929, after faithful and efficient service of more than 40 years."

"When through daylight mail service was established between Chicago and Evansville following joint traffic agreements between the C. & E. I. and the Evansville and Terre Haute in the summer of 1890, Mr. Ankrum was clerk in charge of the mail car in the first run of the new service out of Chicago. On board with him that day was Clerk Walker F. Rabb, also 'Doc' Armstrong, chief clerk of the Railway Mail Service, Chicago, who made the trip to assist Ankrum and Rabb, who were newcomers in the service."

"Walker Rabb, who now lives the life of Riley at Bradenton, Fla., received his baptism on the old Wabash 'Cannon Balls', No. 44 and No. 45, in the railway post-office operating in those trains between LaFayette, Ind. and Quincy, Ill.—that was 53 years ago."

Ben Hall—His Unique Career

"Another railway postal clerk—one who passed through Danville Junction for 35 years on the daylight local mail runs between Chicago and Terre Haute and between Chicago and Evansville—is vividly recalled by veteran railroaders of the C.

& E. I. His name was Ben Hall. He was a Milwaukee Negro, who received his appointment to the service through the influence of James G. Blaine. Ben Hall was born to enjoy a life-long comradeship with good nature. He was not only a fine gentleman but also a fine person. It was Ben, who was an expert with the scroll pen, who labeled the boxes of the letter distributing cases in the small wooden mail cars, No. 77 and No. 78, which were used for years in C. & E. I. trains No. 1 and No. 2, the daylight mail runs. When C. & E. I. night mail runs, No. 3 and No. 4, were changed to No. 94 and No. 95, the postal crews assigned to those trains were increased to a total of six clerks to a crew. Ben Hall, by virtue of seniority of service, was eligible to promotion to 'a clerk in charge-ship' in those trains but declined to accept the promotion when it was tendered him."

"Superintendent E. L. West of the Sixth Division called Ben to his office to talk over the matter and to that popular official, Hall explained his unwillingness to accept the advancement—he preferred to remain on the smaller runs where he had but one clerk within his sphere of authority, whereas on the larger runs he would have five, which might have created a wider latitude for racial prejudice. He told Superintendent West that in his present rating, he held the respect and good will of every postal clerk on the line. He was proud of this record and was profoundly desirous of retaining it. This, to me, is one of the best Negro stories of which I know."

William Brandenberger

"A familiar figure and a frequent visitor at Danville Junction 43 years ago is now a retired railway postal clerk—at least that is his status in the postal service, but William F. Brandenberger is just one of the busiest men to be found today in Danville's business circles."

"At the head of the firm of 'Brandenberger, Florists', 1223 Logan Avenue, he continues to display that tireless energy and keen mental alertness which challenged the admiration of every postal clerk in the old Buffalo and Kansas City mail runs on the Wabash—in fact, I have often felt that the gods bestowed the gift of perpetual energy upon Bill Brandenberger. The boys in the mail service used to assert that he could stand at a distributing case and 'work' any state in his study scope or assignment blindfolded."

"In his early years on the Wabash, he resided in the Danville Junction neighborhood and frequently dropped in at the baggage room and endeavored to persuade me to take the Civil Service examination—he finally succeeded."

"There was an old hickory arm chair beside the big cannon stove in the baggage room. It never held a more welcome guest than Bill. While both chair and stove are now but atoms in the ashes of Danville Junction romance, Bill still occupies a big chair in the baggage room of my heart."

"One morning, Charlie (Nig) Fitzgerald, the United States mail transferman, failed to get a load of Indianapolis daily newspapers on Wabash Train No. 6. In due time, he received a communication in regard to the failure and answered it. It

kept coming back with requests for additional information. One afternoon, just before Big Four train No. 18 was due, Ticket Agent William L. Martin—now retired and living in Bloomington, Ill.—came over to the baggage room and threw something on my desk that landed with a thud, exclaiming, as he did so, ‘Here is that d - - - communication about those Indianapolis papers again. Have Fitzgerald answer it when he comes on duty if he can find any words in the dictionary he has not already used.’ The communication had traveled back and forth until it was as thick as a two by four piece of lumber. Bill Brandenberger was sitting by the stove as I went out with the baggage for No. 18—the stove was red hot. When I returned the communication had disappeared. I did not ask Bill any questions. At any rate, I never heard from the thing again.”

Herbert W. Hill—Guy P. Barbour

“How happy I would be to include in this volume mention of every railway postal clerk whom I knew at Danville Junction and especially with those fine fellows with whom I was associated in after years on the Wabash and the Big Four mail runs.”

“Mention of two of these old-timers is imperative. One is Herbert W. Hill, now retired and residing in Clinton, Ill., and a former clerk in charge on the Wabash—the other is Guy P. Barbour, now deputy township assessor residing in Indianapolis, but for years a clerk in charge on the night Big Four mail trains No. 43 and No. 44 between Indianapolis and Peoria.”

"I met both of these former clerks when I was employed in the Junction ticket office and the friendship which grew from a chance meeting developed into a splendid comradeship when I came within their sphere of authority in the postal service. Each man was 'a clerk in charge' who would disdain to impose upon a junior clerk, or demand a task too onerous for they themselves to perform. Words such as efficient, loyal, conscientious and true blue can be fittingly and sincerely used in speaking of the virtues and high quality of character possessed by these two old comrades of the rails."

"Uncle Bobbie" Burns

"Not the beloved bard of Mossgiel, the one and only Bobbie Burns of old Scotia, as the title might lead to suspect, but a character as affectionately regarded by everyone at Danville Junction was "Uncle Bobbie" Burns. To us, he was held in the same affection as was the eminent and immortal Scottish poet by those who gathered around him at Dumfries."

"The man who bequeathed the inspiration for this brief narrative was in truth named Burns. At his baptism, he was given the Christian name of John. In his young manhood, in the early 1870's, when he came from the Illinois Central railroad at Effingham to become an engineer on the newly constructed Chicago, Danville and Vincennes railroad, his companions of the rails appropriated for him the name 'Bobbie', because like the great Scottish singer, he possessed a simplicity of nature which was enveloped with a quality of tenderness which caused them to admire him and to love him."

"He was an admirer of the famed poet and frequently quoted him, which was a factor in the bestowal of the name 'Bobbie' as an appellation to a man named John Burns."

"Born in the Irish city of Cork, where at the age of 16 he became a machinist's apprentice, he left that fair city on the romantic Lee a full-fledged craftsman and sailed in his 21st year for America. A job firing a wood-burning railroad locomotive in the Effingham yards of the Illinois Central was awaiting him. But he was not destined to work long on the left side of the cab, for his machinist's credentials played him well in a rapid promotion to the right side of the cab."

"At this point, an opportunity is afforded for a reminder that the railroad engineer of the "Seventies" and the "Eighties" was required to be a practical machinist as well. If an eccentric happened to slip, 'or the old girl' went down 'on one side', the old type of machinist-engineer knew just what to do. It was unnecessary to send a machinist 'dead-head' from the division point as is the custom today. The old-time conductor, with his patriarchal beard, and the old type of machinist-engineer have now passed completely from the railroad transportation picture, but thanks to Cy Warman and Frank H. Spearman, the present generation can gain considerable knowledge of these vanished personalities who once enacted a large part in the drama of American railroad life. Warman wrote the words of the song, 'Sweet Marie', the music being written later by Raymon Moore."

"The rails between Dolton Junction, Illinois (south of Chicago) and Danville had not been connected long when John Burns came to the old Chi-

cago, Danville and Vincennes and was assigned to the freight service between Dolton and Danville. The engine assigned to him was the little old '3 Spot' (enginemen years ago always added the word 'spot' to their engine's number by way of identification), which had pulled a construction train in the building of the road. According to 'Uncle Bobbie', there were no injectors or lubricators in those days. In order to get a full head on, it was necessary to run up and down the track for a distance of a hundred yards (or more) six or seven times. The little old 3 Spot's rating was 20 loads, which at that time grossed 280 tons. Those were the days when a box car's capacity was 28,000 pounds. At that time, a train had to 'double' Bloom Hill (now Chicago Heights), according to 'Uncle Bobbie'."

"Ralph Waldo Emerson was wont to relate that the way to Bemerton, as he walked with Carlyle, seemed short because the latter had some interesting anecdote to tell concerning every foot of the distance. To anyone who might have journeyed over the rails of the C. & E. I. from Terre Haute to Chicago—in fact, on any part of the system—the distance would have seemed short indeed if Uncle Bobbie Burns had been his companion, for John Burns, like the famed Carlyle, would have related an interesting tid-bit of a tale for every foot of the right-of-way. In the 23 years which elapsed between his coming to the old-time C. D. & V., and taking charge of the '3 Spot', to an early July afternoon in 1894 when he backed the pride of his life—the old 14—up to the roundhouse for the last time, John Burns had virtually become acquainted with everything and everybody along the

entire system. His observations and impressions would have filled a large-sized volume of C. & E. I. romance. How pitiful that the splendid life stories of these old veterans of the rails were never recorded, never preserved as Mr. Burford and I are attempting to do in this present story of 'The History and Romance of Danville Junction' or 'When Rails Were the Only Trails'."

The Great Strike of 1894

"In the great American Railway Union strike of 1894, the Central West was visited by a withering blight whose effect was felt for a decade."

"The country at large was deep in the bog of the most disastrous panic it had ever known. The A. R. U. defection only added more chaos to terrible conditions in general. Strikers by the thousands lost not only their jobs but their homes, and were forced to enter upon a tortuous pilgrimage in quest of daily bread."

"Grocers and shop keepers by the hundreds were brought face to face with insolvency for open accounts which for years had been given a gilt-edge appraisal had to be entered on the wrong side of the profit and loss column. In the post period of its sombre wake, both corporation and common laborer nursed the bite from those insidious serpents, the 'blacklist' and the 'boycott'."

"As has been mentioned, 'Uncle Bobbie' Burns backed old No. 14 into the roundhouse at Danville Junction after guiding her over the rails for a farewell run one afternoon in July, 1894, which meant he was one among the employees of the C. & E. I. who 'went out' 100 per cent when the leaders of

the A.R.U. served their ultimatum. I have said '100 per cent' because the organizers of the A.R.U. had taken in everyone on the C. & E. I. from round-house foreman to engine wipers and from general yardmasters to call-boys."

"It was far from an inspiring scene on the morning of July 9, 1894, when three troop trains filled with soldiers halted on 'The City Main' in front of the Danville Junction depot. The platform became filled with blue-clad National Guardsmen. Picket lines were stretched from the old North Street Station to the limits of 'North Yard' beyond Voorhees Street. Danville Junction in the days immediately following assumed an abnormal appearance, as C. & E. I. switch engines shunted back and forth but without their old familiar personnel, for instead of the old-time figures, division officials who were located at the Junction made up the crews in a vain effort to keep traffic moving."

"Morning, noon and night, delivery wagons trailed up Section Street loaded with groceries and supplies for 500 strike-breakers quartered in the car-sheds of the Fairchild Street plant—the hotels and eating places around the old Junction station sympathized with the men who had 'gone out' and refused to 'feed' those taking their places."

"Tragedy was enacted as Train No. 1 on the outbound trip to Terre Haute was headed into an open switch with its engineer—a strike-breaker—losing his life. Two girls near Grape Creek were wounded by an unauthorized volley fired by a group of excited guardsmen."

"Those were events that Danville sought quickly to forget. Such tragedies would not occur today under the superb bond of understanding

which exists between railroad management and employee. During the period which followed the great strike of 1894 and the taking over of the C. & E. I. by the St. Louis and San Francisco, only a very few striking employees were retained by the C. & E. I., and these were members of the shop crafts for the most part. Of the striking engineers, only one ever again pulled a throttle on the C. & E. I. He was John Wakeley, father of the late lamented dean of boys at Danville High School, Assistant Principal John Wakeley, Jr. The senior Wakeley was re-employed under the 'Frisco' regime. For a period of nine years following the strike, the C. & E. I. would not employ a man in any capacity who had been affiliated with any trades union and a line in their application for employment forms read as follows:

" 'State if you are a member of any trades union or labor organization'."

"The fellow who unwittingly replied in the affirmative was simply out of luck insofar as it concerned employment with the C. & E. I."

"My acquaintance with 'Uncle Bobbie' Burns began soon after I accepted employment as chief clerk to the late John A. Becker, trainmaster of the C. & E. I. It grew into the warmest of friendships during my subsequent employment at Danville Junction as night operator and ticket clerk and through the period I served as joint baggage agent. Uncle Bobbie was a familiar figure around the Junction. He was beloved by every official and employee stationed there who would have reinstated him in a second if the power had rested with them."

“The veteran signalman, Michael Freese, in charge of the Wabash, Big Four and C. & E. I. crossing, was forced to retire because of failing eyesight. Agent Billy Graves of the Wabash, who had jurisdiction over the Junction employees, importuned ‘Uncle Bobby’ to relieve Mr. Freese—the job requiring one experienced in train movements.”

“‘Uncle Bobbie’ accepted and that little 6 by 8 building which housed the crossing tenders and which today is the one lone survivor of the number of buildings composing the Danville Junction group, stands defiant and eloquent in a 41 years struggle with the elements. It assumed more color than ever when ‘Uncle Bobbie’ took over. The crossing tenders changed from the day to the night shifts every 30 days. This arrangement afforded opportunity for me to contact ‘Uncle Bobbie’ night after night. With the departure of east-bound Wabash passenger train No. 2 at 1:10 each morning, there was a lull of about 50 minutes in the Junction’s nightly routine. We appropriated this interval to refresh the inner man and not infrequently would ‘Uncle Bobbie’ come to the ticket window and insist that I step across the tracks to the watch house for lunch, where, upon arrival, would be found, spread upon the big wide window seat, a repast from the Burns lunch basket which would have caused old Epicurus himself to smack his lips in eager anticipation. Not only could the night ticket agent at Danville Junction testify to the high standards attained by ‘Uncle Bobbie’s’ wife in the culinary art, but many a wayfarer from Maine to California—for a never-ending stream of poor unfortunate fellows and wrecks of humanity

flowed past Danville Junction—and ‘Uncle Bobbie’ fed many of these wretches from his bountiful lunch basket and permitted them to remain within the shelter, on stormy nights, of the watch house until daylight.”

“June of 1901 came at Danville Junction and brought its roses, for ‘Aunt Jennie’ Pickering’s Red Ramblers which clambered over the Summit House porch never blossomed in greater profusion. But June of that year, instead of bringing roses to ‘Uncle Bobbie’s’ heart brought a nifty Panama and the contents of an overturned paint bucket. The Panama came by way of a lucky ticket at a church fair. The contents of the paint bucket were donated by a careless painter who was giving the semaphore blade at the crossing its annual coat of paint. The absent-minded painter had just a few minutes before ‘Uncle Bobbie’s’ arrival dropped his brush on the top of a box car in a Wabash train passing over the crossing and before climbing down from his lofty perch to secure another brush placed the bail of the bucket over a chain hook in the center of the blade. The blade, as he climbed down, was at diagonal position and ‘Uncle Bobbie’, unaware of the presence of the bucket overhead, shifted it to perpendicular to permit C. & E. I. local freight No. 75 over to the Grape Creek line. Down came a cloudburst of red paint completely submerging both Panama and ‘Uncle Bobbie’. He sauntered over to the baggage room and I wiped off the paint with a piece of cotton waste as he stood before me looking as desolate as Skipper Ireson after the fish wives of Marblehead finished polishing him off.”

“The anti-climax to this amusing incident came a few moments later when Policeman ‘Uncle Billie’ Taylor and George H. Beyer, Danville News reporter, arrived on the scene and almost succumbed in a convulsion of laughter. No regard for a son ever drilled deeper than ‘Uncle Bobbie’s’ regard for Beyer, but the proverbial last straw is the one that breaks the camel’s back. ‘Uncle Bobbie’ did not speak to either ‘Uncle Billie’ or Beyer for a week. But one might as well attempt to dam the current of the Gulf Stream as to have tried to obstruct the stream of grand good-heartedness that flowed from the soul of ‘Uncle Bobbie’ Burns. Before the week ended ‘Uncle Billie’ was enjoying a fragrant pipeful in the watchhouse with ‘Uncle Bobbie’ and George Beyer was dropping in to pick up ‘a story’.”

Roy Tilton and Charles Withers

“Two young fellows just out of Collett Grove school liked to drop in for a chat with ‘Uncle Bobbie’ and give wide-eyed attention as he discoursed on the old type locomotive and the pioneer days of the C. D. & V. Those two young chaps are now a duo of ‘crack runners’ at the throttles of the C. & E. I. deluxe passenger trains and can lay out the pattern for perfect running. That pattern was indoctrinated in those hours spent with ‘Uncle Bobbie’ Burns 41 years ago. The teen-age duo just out of school in the years which followed became Engineers Roy Tilton and Charles Withers.

“Uncle Bobbie’s” Home Life

“The home life of ‘Uncle Bobbie’ Burns was ideal. He was blessed with a lovely wife and children—five sons and a daughter. The sons, John,

Jr., James, Robert, Thomas F. and William, followed the footsteps of the father and became expert railroad men. William, now a passenger engineer on the Santa Fe, is the only surviving son. Mary, the only daughter and the pride of her five big brothers, became the wife of Frank J. Dowling, a veteran C. & E. I. engineer, only recently retired. They reside at 1226 North Oak Street, Danville."

"It was in the Burns home that the Vander Steen orchestra met and practiced, Mary Burns playing first violin in that popular organization which furnished the music for all social occasions in the Junction neighborhood. J. S. Vander Steen, of Benjamin's Temple of Music, was its director and organizer. His sons, Carl and Valentine, were members of the orchestra. Carl was a talented trombone player and toured many years with Ringling Brothers' Circus band. Valentine was a clarinetist of ability, but laid aside his music at the outbreak of World War No. 1, enlisting in the crack Princess Pat Brigade of Canadians. He was wounded seriously in the Argonne campaign and lived but a short time after returning to his home in Danville.

"The performer on the big bass viol was a charming young lady—Miss Florence Stevens—who later became chief telephone operator at the C. & E. I.'s divisional offices at Danville Junction. She later became Mrs. William E. Giddings and now resides with her husband at 508 North Hazel Street, Danville."

"When President McKinley spoke at Danville Junction in October, 1899, the platform which had been erected alongside the C. & E. I. passenger wye at Kimball Street projected into the Burns

yard. 'Uncle Bobbie' was rightfully proud of the honor through the years which followed."

"The work at the Danville Junction crossing finally became too taxing for 'Uncle Bobbie's' physical energies and at his personal request he was transferred to the Bowman Avenue crossing. Three school kiddies, one October afternoon, stopped in the center of the Big Four tracks to watch an east-bound C. & E. I. passenger train, unmindful that Big Four switch engine No. 544 with Engineer Homer Franklin at the throttle was backing down upon them. 'Uncle Bobbie' rushed over to them and with outstretched arms swept them to safety but fell with an arm across the south rail. The arm was crushed off near the shoulder. He survived this tragedy several years but soon after the death of his beloved wife, ill health began to take its toll and he survived but a short time."

"It was Margaret Sangster who wrote, 'An end must come to the longest day and the best is that which we cannot say'."

"How often in the flight of years those words have come to me, as the rays from memory's lamp have directed my thoughts to 'Uncle Bobbie' Burns. His was a life which demands the superlatives in language in way of tribute."

"In this life which all men know, he could look everyone squarely in the face and I have not a doubt that when his final '31' order was handed him by the Great Dispatcher of the Universe he turned that same clear vision toward the life which no man knows. God bless his memory."

Billy Graves and His Shoe-Shiner

“Remember Billy Graves? Of course you do, if you were ever around the Junction. He was ticket agent and was kept mighty busy not only selling tickets but also calling trains. He had this double duty, as passengers had to be notified of their trains, as there were two waiting-rooms and a train might come in on the opposite side from which passengers were waiting.

“One morning, a young chap who had an excess of rag weed in his roof garden, turned up at the ticket window. He carried a shoe-shining outfit and struck a bargain with Graves—he of the shoe-shining profession was to call the departure of trains in return for the privilege of soliciting passengers for shines.”

“This arrangement seemed to work until one morning this disciple of ‘Chimmy’ Fadden got his wires crossed. He loaded an immigrant woman with five children and a conglomeration of market baskets on an east-bound train on the Wabash. She was ticketed for Grape Creek—should have been directed to a Villa Grove District train on the C. & E. I. The Wabash conductor carried her to Attica, then shipped her back to Danville Junction. Graves was furious, of course. You may well believe that was the end of Mr. Shoe-Shiner’s business activities at Danville Junction.”

Romance at Danville Junction

“Love bloomed, indeed, at Danville Junction. This story is entitled ‘The History and Romance of Danville Junction’. Certainly—there was budding romance at the old horseshoe lunch counter in the Junction depot.”

“John C. Oswalt, who operated this concession, as well as the adjoining Annex Hotel, employed a woman of about 40 by the name of Miss Elizabeth Schultz, who was his ‘all-around right-hand man’. She was cashier and was in charge of the long counter. She was known as ‘Lizzie’ for short. She was an excellent cook and baker. She made delicious cakes and pies on occasion. She was also a second mother to many a homeless conductor and brakeman who needed a button sewed on or a torn place hastily mended.”

“Her numerous acts of kindness brought the primrose tint to many an otherwise drab existence. Her charm attracted the attention of James Gaines, known as ‘Jimmy’ Gaines, of Vermilion Grove, who used to drop by the Junction for a bite to eat, also to bask in the loveliness of Lizzie. The difference in their ages—what was that, when true love was involved—he was 84, she was 40? But ‘they lived happily ever afterwards’—as the old saw goes.”

Many Famous Local Passenger Trains

“The local passenger train was in its full scope of usefulness when I was employed at Danville Junction. We had fast trains, of course, such as the Nashville Limited of the C. & E. I. and the Continental Limited of the Wabash—but we also had many ‘locals’. These local passengers transacted tremendous business, too.”

“The C. & E. I. found one of its most profitable branch lines to be ‘The Cissna Park Branch’, extending west from the main line at a point a mile or two north of Wellington, called Cissna Junction,

to the fine little town of Cissna Park, located in one of the richest agricultural regions of Eastern Central Illinois. There was the Cissna Park train, consisting of a locomotive, a combination baggage car and smoker, and a 'ladies' car'. This train was called 'The Cissna', or, as most folks pronounced it, 'The Cissnie'. It also handled freight cars from Cissna Park to either Watseka or Hoopeston, as its terminal might have been."

"In 1895, the Cissna Park train made a round-trip mornings between Cissna Park and Hoopeston—in the afternoons between Cissna Park and Watseka. But in the later 1890s', the Cissna was up and away from Cissna Park at about 6 a.m. and skipped along to Hoopeston as a 'mixed' train. At Hoopeston it dropped its freight cars and made a passenger train flight to Danville Junction, and most of the time to the North Street Station as well. This train handled capacity loads between Hoopeston, Rossville, Alvin, Bismarck and Danville, especially when court was in session. One of the favorite journeys of Hoopeston business and professional men was to take 'The Cissna' into Danville in the early morning, alight from the train at the Junction, take the street car down town and enjoy a delicious breakfast at the Plaza Hotel. Many of the world's most stubborn problems were settled each morning by this group of Hoopeston leaders breakfasting at the Plaza."

"The Cissna returned to Hoopeston later in the morning with a light passenger load, but with freight cars to local points and did the switching work for the industrial plants of Hoopeston, then taking off to Cissna Park as a mixed train, arrived there about noon. In the early 1890s', the

Cissna made the afternoon run only to Cissna Junction, where it connected with 'Evansville and Chicago No. 2', at 2:15 in the afternoon. At that time there was a triangular platform at Cissna Junction, with the main line passenger train standing alongside one side, the Cissna local across the platform on the curve. Who among our readers can recall this transfer at Cissna Junction?"

"Another pair of old timers in the local passenger field were No. 1 and No. 2, the daylight mail and express runs between Chicago and Evansville. Train No. 1, south-bound, was due at Danville Junction at 12:47 noon, at the North Street Station at 12:50 noon and again at the Junction at 1:05 p. m. Its sister train, No. 2, came to the Junction, as No. 1 was leaving, at 1:05 p. m. It backed to the North Street Station, arriving there at 1:10 P. M. and was back at the Junction at 1:20 P. M. There was plenty doing at the Junction and at the North Street Station when these two old veterans were doing their 'work', that is, discharging and receiving passengers, mail, baggage and express. These trains handled extremely heavy business. Many passengers alighted for their meals at Danville Junction while the two trains were down at the North Street Station."

"The Wabash had as many as nine passenger trains each way daily or a total of 18 trains daily, all stopping at Danville Junction previous to 1901 and by far the most of them stopping for several years thereafter. There were numerous fast trains, a number of locals. One famous local passenger train on the Wabash was the Effingham-LaFayette local. It had its origin at Effingham, on a branch line extending south from the main

line at Bement, then turned on the main line and ran east to LaFayette. This sturdy little train did a whale of a big business. Drummers 'making' or 'hitting' small towns found this train a veritable messenger from Heaven. It made all the stops—took them all in its stride. It must be recalled that the Wabash is rich in incorporated towns between Danville and Bement—Catlin, Fairmount, Homer, Sidney, Philo, Tolono, Sadorus, Ivesdale and Bement. There was the Champaign branch connecting at Sidney, with tremendous interchange of business. There was a highly important intersection and turnover of business with the Illinois Central at Tolono and with the Chicago Division of the Wabash at Bement. How many thousands of drummers and other travelers this little accommodation train 'accommodated' will never be known until the books of the universe are opened in Heaven itself. Mr. Burford tells me he rode this train about 1907 when it was crowded to the guards, as the old saying went—with from 10 to 20 passengers off, that many on at each town."

"This little train was called 'Green's Train' for many years—its conductor was Frank Green, prominent politician and at one time Mayor of Effingham."

"As this book is going to press, in late October, 1942, the Wabash has filed a petition with the Illinois Commerce Commission seeking to discontinue freight service between Sullivan, Ill., and Bement. There has been no passenger service between Effingham and Bement for several years—even the rails have been removed south of Sullivan. Now, the petition seeks not only to eliminate freight service between Bement and Sullivan but

to remove the rails for use in the all-out war effort."

"Another old veteran was the Champaign-Indianapolis turn-around on the Big Four. This train left Champaign at 6 a. m., carried the Urbana mail and express which had accumulated at Champaign during the night, as well as bulk mail and express for all towns between Champaign and at Danville. At Danville Junction, it picked up a heavy cargo of accumulated express for Covington, Veedersburg, Crawfordsville, other Hoosier towns. This train always handled heavy passenger business at Danville Junction. Arriving there about 7:15 in the morning, it frequently discharged 20 or 25 passengers—received that many more—I have seen this on repeated occasions. Mr. Burford tells me that in 1901 he took this train at Urbana, left it at Danville Junction. So many passengers were boarding the train at Urbana that it had to be held a few minutes while the Urbana agent pounded out tickets. Mr. Burford says he was one of at least 20 or 25 passengers who got off at Danville Junction. There were also heavy passenger trains on 'The Cairo' as well.

"I have indicated just a few of the time-honored local passenger trains. I have often wondered—just where on a two or three coach train, all the folks were stowed away who clambered on and off those faithful old servants of the people. There always seemed to be plenty of room for 10 or 20 more passengers at any time. The local passenger train carried all the people then—was the ruler of the transportation field."

Who's President of the Wabash?

"During the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo in 1901, the Wabash ran a fast passenger run called 'The Pan-American', known officially as No. 16. To get in the way of and cause a delay to No. 16 meant a 30 days suspension for the offending crew or individual. At that time, the west-bound Continental Limited dropped a dining-car at the Main Street Station. It was picked up by the Pan-American for the east-bound or return movement."

"It so happened one hot summer afternoon that the private car of President J. Ramsey, Jr., was attached to the rear of No. 16 with the president's wife and a group of friends seated comfortably in the rear vestibule of the private coach. Ramsey, who came from the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton to the Wabash, was one of the colorful officials of the Wabash 40 years ago. He was Joe Ramsey, always signed his name 'J. Ramsey, Jr.,' and for many years was 'Vice-President and General Manager'. His name and title, 'J. Ramsey, Jr., Vice-President and General Manager', is recalled on old Wabash time folders. Ramsey is remembered as a careful, exacting official, who overlooked no detail. The story runs that one time he was inspecting Wabash facilities and terminals in a city, probably Toledo. The members of the party lost sight of Ramsey for a few minutes. Where could he be? Finally, he was spied, lying on his back, in his street clothes, examining a locomotive which had declined to function. Ramsey also introduced the system of having 'Train Collectors' to collect tickets and cash fare instead of the train conductor doing this work. Many old-time conductors were

peevish at this action, considering it an attack on their integrity. Ramsey held the conductor should have his mind on the operation of his train, examining the semaphore at each non-stop station passed and not be harassed by collecting tickets and cash fares."

"But to return to the story of the private car, and who was president of the Wabash in 1901. Regardless of the comfort of the observers aboard the Ramsey car, the switchmen backed the diner on and Conductor Jack Fording 'highballed' the train out of town. But as No. 16 approached Seminary Street, she slowed down and came to an abrupt stop."

"Some adroit switching was done in the area of Seminary Street and Stony Creek bridge, with the net result that the diner was detached from the rear of the train, pushed ahead of the Ramsey private car, leaving the private car again as the last coach on the train. Mrs. Ramsey and her friends could then gaze over the landscape with view unobstructed."

"The process of switching out the private car, with attendant delay, consumed 26 minutes—the flyer should have been passing through Attica. It just happened that Junction Policeman Billy Taylor was walking along the tracks in line of duty. When the flyer stopped after passing Seminary Street, the rear of the Ramsey car stood opposite him. From the story 'Uncle Billy' related, the President of the Wabash and his helpmeet were having it hot and heavy."

"'Have that car switched out right here and now', demanded Mrs. Ramsey. By way of emphasis, she stamped her foot and shook a commanding

finger close to the nose of 'The Boss of the Wabash' (an appellation borne by Ramsey at that time)."

"'Switch it out here and now,' she repeated several times over, to which her husband meekly replied:

"'My dear, this is the fastest train on the system. We cannot afford to lose the time. I will have it switched out at LaFayette while the station work is being done'."

"It was a case of the suspenders being worn by the feminine side of the household—for that day at least."

"Reporter George H. Beyer was tipped off to the story and the next afternoon the Danville Commercial printed the story under a headline in heavy type which read:

"'Who's President of the Wabash'?"

"The story was copied by newspapers all over the country and created nothing short of a sensation. The entire nation roared with laughter over this exposure of domesticity and the right to rule in the Ramsey household—at least in the Ramsey private car."

"The management of the Wabash was furious with rage. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey were naturally boiling over with anger. The company sent several of their secret service men to Danville to investigate the source of Beyer's scoop. They pressed the intrepid reporter relentlessly but he simply laughed at them—he stood upon his rights and upon his dignity as a representative of the Fourth Estate—on his side was the freedom of the American press, a right cherished in 1901 as it is in 1942."

"Mr. Beyer is today following the call of his first love—newspaper work—and is associated with the advertising department of the Danville Commercial-News. Should anyone try to pry from him the source of the story of the Ramsey imbroglio, George smiles and laughs at them just as he did at the Wabash detectives 41 years ago. He still affirms it was the greatest scoop of his reporting career."

"Whoever 'wised' Beyer to the scoop—if he had been a Wabash employee—would certainly have been decorated with the insignia of 'The Ancient and Honorable Order of the Tin-Can', if his identity could have been proven."

A Literary Riddle—Where Did This Event Occur?

"Mr. Burford has told me an interesting story about Robert G. Ingersoll, the Peoria lawyer and politician and noted agnostic, and Lew Wallace, the famous Crawfordsville soldier, diplomat and author."

"The story carries a strong appeal. It may or may not have happened—it could have happened in the vicinity of Danville—it could have happened several hundred miles from Danville. It could have occurred at Danville Junction itself—if it ever did. *Understand—I am relating this literary tidbit as only a charming little story—and in no way as a literary or historic fact.*"

"It is frequently asserted that Colonel Ingersoll and General Wallace met on a train one day. They were highly congenial men. Each was brilliant, witty, affable. Each had served with distinction in the Civil War—Ingersoll as the dash-

ing colonel of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry—Wallace, first as colonel of the Eleventh Indiana Infantry, later as adjutant-general of Indiana, as a major-general of Union forces and as a member of highly important military commissions, such as the military court which tried the conspirators against the life of Abraham Lincoln. More than anything else, they were each ‘red-hot’ Republicans at a time when party politics was seething, at a period when men stood openly upon their party lines, proud, indeed, of their party affiliations.”

“The two men, meeting on a train, so the story goes, fell to discussing the topic of the divinity of Jesus Christ. Ingersoll, as might be expected, was openly bitter and hostile on this question. Wallace, while doubtful, was more open-minded. Following a long discussion, they parted, Wallace with the promise to Ingersoll that he would make a thorough study of this question before rendering an opinion.”

“The result, so it is said, of General Wallace’s investigation was his immortal ‘Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ’, which he published in 1880, in which he reverently treats the Man of Galilee as no other popular, non-theological author has ever done. The book has been translated into more languages than any other American novel with the sole exception of Charles M. Sheldon’s ‘In His Steps’. It remains today one of the great books to have come out of the great Middle West of the United States.”

“When General Wallace wrote ‘Ben-Hur’ he had never been in the Holy Land or adjacent regions—yet his descriptions of the country are amazingly accurate. He platted a map of Damas-

cus—he found it surprisingly correct when he later visited this, said to be the oldest city in the world, while he was serving as Minister to Turkey, 1881-1885. In 1898, or 18 years following the publication of ‘Ben-Hur’, General Wallace finally gave his consent for the dramatization of his thrilling literary child. He had feared that the Christ figure could not be reverently portrayed on the stage by professional actors—he also feared that the chariot race—spectacular in the extreme, in some ways, at least, the climax of ‘Ben-Hur’—could not be reproduced on any ordinary stage. In brief, Lew Wallace did not believe ‘Ben-Hur’ could be done accurately before the foot-lights. But the dramatic version was successful in the extreme—as reverent, too, as it was successful. The later movie version of ‘Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ’ was also beautiful and moving in every way.”

“Now, Mr. Burford asks a question which no living person can ever answer—on what train, traveling on what railroad, in what direction, with what terminal—did the Ingersoll-Wallace conversation occur?”

“Yet—General Wallace lived at Crawfordsville, Ind. He was being called hither and yon. Fairfield, Ill., where the late Senator William E. Borah of Idaho was born, claims that some of the most important parts of ‘Ben-Hur’ were written in that town while General Wallace was trying a case there in the Wayne county, Illinois courts. This point cannot be proved—but it is interesting, as it shows General Wallace was doing much local traveling. Colonel Ingersoll was constantly moving about the Central West—in constant demand as a lecturer.”

"Let me ask you—could this train conversation have occurred at—or near—Danville Junction?"

"The timing is perfect for this talk is said to have happened about 1876 or 1877. General Wallace served as governor of New Mexico from 1878 until 1881. 'Ben-Hur', you recall, was published in 1880—with much of the work on it done, not in Crawfordsville, but in the Southwest. Colonel Ingersoll removed from Peoria to Washington, D. C., in 1879 and to New York City in 1885. The two men were active and were constantly traveling in the Central West in the years 1876 or 1877, perhaps even into 1878."

"Could this have happened? Did Colonel Ingersoll come down to the Peoria Union Station some morning in those years and find General Wallace there, en route home to Crawfordsville, taking the same I. B. & W. (predecessor to the present Big Four, of course)? Did they discuss this topic from Peoria to Crawfordsville? Could the conversation have reached its climax when the train made its long lunch stop at Danville Junction—with the two men seated in a Junction lunch-room over a noon lunch?"

"Or could this have occurred? General Wallace and Colonel Ingersoll were in St. Louis, Springfield or Decatur, Ill., from time to time. Was Ingersoll en route to Detroit or Toledo to lecture? Was Wallace bound for his home in Crawfordsville? Did they ride the same Wabash train as far as Danville Junction. Did General Wallace alight there, to wait for his I. B. & W. train for Crawfordsville, with Ingersoll remaining on the Wabash train? Did Lew Wallace pace the station platform at Danville Junction as he tossed the mo-

mentous theme of the divinity of Jesus Christ in his ever rapidly whirling mind? Did the immortal 'Ben-Hur': A Tale of the Christ' take form as Wallace waited at Danville Junction—and was Colonel Ingersoll, in the final analysis, the instigator of this great novel? I leave this question, which can never be proved nor disproved, with you."

PART FOUR

TWO PROMINENT RAILWAY LEADERS— FROM DANVILLELAND

By Cary Clive Burford

The Danville area is the native locale and the boyhood home of two presidents of major American railroads of today.

I do not believe there is another area in the United States, not even excepting the more populous regions of the Atlantic Seaboard, where one can find, within about 55 miles, or within two adjoining counties, the birthplaces of two men who are serving as top executives of two of America's greatest railway systems.

I refer to Ernest E. Norris, born in Hoopeston, Vermilion county, Ill., who learned telegraphy in the Hoopeston up-town office of the Western Union Telegraph Company and who is now president of the Southern Railway System, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., and to Roy B. White, who was born in Metcalf, Edgar county, Ill., and who learned "the key" in the little old depot at Dana, Ind., of the Indiana, Decatur and Western railroad, later the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, and now the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, who is now president of the Baltimore and Ohio, with headquarters in Baltimore, Md.

Ernest Eden Norris

Born in Hoopeston, Ill., January 21, 1882, Ernest E. Norris spent his childhood and youth in

that city, where he attended the public schools. One of his first jobs was collecting and delivering packages of laundry for Dimock's Laundry, Kokomo, Ind., as Hoopeston had no laundry at that



"Ernie" Norris delivering bundles of laundry in Hoopeston, Ill., "way back when".

time. "Ernie" Norris, as he was then called, made the rounds each week using a one-boy wagon in the summer, a one-boy-power sled in the winter.

During vacations, he worked as a messenger boy for the Western Union, incidentally learning telegraphy at the same time. He was also employed as telegraph operator by the Western Union, in Watseka, Ill., where he worked until he was "fired", the specific charge against him being that the boys and girls of the town congregated in the office to the displeasure of an elderly lawyer who occupied adjoining offices. Today, Mr. Norris is a member of the board of directors of the West-

ern Union Telegraph Company, which one time "fired" him as a youthful telegraph operator. Where, in all of broad America, can you beat this for a rollicking good story of ultimate success?

After losing his job at Watseka, Norris began casting about for a new connection. Incidentally, he read in a Chicago newspaper that the assistant station agent of the Chicago and Northwestern



"Ernie" Norris (right) and the late Dr. George Steely, Danville, wearing their first long pants.

railway at Arlington Heights, Ill., had died. Norris, with plenty of youthful nerve, applied in writing to the station agent at Arlington Heights for the job—to Norris' amazement he was immediately taken on at \$35 a month. He served the Northwestern in various capacities until 1902 when he joined the Southern Railway System as car service agent.

He served the Southern in the following assignments: road trainmaster, Norfolk, Va.; assistant superintendent and superintendent, Knoxville, Tenn.; superintendent, Atlanta, Ga.; general superintendent, Knoxville, Tenn., and assistant to the president, Washington, D. C., until 1919.

Norris then became vice-president of the Mobile and Ohio railway December 11, 1919 and was appointed its receiver June 3, 1932. He then rejoined the Southern as vice-president November 1, 1933, and within recent years he has succeeded to the presidency.

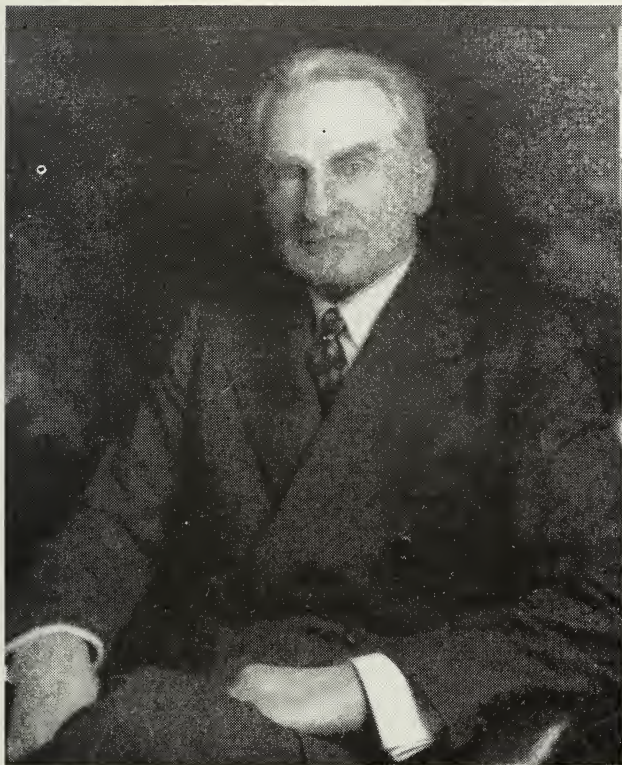
Mr. Norris is a director of the Riggs National Bank, Washington, D. C.; The Railway Express Company, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company. He is a Mason and a Shriner, a member of the Manhattan Club, New York, and the Metropolitan Club, Washington.

"Ernie" Norris learned telegraphy in the up-town office of the Western Union in Hoopeston about 1895. Hoopeston was mighty proud—as the city had a right to be—of the fact that it was metropolitan enough to have an "up-town" or "city" office of the Western Union. The office was then at the end of the hall over the bank of Hamilton and Lateer, later Hamilton and Cunningham,



(Courtesy, Danville Commercial-News)

“Ernie” Norris being feted by the home-county boys—April 18, 1939, holding picture of his birthplace in Hoopeston, Ill. The late Scott Ingle, Hoopeston, toastmaster of the evening, at right.



Mr. Ernest Eden Norrs, President, Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C.

at the northwest corner of Main and Market Streets. The bank was later nationalized under the name of the Hoopeston National Bank. The area at this street corner was destroyed by a serious fire which devastated the business district of Hoopeston in 1937. The corner itself, where the bank occupied the first floor and the telegraph office the farthest north office room upstairs, has never been rebuilt. When "Ernie" Norris visits

his native city today, his old Western Union site is merely a nest of ruins.

One of the delightful events in the successful career of Mr. Norris was April 18, 1939, when his Hoopeston and Danville friends tendered him a "welcome home" banquet at the Wolford Hotel, Danville. The late Scott Ingle of Hoopeston was toastmaster. Jokes, wisecracks and take-offs filled the air in true Gridiron fashion, the event being one long to be remembered both by Ernest E. Norris and by his wealth of friends in Vermilion county, Ill.

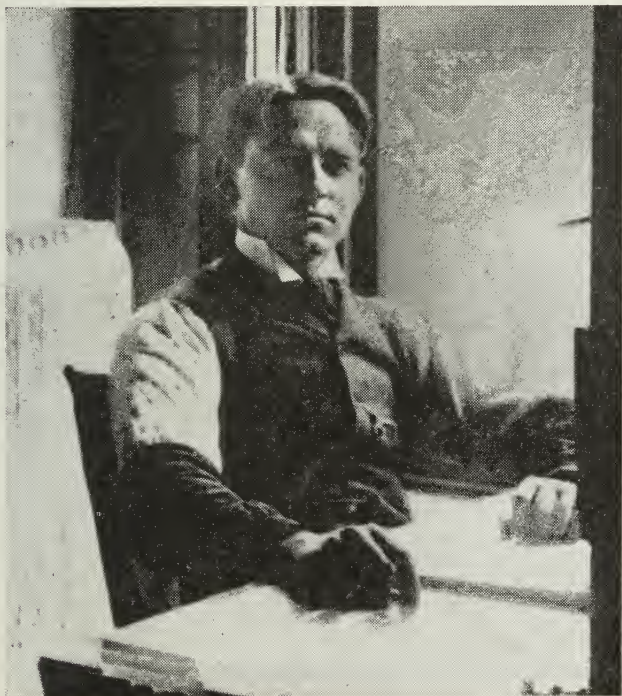
Mrs. Norris was the former Kathryn Augusta Callan. They were married in Knoxville, Tenn., August 10, 1905. They have two sons, Frank Callan Norris and Ernest Eden Norris, Jr. The family home is at 2304 Wyoming Avenue, N.W., Washington. Mr. Norris' office is in the Southern Railway Executive Office Building, McPherson Square, Washington, D. C.

Roy Barton White

A product of the village life of Metcalf, Edgar county, Ill., and of nearby Dana, Vermillion county, Ind., is Roy Barton White, who was elevated to the presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company June 1, 1941.

He was born August 8, 1883, in Metcalf. His parents removed to Dana, where he learned telegraphy in the little old depot of what is now his own system. The little station was extensively remodeled in the spring of 1942 to improve its facilities for handling the vast freight shipments needed in the construction of the Wabash Valley Ordnance

Plant, located on Indiana Route 63 northeast of Dana and south of Newport, in Vermillion county, Indiana. The little table at which the youthful Roy White learned telegraphy "way back when" was torn out during these remodeling operations.



Roy White, long time ago, learned telegraphy at Dana, Ind.

Mr. White served as train dispatcher of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton 1902-08; chief dispatcher, 1908-09; chief clerk to the general superintendent, Cincinnati, 1909-10; general superintendent, Indianapolis, 1910-15; superintendent,

Baltimore and Ohio, Flora, Ill., 1915-16; Seymour, Ind., 1916 and at Philadelphia and Baltimore, 1917-21. He then became superintendent of the Baltimore and Ohio, at Baltimore, 1921-23; general manager in New York City, 1923-26; senior vice-president Central Railroad of New Jersey, 1926, president of the Central of New Jersey 1926-33,



The little old depot at Dana, Ind., where a lad named Roy White, learned "the key". The depot was extensively remodeled in the spring of 1942, to care for the business of the Wabash Valley ordnance plant in the Dana-Newport, Ind., area.

and president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, 1933-41, which last position he occupied until June 1, 1941, when as noted above, he assumed the presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

He is a director and a member of the executive board of the Lehigh and Hudson Railroad and of the Central Railroad Company of New Jersey. He is a director of the Great American Insurance Company, and the American Express Company, and a trustee of the Bank of New York. During World War No. 1, Mr. White served with the



Mr. Roy Barton White, President, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Md.

United States Railroad Administration. He is a member of the Presbyterian church, of the Masonic lodge and is a 32nd degree Mason and a Shriner. His clubs are the Metropolitan, Recess, Cloud and Railroad, New York City; Traffic and Chicago, Chicago; Metropolitan, Washington; Bohemian, San Francisco; and the Baltimore Country Club.

Mr. White was married to Flora E. Auman, August 4, 1908. They have a daughter, Frances Jane, now Mrs. E. B. Young, and a son, Roy Barton White, Jr. They live at 5412 St. Alban's Way, Baltimore, Md. Mr. White's office is in the Baltimore and Ohio Building, Baltimore, Md.

And—Finally

Mr. Smith and I have recorded these recollections and observations of Danville Junction because of our love of the historical background of our own Central West of America. We have, first and above all, desired to be historically accurate, with all names and dates carefully verified. We have wished to make a contribution to the history of Illinois and Indiana especially—states we have loved through lifelong residence.

But our primary purpose has been to preserve a segment of the romance of the local passenger train, of local journeys hither and thither through the Central West and of "changing cars" in a period of Middle Western history when everyone traveling farther than Old Betsy and Old Nellie could comfortably trot, used the rails.

The story of traveling in the 1890s' and the 1900s' is indeed "The Saga of the Local Passenger Train". No one objected in the least, seemingly, to riding on two or three local trains on a 100-mile trip. No one "minded" a wait of three hours amid the activity of Danville Junction in its noisiest and busiest roar of travel. Indeed, to many men and women, a local journey, with its change of cars, was a welcome swish of scenery from the humdrum of the farm or the quiet atmosphere of

the home town street. Changing cars at Danville Junction, eating one's lunch from a shoe-box or at the Junction counter, perhaps a street car ride to down-town Danville was, withal, an exhilarating experience, not to be lightly regarded by any manner of means.

"The Saga of the Local Passenger Train" in Mid-Continent America in 1942 seems to be the oblivion of local passenger train service. While many trains are being maintained for the duration of World War II, it is probable that after the war many contemporary trains in the Central West will "come off" (in railroad vernacular), will be eliminated, in other words. It is possible, even highly probable, the only remaining passenger trains in the Middle West will be streamliners flashing between such terminals as Chicago and St. Louis, Chicago and the Twin Cities, Chicago and New Orleans. Possibly—we hope—some old-time standpatters of passenger trains, heavy night mail and express runs, like No. 43 and No. 44 on the Peoria and Eastern, may remain in service.

While these pages were being prepared, the elimination of local passenger train service has continued. We may witness the total elimination of passenger and freight service on the Illinois Terminal Railroad (the old Illinois Traction System) between Danville and Decatur and between Decatur and Mackinaw Junction. The C.&E.I. has filed petitions with the regulating bodies for the elimination of two local passenger trains from its main line, also the Villa Grove District train. The Peoria and Eastern has sought to close its station at Mayview, Ill., just east of Urbana, and the Illinois Central at Armstrong, in Vermilion county,

Ill. We mention these events as simply evidence of the wide sweep of passenger train elimination. It seems, indeed, we may as well become reconciled to the fade-out of most of our local passenger trains.

Even today, there are many excellent small cities in Illinois and Indiana without passenger trains—there will be many more following the close of hostilities. There are indeed many county seat towns and cities in late 1942 in the Central West without passenger trains.

For instance, Fairbury, Ill. (although not a county seat), an enterprising little city of 2,500 population, a town with educated and highly cultured people, has not had regular passenger train service in more than ten years. El Paso, Ill., where Lincoln changed cars from the "old main line" of the Illinois Central to the old "Peoria and Oquawka", later known as Toledo, Peoria and Western, or "The Tip-Up"—the present "Peoria Road", has been without passenger train service on its two railroads for a number of years—even its ancient union passenger station has been removed—since it is no longer needed. Fairbury, too, has been shorn of its passenger station—again, no longer needed. The "depot" or the "deepo" in scores of Illinois and Indiana towns, once the liveliest locale in the community, is now the loneliest.

The "old main line" of the Illinois Central—built in the early 1850s' as a much needed pioneer passenger artery in the Mid-West—has been without regular passenger train service for a number of years. There are many fine Illinois cities—Vandalia, Pana, Decatur, Bloomington, Normal, El

Paso, Minonk, LaSalle, Mendota, Amboy, Dixon, Polo—which have not visualized an Illinois Central passenger train for lo, these several years. Where, we inquire, will the elimination of the local passenger train end?

Danville Junction, in itself—with its old busy life and with its passing from the scene is now only symbolic. We do not wish to overstate its significance. But its service for over 40 years remains a mirror of a now gone-forever period, a truly golden era, in the history of our own beloved America when, in truth, "Rails Were the Only Trails".

We are sure that we are fighting for in 1942 is to preserve the way of life of good old America, when man was free to travel when and as he chose, when he assumed his homely fragments of everyday life would be permanently vouchsafed unto him. We are indeed fighting in this war for the right to come and go as we wish—even as our parents and grandparents freely "changed cars" at Danville Junction.

We believe "The History and Romance of Danville Junction" is a mere slice, or cross-section, of the flowering of our cherished America into its present world greatness. For this reason we have recorded these recollections for "We Americans are spendthrifts even of our memories."¹ If we have preserved, in this study, a glimpse of Americana at its loveliest and best—then indeed we are well repaid.

¹Page 138, "A Poet's Life", by Harriett Monroe, copyright 1936 by the Macmillan Company, New York, by permission.

Myron Carpenter—20 Years President of the C. & E. I.

Charles T. O'Neal, Present President

For a period of more than 20 years, President Myron Carpenter's private car frequently appeared at Danville Junction. It often remained overnight on a siding at the rear of the old frame Divisional Offices Building.

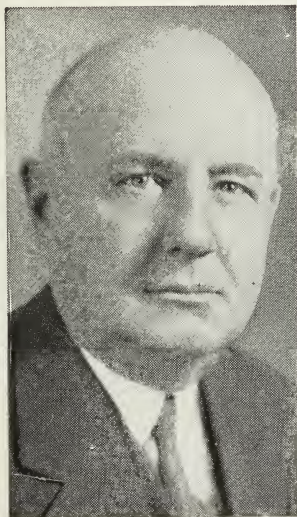
Mr. Carpenter began his career with the C. & E. I. as a telegraph operator at Alvin, Ill. At not infrequent intervals, the private car of President O'Neal is now seen on a siding at the Oaklawn shops bringing, to the old-timers, memories of the years when Mr. Carpenter headed the system. Much of the fine work which President O'Neal has carried out in his years of splendid service for this railroad rest upon the period of highly efficient work which Myron Carpenter rendered the system.

Charles Thomas O'Neal

Born at Brandywine Springs, Delaware, December 29, 1873, Charles Thomas O'Neal has devoted his career of achievement to the service of the American rails.

After attending public schools in Wilmington, Del., and Goldey College, he began his work as a trainmaster's clerk, with the Philadelphia and Reading railroad in 1890. He was with the Lehigh Valley in various capacities from 1891 to 1918, advancing to general superintendent of that system. He was "furloughed" in 1918 to the United States Railroad Commission, attaining the rank of a major in the United States Army.

O'Neal became vice-president of the Fort Smith and Western in 1921, remaining in that capacity, until 1929, then becoming vice-president of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh in 1929, where

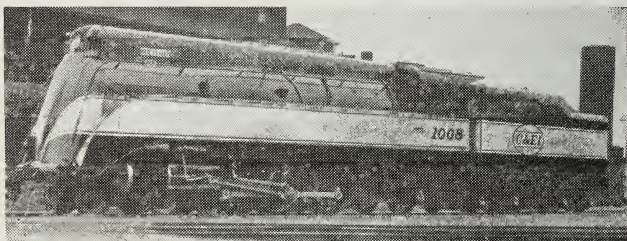


Mr. Charles Thomas O'Neal,
President, C. & E. I. Railroad,
Chicago, Ill.

he remained until December, 1930. He assumed his present duties as president of the C. & E. I. System, January 1, 1931.

"A Depression President"—and a highly efficient one—we may characterize Charles T. O'Neal. He came to the C. & E. I. when the great depression of the 1930s' was scuttling into its deep valley of despair. But, during the past decade, he has witnessed the C. & E. I. rising from a receivership into independent financial status.

The gasoline engine and the Diesel engine have each been a part of the O'Neal program of building a bigger, better, more efficient railway system. The roadbed has been brought to a high standard both as to sturdiness and stability and in general appearance until it is second to none in the Central West. O'Neal has also brought about a complete revision of curves and signals to promote smooth



Contrast this 1942 Monarch of the Rails with the tiny 3-Spot which chugged along in the 1870s' doing its bit for the old CD&V and later for the C&EI. This big baby of 1942, No. 1008, is the streamlined locomotive which pulls the luxury "Dixie Flagler" between Chicago and Florida cities. The "Dixie Flagler" is one of the points in the O'Neal program of building the C&EI into the great North-South highway it is rapidly becoming. This photograph, courtesy of D. J. Sheehan, Superintendent Motive Power, Oaklawn shops, C&EI RR, Danville, Ill.

operation. The system of "Center Sidings" between the two main tracks has been entirely eliminated in the interest of revolutionized faster freight and passenger schedules. Numerous underpasses eliminating hazardous grade crossings have also been features of the O'Neal program for a greater C. & E. I. This highly important construction work has been carried forward independent of federal or state aid.

During the publication of the magazine, "The C.&E.I. Flyer", employees learned to anticipate the customary 250 or 300 word greeting from President O'Neal. The influence of this monthly greeting to the men along the system has been tremendous and has been instrumental in creating a strong band of understanding between management and employees.

Mr. O'Neal is known throughout the American Railroad World as an able, astute and, withal, an extremely courteous executive. He may be found at the C. & E. I. general offices, Chicago. He resides at 179 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Mr. O'Neal is a member of the Union League Club, Chicago.

JUNCTION JOTTINGS

By CARY CLIVE BURFORD

Shakespeare, in "King John I" opines "The end crowns all". Perhaps, after all, the end of a book, even this book, may be the best part of it—may even be the crowning portion of it. As we have written these lines, a task extending from June to October, even as these pages were being cast into type, recollections of Danville Junction and of the old Junction life continue to seep in. There seems no way, indeed, to end this volume, to crown it, in other words. We have, therefore, jotted down a few of these straws of remembrances which indicated, in years of yore, the direction of the winds across Danville Junction.

Edward Cornelius, Urbana, Ill., formerly of Georgetown, Ill., came from Ohio in 1898 to work in the C. & E. I. shops at Danville Junction. He was there on that eventful New Year's of December 31, 1899—January 1, 1900, when not only a New Year but a New Century was welcomed—and how! The Junction shops and yards were teeming with locomotives. Officials permitted the men to do their best—or worst. Every engine was fired. Every whistle was tied down. An inferno of noise rent the Junction breeze until dawn reluctantly peeked out of the East that cold gray morning. Whistles blew until their individual boilers cooled. "It was one big night," recalls Cornelius. "We literally could not hear ourselves think."

Guy McIlvaine Smith recalls that February, 1898, with ticket sales at \$28,000, was doubtless the largest month in sales at the Junction joint

ticket office. Sales ran as high as \$250,000 annually in that general period. Excess baggage collections at the joint baggage room totalled \$1,000 a month in those years.

Mr. Smith also remembers that the Joint Agent at the Junction remitted every afternoon his cash receipts to three railroad general offices—the Wabash to St. Louis, the C. & E. I. to Chicago, the Big Four to Cincinnati. Cash receipts, including hundreds of silver dollars and the old-fashioned long streaks of currency were bulky in those days. Cash was forwarded in care of train express messengers after the heavy envelopes had been sealed at the joint Junction office of the Pacific and American express companies. The joint baggage agent made cash settlement each late afternoon with the Joint Ticket Agent, in charge of all Junction business.

Dark stories are still being related in Danville about the many free lunches which Phil Theurer snatched from the Chris Leverenz restaurant at the corner of the Big Four tracks and Collett Street. There was a side-door, opening upon Collett Street, which Phil and his gang found convenient in escaping with free lunch tidbits which Chris had carefully laid out for cash customers. Phil is now trying to live down these evil deeds—he is President of “The Interstate, Printers and Publishers,” one of the co-sponsors of this book, and recently served as President of the Danville Chamber of Commerce. Danville people are emerging into a frame of mind to forgive him. Phil was born in Danville, lived in the Junction area as a boy, skated on the old pond west of the Junction

shops, and made thin dimes selling newspapers and running errands on the Junction platforms.

Guy McIlvaine Smith, whose keen memory has made this book possible, recalls the old days of the "Sunday Excursions" when the Big Four operated one-dollar round-trips to Indianapolis. Mr. Smith served for a period as assistant ticket agent at the Vermilion Street Station. He remembers the long lines of people before the ticket windows extending far out of the station, down the platform, out onto Vermilion Street itself, and beyond the nearby neighborhood drug store. Almost every customer carried in his fist a round silver dollar. Mr. Smith tossed the iron men, as they rolled in, into a wooden box conveniently near. He and an assistant needed a horse-drawn cab to transport the plunder to the First National Bank of Danville. The Sunday excursion trains in those days comprised from 12 to 16 coaches—packed to the platforms. They stopped at the Junction as well as at the Vermilion Street Station. The silver dollar, king of the monetary field, in Junction days, has in 1942 become almost a coin collector's item. By the way—did you see, a few years ago, an excellent movie, "Silver Dollar", starring Edward G. Robinson?

Many famous Danville business and professional leaders, not so young today as they once were, have mentioned to the co-authors of this book their Junction recollections. Oliver D. Mann, Danville native son, Danville attorney and president of the Vermilion County Historical Society, recalls taking a C. & E. I. train at the Junction for Chicago—at the mature age of five. He was es-

corting his "papa" to the metropolis on this occasion.

Frank O'Neal, manager of the Woodbury Book Store, Danville, was reared in Tuscola. He came to Danville at the just-starting-to-shave period to seek his fortune. He rode a Villa Grove District train which ground its way through Grape Creek, then to the Junction. But Frank was ticketed to "Danville". He was determined to get his money's worth—nothing less. He stayed with the train as it backed its way to the picturesque old North Street Station. There Frank alighted and wended his way up North Street to Vermilion Street to survey the realm of his future conquests.

Hiram Beckwith collected handsome rents from his buildings which composed Danville Junction—in addition to his prestige of being the only individual in the United States, without doubt, who owned a railway station in actual use. John C. Oswalt paid him \$350 a month for the Annex Hotel and for his concessions in the Junction depot. The three railroads, through the Wabash, paid \$150 a month for station privileges. The Pacific and American Express Companies paid \$75 for use of the joint express office, and, again, the three railroads, paid \$50 a month for use of the joint baggage room. Rather a tidy total, say ye not?

Did you know that Charles ("Old Hoss") Radbourne, famous baseball player, was a brakeman in 1877-78 on the old "I. B. & W.", now the Big Four, operating on local freight trains between Danville Junction and Bloomington, perhaps to Pekin part of the time. "Old Hoss" was born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1856, was brought to Bloomington, Ill., as a mere babe-in-arms. He always

called Bloomington his home town. He taught Clark Griffith, who came from nearby Normal, Ill., to pitch. Guy McIlvaine Smith is an authority upon the careers of Radbourne, Griffith, all the other old-timers of big league baseball. While working as a brakeman, to support his summer baseball, "Old Hoss" boarded with a family named Kelly, whose home was located on the present site of the plant of the Inland Supply Company, Danville.

The death of Mrs. John C. Oswalt, Danville, October 8, 1942, occurred while the linotype was busy upon these pages. Guy McIlvaine Smith, a friend of her Junction years, was one of her casket-bearers. Mr. and Mrs. Oswalt, as has been noted, operated the Annex Hotel at the Junction, also the Junction Station horseshoe lunch counter for many years. Mrs. Oswalt's funeral was conducted by the Rev. J. W. R. Sumwalt, pastor of St. James Methodist church, Danville, of which Mrs. Oswalt was a member. Mrs. Oswalt brought her church letter from Terre Haute to Danville in 1885 and was for many years a member of the First Methodist church, Danville. St. James church was formed through consolidation of the First Methodist and Kimber Methodist churches. The Oswalts observed their 61st wedding anniversary September 10, 1942. Salt of the earth—the Oswalts.

The Junction depot, built in late 1869, was originally of frame construction. In 1901, it was remodeled and extensively repaired and was given its outside layer of yellow brick veneer. Most of our readers will remember this old-time station with its veneer coat. The new concrete platforms

were laid in 1902. It seemed then the Junction Station was established for all time to come—but not for long. Temporarily closed for three years, 1911-1914, it was permanently closed in 1919.

The two afternoon trains on the Peoria Division of the Big Four for many years transacted heavy business at Danville Junction. They were No. 11 and No. 18, officially, but were known as "The Knickerbockers". These trains were fast, having an actual running time of less than six hours between Indianapolis and Peoria. For many years, they did not carry mail, but heavy baggage and express. Their loads of passengers, baggage and express were heavier than the morning trains. "The Knickerbockers" carried full loads of passengers in each direction for 30 or 40 years. They were drawn by locomotives which would seem diminutive today—but they were exceptionally fast. It was commonplace for each Knickerbocker to "drop" 15 or 20 passengers daily at Danville Junction, "pick up" that many more. Old-time engineers on these trains were also skilled machinists—they could fix up the engine, then go ahead.

Did you know that in the early years of the "I. B. & W.", now the Peoria and Eastern, that its postal car was routed from Indianapolis through to Galesburg, Ill., via the Burlington from Peoria? Postal crews in those years made the run from Indianapolis to Galesburg, and from Galesburg to Indianapolis.

What abbreviations were used for Danville Junction? They were Danville Junc., Danville Jct., Danville Jc., sometimes even D.Jc.

The Junction bus now nosing its way through Danville streets is a carry-over from the old Junc-

tion street cars. It's difficult to live down the old Junction—it persists in Junction Avenue and in the Junction busses.

The Chicago, Attica and Southern Railroad, serving 31 communities in Western Indiana, is to be dismantled, with 15,769 tons of rail to be used as scrap to beat the Axis. This decision was handed down in mid-October, 1942, as these lines were being set in type. The road has been in receivership since 1931. The Chicago, Attica and Southern was organized in 1924, with Charles F. Propst, Paris, Ill., lumber dealer, as its president. He was said to be the oldest railroad president in the United States. This road is referred to in other sections of this volume as a C. & E. I. property. In years gone by, it was known as "The Dolly Varden" and as "The Chicago and Indiana Coal Railroad". Who among the readers of this book can recall the old Attica station of this road located on a short spur track, with trains running in and backing out, or backing in and running out, similar, in a way, to the old movements of C. & E. I. trains to the North Street Station, Danville. "The Coal Road" crossed the "tow-path" railroad of the Wabash, which hovered near the old tow-path of the Wabash and Erie Canal, to Portland Arch and Covington, near downtown Attica, and underpassed the main line of the Wabash railroad near Attica. The old Wabash depot in Covington has been turned about and was used, when last noticed, as a roadside stand.

Another railroad of the long ago in Danville—land—and who among our readers will recall this one?—was the old line which ran from Bismarck to Covington, which was dismantled many years

ago. You will find this on old maps of Vermilion county, Ill., Warren and Fountain counties, Ind. It crossed the Wabash railroad at Johnsonville, at that time a pretentious village.

What about the old-fashioned winters of the long ago at the Junction? "We had them," recalls Guy McIlvaine Smith. "We were worse 'Snow-Bound' many times than were the isolated characters in Whittier's great poem. There was a rule that the section men had to clear the Junction platforms of snow. But sometimes they were late. We used sleds to transport heavy tonnage of baggage, express and mail to and from the trains before the platforms were cleared. Like the show which had to go on, the baggage, mail and express had to reach their respective trains, snow or no snow."

"My father served in the Indiana legislature," Mr. Smith further recalls, "and I often heard him speak of the late Eugene V. Debs, socialist leader and native of Terre Haute, Ind. My father represented Tippecanoe county (LaFayette) in the assembly, Debs, Vigo county (Terre Haute). Their desks adjoined. My father always said Debs was one of the most capable, one of the brainiest men he had ever met. Debs might have gone far in American politics and statesmanship if it had not been for his Socialist ideas. And now, we are adopting, it seems, some or many of the issues for which Debs labored."

As this book goes to press, Guy McIlvaine Smith, co-author of this volume, has been called to Indianapolis to attend the funeral of his sister, Miss Lillian Gray Smith, aged 86, who graduated from Purdue University in the class of 1880 and

who was one of the oldest—probably the oldest—living graduate of Purdue. She taught 52 years in the public schools of Indianapolis. Also surviving, besides the brother in Danville, are two sisters, Miss Evangeline Wilson Smith, aged 84, a Purdue graduate in 1881, and Miss Ida Virginia Smith, aged 80, Purdue 1883. The last named also graduated from Adelphi Academy of Physical Expression, Brooklyn, N. Y., and was for a number of years an instructor in DePauw University. Guy McIlvaine Smith certainly comes from a remarkable family. “Understanding the educational background of this group—who lived for 17 years in LaFayette, Ind., while the children were being educated—it is easy to realize how Guy McIlvaine Smith became such a storehouse of knowledge and so conversant with many subjects,” is the tribute paid by Jack M. Williams, in “The Parade” Column, Danville Commercial-News, October 26, 1942.

We record another “Junction” recollection of Guy McIlvaine Smith, only this time it refers to Crawfordsville Junction, not Danville Junction. There were eight children in the family of Guy McIlvaine Smith as a boy. The older home of the family was in Indianapolis, as Mr. Smith has related in his reminiscences of the family, later removing to LaFayette. The family—ten of them, with the father and mother—were traveling from LaFayette to Indianapolis for a “visit”. They missed the train on what is now the Chicago Division of the Big Four, or the New York Central Lines, direct from LaFayette to Indianapolis. Their next opportunity was to take a Monon train to Crawfordsville Junction, then transfer to what

is now the Peoria Division of the Big Four. The father placed the eight youngsters, with the mother and himself, atop high stools at the lunch counter of old Crawfordsville Junction hotel-depot for a "snack" while "changing cars". Such a family scene was re-enacted hundreds of times at Danville Junction when large families—remember in your recent reading the large family in "Country Lawyer" by Bellamy Partridge, who later used the same idea in his later book entitled "Big Family"?—were in vogue. Large families "changed cars" for 45 years at Danville Junction, perhaps on a journey of only 75 or 100 miles, eating their lunch at one of the Junction lunch counters, very likely from their abundantly stored and dexterously packed "Shoebox" lunch kit. Who does not recall, in their childhood, munching fried chicken, pie and cake on a train or at some union depot or junction station while "changing cars" from that old "Shoebox" outfit? Guy McIlvaine Smith was only nine years of age when he enjoyed this thrilling lunch at Crawfordsville Junction. "That was a more eventful trip to me," relates Mr. Smith, "than was the recent Wendell Willkie jaunt around the word to him, or the present journey of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt through 'Merrie Olde England' to her".

"The C. & E. I. Flyer", company magazine, discontinued since the death of L. S. Holman, the editor, in April, 1942, has been revived under direction of Earl Thornton, second trick caller, round-house office, at the Oaklawn shops of the C. & E. I. Mr. Holman maintained an office on the first floor of the North Street Freight Station of the C. & E. I. "The C. & E. I. Flyer" was an attract-

ive railroad journal under the editorship of Mr. Holman. Here's wishing every possible success to Mr. Thornton.

Speaking of the Old North Street Freight Station, E. W. Snyder, known as "Bennie", has been cashier there for the past four years. He has been with the C. & E. I. since 1914. In the old Junction days, about 1900, he was transfer clerk in the yard office at the Junction and maintained his desk in the waiting-room of the Junction Station.

Local freight agent of the C. & E. I., at the North Street Freight Station, Danville, is F. C. Richner, who has occupied that position since October, 1941. Previously, he had served as telegraph operator and clerk at the North Street Freight Station. Did you know the C. & E. I. maintains telegraph instruments and an operator at the North Street Freight House? Richner was formerly telegraph operator in the yard office of the Big Four at Hillery, just west of Danville—an office since discontinued. In December, 1939, Richner submitted an article, "Danville and the C. & E. I." for The Chicago and Eastern Illinois Employees' Magazine, later known as "The C. & E. I. Flyer"—ringing the bell for a cash prize, too—not difficult to accept just before Santa Claus was due for his annual visit. Employees at that time were being invited to submit articles about their cities or towns and the C. & E. I. business therein—an excellent idea. Richner's article contained much lore of old Danville Junction.

Mr. Smith recalls that Doug G. Williams, United States Marshal and later sheriff of Ver-

million county, used to aid him and his helpers push the sleds with their cargoes of heavy baggage up and down the long Junction platforms. Williams, who is only recently deceased, used to drop past the Junction every morning for his Chicago paper. The sleds, about a dozen in number, were built in the Junction shops of the C. & E. I.

Reviewing this book at the luncheon meeting of the American Business Club, Wednesday, November 4, at the Hotel Wolford, Mr. Burford was told after the program that Ignace Paderewski, famous pianist and at one time prime minister of the ill-fated Poland, changed cars several times at Danville Junction while on his mid-Western concert tours.

William G. Edens, one of the best known workers for many years among the various brotherhoods of railway trainmen in the United States, sent us an order for an autographed copy of this volume just as the final corrections were being made. Mr. Edens served many years as a traveling representative of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, known as "the Dawes Bank" in Chicago. He is said to have known personally more people in the Mississippi Valley than any other one man. Mr. Edens in 1896 was an able campaigner for William McKinley in his first Presidential race, especially among railroad men, working in the interests of "the full dinner pail".

Julius Cohen, Urbana, Ill., pianist and vocalist, and brother of Sol Cohen, Urbana violinist, the latter being a violin teacher in Danville at present, recalls Danville Junction vividly as his first recollection as a mere child. Although born and reared in Urbana, he went at a tender age with

his parents to Defiance, Ohio, changing from the Big Four to the Wabash at Danville Junction. No doubt the excitement of being away from home and in a strange city caused Mr. Cohen to recall Danville, over Urbana, as a toddler. He remembers his father bought him a hard-boiled egg at the Junction lunch counter. Julius sauntered about the Junction waiting-rooms munching his egg. He also recalls the bright lights of locomotives milling about the Junction, which he said hurt his eyes. His father, the late Nat H. Cohen, was an old-time minstrel singer, also sang for many years in famous old campaign quartets at Republican rallies and before and after torch-light processions in the days when Uncle Joe Cannon was a powerful political leader. The father, Nat Cohen, preserved his interesting 'Memoirs' of the old-time campaigns, much as we have done in this story of Danville Junction.

George Ade, Brook, Ind., Hoosier humorist and playwright, and ardent Purdue fan and benefactor, has recently enjoyed correspondence with Guy McIlvaine Smith, co-author of this book. "Mr. Smith wrote me a long and friendly letter which was full of names recalling happy memories of Lafayette and Purdue over 50 years ago. Mr. Smith has a card-index memory. I remember all the members of his family (see notice above in Junction Jottings of Mr. Smith's three brilliant sisters and the recent death of the eldest of the group). His father was a very good minister and a real friend to Purdue. I am truly glad your new book is attracting so much interest." Mr. Ade and C. C. Burford, Urbana, have been friends for several years and Mr. Burford has called a num-

ber of times at "Hazelden Farm", the home of George Ade. Mr. Ade has presented Mr. Burford with many autographed books and reprints which the latter values highly. Mr. Ade was among the first mail-order purchasers of this volume.

No student of the history of Vermilion county and of eastern Illinois has made a larger contribution to historical study than has Larkin A. Tuggle, county superintendent of schools of Vermilion county. He has published two booklets upon "ye goode olde tymes" in Vermilion county which have been widely used in the schools of the county. Mr. Tuggle has found many interesting notes about a projected Danville-Paxton railroad, never built—but shown on old maps. He has also found sections of grading for this railroad still visible in northwestern Vermilion county. Two other Vermilion county historians (in addition to Clint Clay Tilton) whom we are proud to recognize, are Jack M. Williams, of the Danville Commercial-News, and Miss Lottie Jones. Their extensive studies of Vermilion county have been eminently worthwhile.

S. A. D. Harry, principal of Danville High School in the mid-1890s' and superintendent of Hoopeston Public Schools at the turn of the century, is pleasantly recalled in Vermilion county. His rich tenor voice, which he gave to the public in solos upon hundreds of occasions, was only one of the fine characteristics of this servant of the people. He is now living in Mattoon, Ill. His daughter, Mrs. S. J. Unfried, Grand Rapids, Mich., has ordered a copy of this book for her father.

Danville Junction, at the turn of the century, was a cross-section of rugged Americanism. It

was a segment of the flowing current of Americans at a period when great foreign wars, involving the United States, were considered impossible. True, we experienced the Spanish-American war in 1898, but it was a mere summer picnic, compared with our later entanglements. America, we firmly believe, is fighting in 1942 for the very ideals of free and independent Americanism, which passed in panorama through old Danville Junction. May this vision of the America of 40 years ago support us in our present ordeal.

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